

THE GRAPHIC

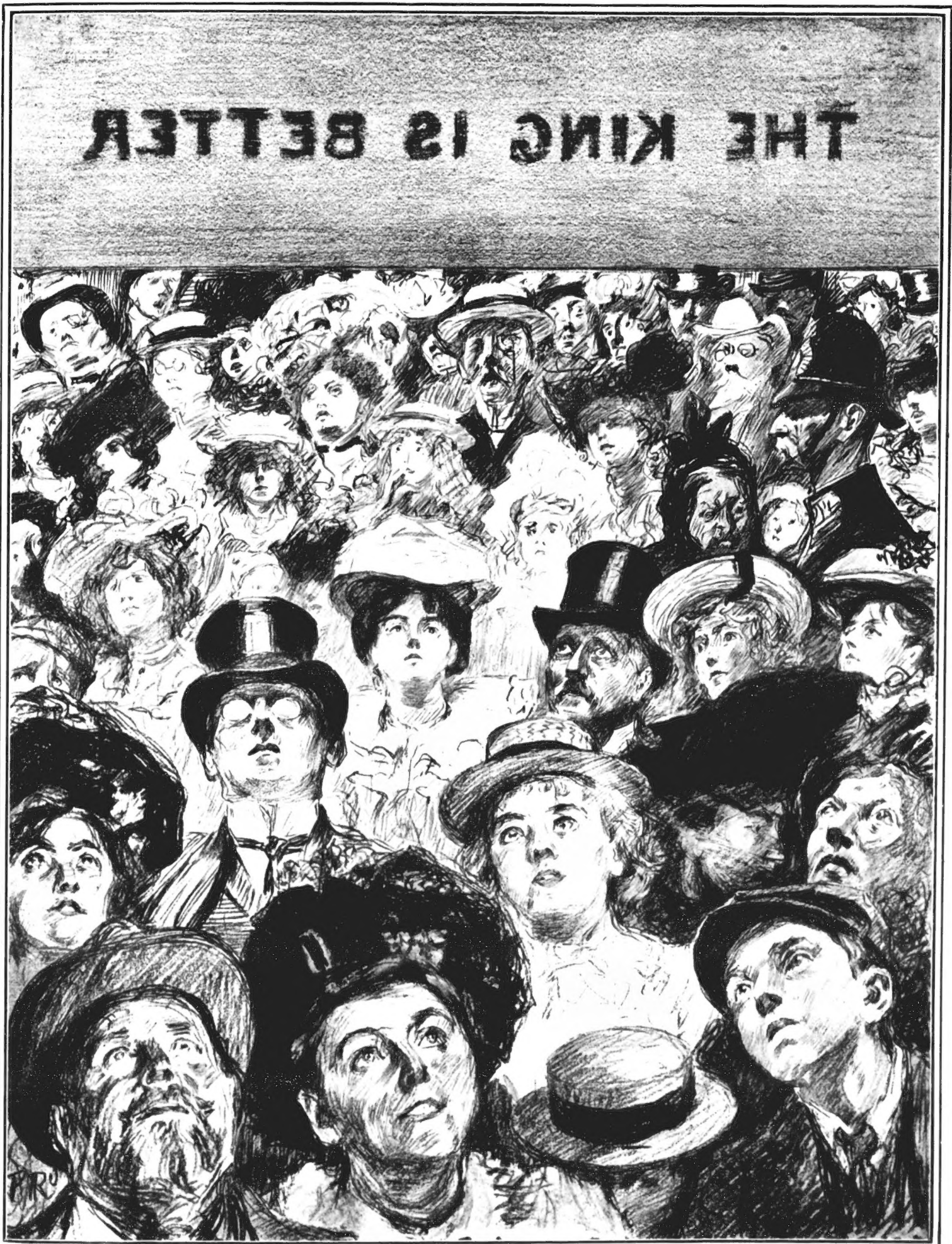
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT:
"Review of Colonial Troops"

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



As each bulletin about the King's health is issued, a copy is posted in the windows of the "Daily Graphic." There is always a crowd eagerly scanning the bulletins, and the upturned faces of the people as they read form an interesting study. Lately there has been more satisfaction than anxiety in the expression of the eager inquirers.

THE NATION'S ANXIETY: THE CROWD SCANNING THE BULLETIN AT THE "DAILY GRAPHIC" OFFICE

FROM A DRAWING MADE BY PAUL RENOUARD

Topics of the Week

The King and the World's Homage

THE singularly dramatic circumstances under which the King was struck down on the very eve of his Coronation festivities could not fail to appeal to both the imagination and the emotions of the whole world. It is difficult, indeed, to call to mind any event which has produced a deeper impression on the public mind. Nor is this in any way remarkable. Human experience affords few parallels to this amazing lesson of the vanity of human plans and of the fragility of the most imposing of human structures. Never before were a great nation and a powerful monarch more cruelly stricken at the moment of their proudest exultation. And yet it is strange that the public mind has dwelt but little on this moral aspect of the visitation. On the contrary, it has everywhere yielded itself to a demonstration of personal sympathy with the King, which affords a striking illustration of the large place he has won in the hearts of his people, and in the esteem of the world. It is beyond question that the personality of the King is not only exceedingly dear to his subjects and the object of a profound respect to the foreigner, but that this affection and this respect are founded on more practical considerations than the mere instincts of loyalty or the idle interest which exalted rank always excites. The truth is that the cumulative effect of the King's life has been to produce, more or less unconsciously, a strong feeling of affection for and confidence in himself. Popular intuition has, in his case, pierced the veil in which the activities of constitutional Sovereigns are always shrouded, and has done shrewd justice to his character. "We do not know much about him as a statesman," said a French Anglophobe paper the other day, "but we are bound to say that we know nothing but good of him." If this is the feeling of a grudging critic it is not difficult to understand the attachment with which his own subjects regard him. We have lived with him all his life. We have seen him full of good nature, indefatigable to please, foremost at once in all good works and all the manly sports and pastimes which appeal so much to the Englishman's heart, a Prince such as the Briton loves, carrying himself with dignity, yet essentially of the people themselves. The country has felt that the great traditions of his dynasty, the great interests of his Empire, and, above all, the welfare of his people, are safe in his hands. Abroad it is more particularly as a statesman that he is appreciated. Public opinion in foreign countries takes its cue in these matters from the Courts and the Chancelleries, and in those exalted *milieux* the very highest estimates of the King's character have been formed. Foreign public opinion knows little of the personal *bonhomie* which has endeared the King to his people, but it knows that he has inherited a great deal of the immense political influence wielded by his mother, and that that influence has always been exercised in a wholesome direction. These are some of the sub-conscious considerations which have produced the remarkable demonstration to which the King's illness has given rise. That demonstration has in a measure transformed what at one time threatened to be a national calamity into a personal triumph for the King. It has given form and shape to an appreciation which under Providence will increase his opportunities for good, and add fresh lustre to a reign which the whole world prays may be prolonged for many happy years.

The Triple Alliance

THE renewal of the Dreibund for a further term of years forms one of those happy landmarks in contemporary history which few can view without a sense of satisfaction, whether expressed or hidden. Possibly, there may be some pugnacious patriots here and there on the Continent who would really prefer to dispense with this safeguard for European peace. But these are a microscopic minority; every year brings it more and more home to international feeling that the "greatest of interests is peace." Chauvinists of the more rabid sort vociferate the contrary, it is true; if one might believe their sound and fury, they share tastes with the vulture. But they are not nearly so bloodthirsty as they make themselves to appear; they have merely fallen into a way of viewing war in the abstract altogether apart from its concrete horrors. Having only just emerged from a prolonged and desolating struggle, the people of England can afford to applaud any combination which makes for peace, and as that is unquestionably the character of the Triple, as of the Dual, Alliance, the extension of its operative period naturally receives British approval in full measure. Not the less so, either, when it is remembered how insurmountable some of the difficulties appeared only a few months ago. Happily, however, the three Governments gradually came to recognise that if

Europe was to be saved from wars and rumour of wars, they must stand shoulder to shoulder. When they first did so, some Powers displayed jealousy, others misgiving, imagining that the League must have been arranged for aggressive purpose. But the formation of the Dual Alliance restored the political equilibrium of the Old World, and all but the very dull now perceive that the division of Europe into two great and equally balanced forces is a guarantee of peace. England stands apart, but not in the least "isolated" by her independence; she fills the position of mutual friend and counsellor to both Alliances.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

IT is difficult to understand why people have made such a fuss about the omnibuses having raised their fares when London is overcrowded and their services are in greater request than ever. The letters of carriages, the proprietors of hotels, and everybody else who had a chance, increased their charges, and most people have been endeavouring to make something out of the recent unusual influx of visitors, and I don't see why the most convenient but everlastingly abused conveyance, the British 'Bus, should not be allowed to share in the advantages of the time. After all, it is the safest and most convenient vehicle of the London streets, and even when its fares are raised it is marvellously inexpensive. I believe the highest fare charged was eightpence for the entire journey. Surely this is cheap enough for anybody. Years ago one would have gladly paid half-a-crown for such a trip. I am not a conductor nor a driver, and, as far as I know, no friends of mine occupy these exalted positions, nor have I any interest, direct or indirect, in any omnibus company, but I must protest against the petty spite that is everlastingly levied against these most useful carriages. For my own part I would sooner pay eightpence to go from the Bank to Shepherd's Bush by 'bus than twopenny by tube any day. But then perhaps I am singular in preferring fresh air and sunshine to tunnels and electric light.

Has anyone ever dilated on the benefit of sleeping out of doors? If not, I think it is high time some one gave it an important place in the many "cures" that are advertised and advocated in the present day. It is not a cure, however, to be pursued in the London streets or you might eventually find yourself inside a police station, which might possibly result in a cell in more senses than one. But in the country, in secluded spots on the open common, and in leaf-shaded nooks out of door, somnolence is remarkable for its soothing effect and its restorative qualities. Possibly it may be practised aboard a houseboat with distinguished success. Get a comfortable easy chair beneath the awning, with your nose in the shade and your toes in the sun, and gaze placidly at the fair prospect around. You will become interested in the passing boats, you will be lulled by "the rhythm of the ruloek and the music of the oar," and you will presently begin to nod at people with whom you have no previous acquaintance. Then you will drift into dreams. Presently a sudden shout or a violent splash will arouse you, and you will open one eye, and, finding the landscape is quite as satisfactory as ever, you will nod your approval and go on nodding like a Chinese mandarin in a tea-shop. It may be when nodulation ceases snoring will supervene. And when the latter symptom becomes too violent, you will awake suddenly, but you will awake soothed, refreshed, and invigorated. You will feel absolutely different to your experience of a post-prandial snooze indoors. I wish the *Lancet* would give us a learned dissertation on the benefit of open-air slumber.

"Where'er I take my walks abroad"—especially in the streets of London—I am struck with the number of people who have nothing whatever to do, who are always on the look-out for one of Jonas Chuzzlewit's gratuitous exhibitions, and who seem to have no occupation whatever but to walk about with their heads well in the air and their mouths open and stare. There was a grand meeting of Chuzzlewits on the paved delta in front of the National Portrait Gallery, where they were hoisting the statue of General Gordon and his camel on to its pedestal. The free-show people enjoyed this mightily, they came the first thing in the morning and remained till the workmen retired at eventide, and appeared to thoroughly enjoy their entertainment. It was a tremendous success, for it lasted several days. After the thrilling operation of placing the statue on its pedestal was accomplished there was more fun to follow, and when an active and intelligent gentleman in white overalls appeared and began to paint imitations of various marbles on the pedestal, the delight of the members of the noble order of St. Jonas knew no bounds. It is a long time since the society had such a fine open-air festival. I wonder how these people fill up their time when there is no free show going on, or how they discover when one is taking place in whatever part of London it may happen to be?

"WHERE WAR HAS BROUGHT PEACE: TERRITORY
WON BY BRITISH VALOUR."

is the Title of an Extremely Interesting Article in
This Week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The King's Illness

THE cloud overhanging the Throne has lifted, setting free the British Royal House and nation from their terrible suspense and anxiety. King Edward passed the crisis of his illness safely, and the cheering news was spread at once that he was "out of immediate danger." Not that all anxiety is past, for his recovery must be slow, and the greatest care is needed. Undoubtedly, the King's pluck and determined cheerfulness have had much to do with his rapid improvement, and his people will never forget that his first thoughts both before and after his operation were for them and their disappointment about the Coronation. Since the operation His Majesty's progress has been most steady, with but a few fluctuations. Naturally enough, there were restlessness, want of sleep, and pain in the wound, especially during the dressing, but little by little the unfavourable symptoms lessened, sleep and appetite returned, and the King began to feel stronger. Indeed, by Sunday his doctors considered him well enough to leave his bed and spend a few hours on a couch. His Majesty was lifted on a sheet from the bed to the couch, which has been so constructed as to be adjusted to various positions. Sir Frederick Treves superintended the removal, being in constant attendance, together with Sir Francis Laking and Sir Thomas Barlow. The King much appreciated the change from bed. Throughout his illness Queen Alexandra has been constantly with her husband, Her Majesty being well known as an admirable nurse, both by nature and by sad experience. The King's daughters and the Prince of Wales have been occasionally with him, and as His Majesty improves other relatives will be allowed to see him for a short time. King Edward at present sees no letters, and all business is forbidden. It is absolutely necessary that he should take as much rest as possible.

Never has the nation shown its devotion to the Crown more forcibly than during the past days of alarm for the King's life. The throngs round Buckingham Palace and public offices watching for the bulletins, the crowded congregations at the Services of Intercession, both in London and the provinces, the absorption in one topic alone, were the plainest evidences of public feeling stirred to the depths. London was a changed city, with its decorations half finished and crowds of foreign and provincial visitors wandering about. Instead of the festivities there were the departures of the Royal guests and representatives who had only just been welcomed and had to leave with their mission of congratulating the King unfulfilled. Some of the nearer relatives remained a few days—the Danish Princes, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, etc., but the majority went home almost directly. In the midst of their anxiety about the King, Queen Alexandra and her daughters, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, did their utmost to receive the guests before they left, while the Duke of Connaught and the King's sisters acted host and hostesses as far as possible. Indeed, after the first few days, the Queen entertained visitors to luncheon daily—her brothers, the Danish Crown Prince and Prince Waldemar, her nephew, the Russian Grand Duke Michael, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, and the Duke and Duchess of Aosta. For nearly a week the Queen never left the Palace, but on Sunday morning—the King being so much better—Her Majesty ventured out to Marlborough House Chapel, where a private Service of Intercession for the King was held. With the Queen were her daughters and brothers, Princess Louise of Battenberg and her daughter, the Grand Duke Michael, and Prince Charles of Denmark. Other Royalties—the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and family, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the young Duke of Saxe-Coburg—attended the Service at St. Paul's. The Queen has borne up wonderfully under the great strain, and has been greatly cheered by the messages of sympathy which have poured in from all quarters.

Great is the disappointment of the Indian and Colonial troops at not seeing the King, but they have had some compensation in being inspected by the Queen and Prince of Wales. A grand review of the Colonials was held on the Horse Guards' Parade on Tuesday, when Queen Alexandra was present to receive the Royal salutes, and the Prince of Wales held the inspection, accompanied by a host of Princes, British and foreign. The same honour was accorded to the Indian troops on Wednesday, while, provided the King's condition continues favourable, the Royal reception to the Indian Princes would be held at the India Office last (Friday) night, the Prince and Princess of Wales representing the King and Queen. The King's Dinners to the London Poor take place to-day (Saturday), as originally arranged, and it is hoped that the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit some of the centres. Every other Coronation festivity has, of course, been given up—save the treats to the poor and the children in the provinces—but in celebration of the King's recovery the chain of bonfires throughout England was lighted on Monday night, and many of the postponed illuminations took place. One other Coronation treat also was carefully carried out—the entertainment of the school-children in the Marlborough House grounds by the Prince and Princess of Wales. Although there was no Coronation procession for the little ones to see, they thoroughly enjoyed games in the lovely gardens and a good dinner, besides a glimpse of the Prince and Princess and their three eldest children, who came to see how the small guests were faring.

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One of the most touching incidents reported in connection with the announcement of the King's illness was that which occurred at Fulham Palace. A number of Indian officers, who were being conducted round the Palace, were told the sad news by the Bishop of London. The Indians raised their hands and said: "We go to pray." With their carpets in front of them, religions engaged in prayer for their King

"WE GO TO PRAY": THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE KING'S ILLNESS BY THE INDIAN CONTINGENT

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



"Straightening herself with difficulty upon her tottering feet, Anna raised her staff and pointed with it"

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER I.

THE PRISON AT CÆSAREA

It was but two hours after midnight, yet many were wakeful in Cæsarea on the Syrian coast. Herod Agrippa, King of all Palestine—by the grace of the Romans—now at the very apex of his power, celebrated a festival in honour of the Emperor Claudius, to which had flocked all the mightiest in the land and tens of thousands of the people. The city was full of them, their camps were set upon the sea-beach and for miles around; there was no room at the inns or in the private houses, where guests slept upon the roofs, the couches, the floors, and in the gardens. The great town hummed like a hive of bees disturbed after sunset, and though the louder sounds of revelling had died away, parties of feasters, many of them still crowned with fading roses, passed along the streets shouting and singing to their lodgings. As they went, they discussed—those of them who were sufficiently sober—the incidents of that day's games in the great circus, and offered or accepted odds upon the more exciting events of the morrow.

The captives in the prison that was set upon a little hill, a frowning building of brown stone, divided into courts and surrounded by a high wall and a ditch, could hear the workmen at their labours in the

amphitheatre below. These sounds interested them, since many of those who listened were doomed to take a leading part in the spectacle of this new day. In the outer court, for instance, were a hundred men called malefactors, for the most part Jews convicted of various political offences. These were to fight against twice their number of savage Arabs of the desert taken in a frontier raid, men whom to-day we should know as Bedouins, mounted and armed with swords and lances, but wearing no mail. The malefactor Jews, by way of compensation, were to be protected with heavy armour and ample shields. Their combat was to last for twenty minutes by the sand-glass, when, unless they had shown cowardice, those who were left alive of either party were to receive their freedom. Indeed, by a kindly decree of King Agrippa, a man who did not seek unnecessary bloodshed, contrary to custom, even the wounded were to be spared, that is, if any would undertake the care of them. Under these circumstances, since life is sweet, all had determined to fight their best.

In another division of the great hall was collected a very different company. There were not more than fifty or sixty of these, so the wide arches of the surrounding cloisters gave them sufficient shelter and even privacy. With the exception of eight or ten men, all of them old, or well on in middle age, since the younger and more vigorous males had been carefully drafted to serve as gladiators, this little band was made up of women and a few

children. They belonged to the new sect called Christians, the followers of one Jesus, who, it was reported, had been crucified as a troublesome person some fifteen years before by the governor, Pontius Pilate, a Roman official, who in due course had been banished to Gaul, where he was said to have committed suicide. In his day Pilate was unpopular in Judæa, for he had taken the treasures of the Temple at Jerusalem to build waterworks, causing a tumult in which many were killed. Now he was almost forgotten, but very strangely, the fame of this crucified demagogue, Jesus, seemed to grow since there were many who made a kind of god of him, preaching doctrines in his name that were contrary to the law and offensive to every sect of the Jews.

Pharisees, Sadducees, Zealots, Levites, priests, all called out against them. All besought Agrippa that he would be rid of them, these apostates who profaned the land and proclaimed in the ears of a nation awaiting its Messiah, that Heaven-born King who should break the Roman yoke and make Jerusalem the capital of the world, that this Messiah had come already in the guise of an itinerant preacher, and perished with other malefactors by the death of shame.

Wearied with their importunities, the King listened. Like the cultivated Romans with whom he associated, Agrippa had no real religion. At Jerusalem he embellished the Temple and made offerings there to Jehovah; at Berytus he embellished the temple and

made offerings there to Jupiter. He was all things to all men and to himself—nothing but a voluptuous time-server. As for these Christians, he never troubled himself about them. Why should he? They were few and insignificant, no single man of rank or wealth was to be found among them. To persecute them was easy, and it pleased the Jews. Therefore he persecuted them. One James, a disciple of the crucified man called Christ, who had wandered about the country with him, he seized and beheaded at Jerusalem. Another, called Peter, a powerful preacher, he threw into prison, and of their followers he slew several hundreds. A few of these were given over to be stoned by the Jews, but the pick of the men were forced to fight as gladiators at Berytus and elsewhere. The women, if young and beautiful, were sold as slaves, but if matrons or aged, they were cast to the wild beasts in the circus.

Such was the fate, indeed, that was reserved for these poor victims in the prison on this very day of the opening of our history. After the gladiators had fought and the other games had been celebrated, sixty Christians, it was announced, old and useless men, married women and young children whom nobody would buy, were to be turned down in the great amphitheatre. Then thirty fierce lions, with other savage beasts, made ravenous by hunger and mad with the smell of blood, were to be let loose among them. Even in this act of justice, however, Agrippa suffered it to be seen that he was gentle-hearted, since of his kindness he had decreed that any whom the lions refused to eat were to be given clothes, a small sum of money, and released to settle their differences with the Jews as they might please.

Such was the state of public feeling and morals in the Roman world of that day, that this spectacle of the feeding of starved beasts with live women and children, whose crime was that they worshipped a crucified man and would offer sacrifice to no other god, either in the Temple or elsewhere, was much looked forward to by the population of Cesarea. Indeed, great sums of money were ventured upon the event, by means of what to-day we should call sweepstakes, under the regulations of which he who drew the ticket marked with the exact number of those whom the lions left alive, would take the first prize. Already some far-seeing gamblers who had drawn low numbers, had bribed the soldiers and wardens to sprinkle the hair and garments of the Christians with valerian water, a decoction which was supposed to attract and excite the appetite of these great cats. Others, whose tickets were high, paid handsomely for the employment of artificers which need not be detailed, calculated to induce in the lions aversion to the subject that had been treated. The Christian woman or child, it will be observed, who was to form the *corpus vile* of these ingenious experiments, was not considered, except, indeed, as the fisherman considers the mussel or the sand-worm on his hook.

Under an arch by themselves, and not far from the great gateway where the guards, their lances in hand, could be seen pacing up and down, sat two women. The contrast in the appearance of this pair was very striking. One, who could not have been much more than twenty years of age, was a Jewess, too thin-faced for beauty, but with dark and lovely eyes, and bearing in every limb and feature the stamp of noble blood. She was Rachel, the widow of Demas, a Greco-Syrian, and only child of the high-born Jew Benoni, one of the richest merchants in Tyre. The other was a woman of remarkable aspect, apparently about forty years of age. She was a native of the coasts of Lilya, where she had been kidnapped as a girl by Jewish traders, and by them passed on to Phœnicians, who sold her upon the slave market of Tyre. In fact she was a high-bred Arab without any admixture of negro blood, as was shown by her copper-coloured skin, prominent cheek bones, her straight, black, abundant hair, and untamed, flashing eyes. In frame she was tall and spare, very agile, and full of grace in every movement. Her face was fierce and hard; even in her present dreadful plight she showed no fear, only when she looked at the lady by her side it grew anxious and tender. She was called Nehushta, a name which Benoni had given her when many years ago he bought her upon the market-place. In Hebrew Nehushta means copper, and this new slave was copper-coloured. In her native land, however, she had another name, Nou, and by this name she was known to her dead mistress, the wife of Benoni, and to his daughter Rachel, whom she had nursed from childhood.

The moon shone very brightly in a clear sky, and by the light of it an observer, had there been any to observe where all were so occupied with their own urgent affairs, could have watched every movement and expression of these women. Rachel, seated on the ground, was rocking herself to and fro, her face hidden in her hands, and praying. Nehushta knelt at her side, resting the weight of her body on her heels as only an Eastern can, and stared sullenly at nothingness.

Presently Rachel, dropping her hands, looked at the tender sky and sighed.

"Our last night on earth, Nou," she said sadly. "It is strange to think that we shall never again see the moon floating above us."

"Why not, mistress? If all that we have been taught is true, we shall see that moon, or others, for ever and ever, and if it is not true, then neither light nor darkness will trouble us any more. However, for my part I don't mean that either of us should die to-morrow."

"How can you prevent it, Nou?" asked Rachel with a faint smile. "Lions are no respecters of persons."

"Yet, mistress, I think that they will respect my person, and yours, too, for my sake."

"What do you mean, Nou?"

"I mean that I do not fear the lions; they are country-folk of mine and roared round my cradle. The chief, my father, was called Master of Lions in our country because he could tame them. Why, when I was a little child I have fed them and they fawned upon us like dogs."

"Those lions are long dead, Nou, and the others will not remember."

"I am not sure that they are dead; at least, blood will call to blood, and their company will know the smell of the child of the Master of Lions. Whoever is eaten, we shall escape."

"I have no such hope, Nou. To-morrow we must die horribly, that King Agrippa may do honour to his master, Cesar."

"If you think that, mistress, then let us die at once rather than be rent limb from limb to give pleasure to a stinking mob. See, I have poison hidden here in my hair. Let us drink of it and be done; it is swift and painless."

"Nay, Nou, it would not be right. I may lift no hand against my own life, or if perchance I may, I have to think of another life."

"If you die, the unborn child must die also. To-night or to-morrow, what does it matter?"

"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof. Who knows? To-morrow Agrippa might be dead, not us, and then the child might live. It is in the hand of God. Let God decide."

"Lady," answered Nehushta, setting her teeth, "for your sake I have become a Christian, yes, and I believe. But I tell you this—while I live no lion's fangs shall tear that dear flesh of yours. First, if need be, I will stab you there in the arena, or if they take my knife from me, then I will choke you, or dash out your brains against the posts."

"It may be a sin, Nou; take no such risk upon your soul."

"My soul! What do I care about my soul? You are my soul. Your mother was kind to me, the poor slave-girl, and when you were an infant, I rocked you upon my breast. I spread your bride-bed, and if need be, to save you from worse things, I will lay you dead before me and myself dead across your body. Then let God or Satan—I care not which—deal with my soul. At least, I shall have done my best and died faithful."

"You should not speak so," sighed Rachel. "But, dear, I know it is because you love me, and I wish to die as easily as may be and to join my husband. Only if the child could have lived, as I think, all three of us would have dwelt together eternally. Nay, not all three, all four, for you are well-nigh as dear to me, Nou, as husband or as child."

"That cannot be, I do not wish that it should be, who am but a slave woman, the dog beneath the table. Oh! if I could save you, then I would be glad to show them how this daughter of my father can bear his torments."

The Lilyan ceased, grinding her teeth in impotent rage. Then suddenly she leant towards her mistress, kissed her fiercely on the cheek and began to sob, slow, heavy sobs.

"Listen," said Rachel. "The lions are roaring in their dens yonder."

Nehushta lifted her head and hearkened as a hunter hearkens in the desert. True enough, from near the great tower that ended the southern wall of the amphitheatre, echoed short, coughing notes and fierce whimpers, to be followed presently by roar upon roar, as lion after lion joined in that fearful music, till the whole air shook with the volume of their voices.

"Aha!" cried a keeper at the gate—not the Roman soldier who marched to and fro unconcernedly, but a jailer, named Rufus, who was clad in a padded robe and armed with a great knife. "Aha! listen to them, the pretty kittens. Don't be greedy, little ones—be patient. To-night you will purr upon a full stomach."

"Nine of them," muttered Nehushta, who had counted the roars, "all bearded and old royal beasts. To hearken to them makes me young again. Yes, yes, I smell the desert and see the smoke rising from my father's tents. As a child I hunted them, now they will hunt me; it is their hour."

"Give me air! I faint!" gasped Rachel, sinking against her.

With a guttural exclamation of pity Nehushta bent down. Placing her strong arms beneath the slender form of her young mistress, and lifting her as though she were a child, she carried her to the centre of the court, where stood a fountain; for before it was turned to the purposes of a jail once this place had been a palace. Here she set her mistress on the ground with her back against the stonework, and dashed water in her face till presently she was herself again.

While Rachel sat thus—for the place was cool and pleasant and she could not sleep who must die that day—a wicket-gate was opened and several persons, men, women and children, were thrust through it into the court.

"Newcomers from Tyre in a great hurry not to lose the lions' party," cried the facetious warden of the gate. "Pass in, my Christian friends, pass in and eat your last supper according to your customs. You will find it over there, bread and wine in plenty. Eat, my hungry friends, eat before you are eaten and enter into Heaven or—the stomach of the lions."

An old woman, the last of the party, for she could not walk fast, turned round and pointed at the bathoon with her staff.

"Blaspheme not, you heathen dog! or, rather, blaspheme on and go to your reward! I, Anna, who have the gift of prophecy, tell you, renegade who were a Christian, and therefore are doubly guilty, that *you* have eaten your last meal on earth."

The man, a half-bred Syrian who had abandoned his faith for profit and now tormented those who were once his brethren, uttered a furious curse and snatched a knife from his girdle.

"You draw the knife? So be it, perish by the knife!" she said. Then without heeding him further the old woman hobbled on after her companions, leaving the man to slink away white to the lips with terror. He had been a Christian and knew something of Anna and of her gift of prophecy.

The path of these strangers led them past the fountain, where Rachel and Nehushta rose to greet them as they came.

"Peace be with you," said Rachel.

"In the name of Christ, peace," they answered, and passed on towards the arches where the other captives were gathered. Last of all, at some distance behind the rest, came the white-haired woman, leaning on her staff.

As she approached, Rachel turned to repeat her salutation, then uttered a little cry and said:

"Mother Anna, do you not know me, Rachel, the daughter of Benoni?"

"Rachel!" she answered, starting. "Alas! child, how came you here?"

"By the paths that we Christians have to tread, mother," said Rachel, sadly. "But sit; you are weary. Nou, help her."

Anna nodded, and slowly, for her limbs were stiff, sank down on to the step of the fountain.

"Give me to drink, child," she said, "for I have been brought upon a mule from Tyre, and am athirst."

Rachel made her hands into a cup, for she had no other, and held water to Anna's lips, which she drank greedily, emptying them many times.

"For this refreshment, God be praised. What said you? The daughter of Benoni a Christian! Well, even here and now, for that God be praised also. Strange that I should not have heard of it; but I have been in Jerusalem these two years, and was brought back to Tyre last Sablath as a prisoner."

"Yes, my mother, and since then I have become both wife and widow."

"Whom did you marry, child?"

"Demas, the merchant. They killed him in the amphitheatre yonder at Berytus six months ago," and the poor woman began to sob.

"I heard of his end," replied Anna. "It was a good and noble one, and his soul rests in Heaven. He would not fight with the gladiators, so he was beheaded by order of Agrippa. But cease weeping, child, and tell me your story. We have little time for tears, who, perhaps, soon will have done with them."

Rachel dried her eyes.

"It is short and sad," she said. "Demas and I met often and learned to love each other. My father was no friend to him, for they were rivals in trade, but in those days knowing no better, Demas followed the faith of the Jews, therefore, because he was rich my father consented to our marriage, and they became partners in their business. Afterwards, within a month indeed, the Apostles came to Tyre, and we attended their preachings, at first, because we were curious to learn the truth of this new faith against which my father railed, for, as you know, he is of the strictest sect of the Jews, and then, because our hearts were touched. So in the end we believed, and were baptised, both on one night, by the very hand of the brother of the Lord. The holy Apostles departed, blessing us before they went, and Demas, who would play no double part, told my father of what we had done. Oh! mother, it was awful to see. He raved and shouted, and cursed us in his rage, blaspheming Him we worshipped. More, woe is me that I should have to tell it. When we refused to become apostates he denounced us to the priests, and the priests denounced us to the Romans, and we were seized and thrown into prison, but my husband's wealth, most of it except that which the priests and Romans stole, remained with my father. For many months we were held in prison here in Cesarea; then they took my husband to Berytus, to be trained as a gladiator, and murdered him. Here I have stayed since with this beloved servant, Nehushta, who also became a Christian and shared our fate, and now, by the decree of Agrippa, it is my turn and hers to die to-day."

"Child, you should not weep for that, nay, you should be glad who at once will find your husband and your Saviour."

"Mother, I am glad; but, you see my state. It is for the child's sake I weep, that now never will be born. Had it won life even for an hour all of us would have dwelt together in bliss until eternity. But it cannot be—it cannot be."

Anna looked at her with her piercing eyes.

"Have you, then, also the gift of prophecy, child, who are so young a member of the Church, that you dare to say that this or that cannot be? The future is in the hand of God. King Agrippa, your father, the Romans, the cruel Jews, those lions that roar yonder, and we who are doomed to feed them, are all in the hand of God, and that which He wills shall befall, and no other thing. Therefore, let us praise him and rejoice, and take no thought for the morrow, unless it be to pray that we may die and go hence to our Master, rather than live on in doubts and terrors and tribulations."

"You are right, mother," answered Rachel, "and I will try to be brave, whatever may befall; but my state makes me feeble. The spirit, truly, is willing, but oh! the flesh is weak. Listen, they call us to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord—our last on earth;" and, rising, she began to walk towards the arches.

Nehushta stayed to help Anna to her feet. When she judged her mistress to be out of hearing she leant down and whispered:

"Mother, you have the gift; it is known throughout the Church. Tell me, will the child be born?"

The old woman fixed her eyes upon the heavens, then answered, slowly.

"The child will be born and live out its life, and I think that none of us will die this day by the jaws of the lions. But I think also that your mistress goes very shortly to join her husband. Therefore it was that I showed her nothing of my mind."

"Then it is best that I should die also, and die I will."

"Wherefore?"

"Because I go to wait upon my mistress."

"Nay, Nehushta," answered Anna, sternly, "you stay to guard her child, whereas when all these earthly things are done you must give account to her."

CHAPTER II.

THE VOICE OF A GOD!

Of all the civilisations whose records lie open to the student, that of Rome is surely one of the most wonderful. Nowhere, not even in old Mexico, was high culture so completely welded to the lowest barbarism. Intellect Rome had in plenty; the noblest efforts of her genius are scarcely to be surpassed; her law is the foundation of the best of our codes of jurisprudence; art she borrowed but appreciated; her military system is still the wonder of the world; her great men remain great among a multitude of subsequent competitors. And yet how pitiless she was! What a tigress! Amid all the ruins of her cities we find none of a hospital, none, I believe, of an orphan school in an age that made many orphans. The pious aspirations and efforts of individuals seem never to have touched the conscience of the people. Rome incarnate had no conscience; she was a lustful, devouring beast, made more bestial by her intelligence and splendour.

King Agrippa in practice was a Roman. Rome was his model, her ideals were his ideals. Therefore he built amphitheatres in which men were butchered, to the exquisite delight of vast audiences. Therefore, also, without the excuse of any conscientious motive, however insufficient or unsatisfactory, he persecuted the weak because they were weak and their sufferings would give pleasure to the strong or to those who chanced to be the majority of the moment.

The season being hot it was arranged that the great games in honour of the safety of Cesar, should open each day at dawn and come to an end an hour before noon. Therefore from midnight onwards crowds of spectators poured into the amphitheatre, which, although it would seat over twenty thousand, was not large enough to contain them all. An hour before dawn the place was full, and already late comers were turned back from its gates. The only empty spaces were those reserved for the king, his royal guests, the rulers of the city, with other distinguished personages, and for the Christian company of old men, women and children destined to the lions, who, it was arranged, were to sit in full view of the audience until the time came for them to take their share in the spectacle.

When Rachel joined the other captives she found that a long rough table had been set beneath the arcades, and on it, at intervals, pieces of bread and cups and vases containing wine of the country that had been purchased at a great price from the guards. Round this table the elders or the infirm among the company were seated on a bench, while the rest of the number, for whom there was not room, stood behind them. At its head was an old man, a bishop among the Christians, one of the five hundred who had witnessed the Ascension and received baptism from the hands of the Beloved Disciple. For years he had been spared by the persecutors of the infant Church on account of his age, dignity, and good repute, but now at last fate seemed to have overtaken him.

The service was held; the bread and wine, mixed with water, were consecrated with the same texts by which they are blessed to-day, only the prayers were extempore. When all had eaten from the platters and drunk from the rude cups, the bishop gave his blessing to the community. Then he addressed them. This, he told them, was an occasion of peculiar joy, a love-feast indeed, since all they who partook of it were about to lay down the burden of the flesh and their labours and sorrows ended, to depart into bliss eternal. He recalled to their memory that supper of the Passover which had taken place within the lifetime of some of them, when the Author and Finisher of their faith had declared to the disciples that He would drink no more wine till He drank it new with them in His Kingdom. Such a feast it was that lay spread before them this night. Let them be thankful for it. Let them not quail in the hour of trial. The fangs of the savage beasts, the shouts of the still more savage spectators, the agony of the quivering flesh, the last terror of their departing, what were these? Soon, very soon, they would be done; the spears of the soldiers would despatch the injured, and those among them whom it was ordained should escape, would be set free by the command of the representative of Cesar, that they might prosecute the work till the hour came for them to pass on the torch of redemption to other hands. Let them rejoice, therefore, and be very thankful, and walk to the sacrifice as to a wedding feast. "Do you not rejoice, my brethren?" he asked. With one voice they answered, "We rejoice!" Yes, even the children answered thus.

Then they prayed again, and again with uplifted hands the old man blessed them in the holy Trine Name.

Scarcely had this service, as solemn as it was simple, been brought to an end when the head jailer, whose blasphemous jocosity since his reproval by Anna, was replaced by a mien of sullen venom, came forward and commanded the whole band to march to the amphitheatre. Accordingly, two by two, the bishop leading the way with the sainted woman Anna, they walked to the gates. Here a guard of soldiers was waiting to receive them, and under their escort they threaded the narrow, darkling streets till they came to that door of the amphitheatre which was used by those who were to take part in the games. Now, at a word from the bishop, they began to chant a solemn hymn, and singing thus, were thrust along the passages to the place prepared for them. This was not, as they had expected, a prison at the back of the amphitheatre, but, as has been said, a spot between the enclosing wall and the podium, raised a little above the level of the arena. Here, on the eastern side of the building, almost exactly opposite to the throne that was to be occupied by King Agrippa, they were to sit till their turn came to be driven by the guards through a little wicket gate into the arena, where the starving beasts of prey would be loosed upon them.

It was now the hour before sunrise, and the moon having set, the vast theatre was plunged in gloom, relieved only here and there by stray torches and cressets of fire burning upon either side of the gorgeous, but as yet unoccupied, throne of Agrippa. This gloom seemed to oppress the audience with which the place was crowded—at any rate none of them shouted, or sang, or even spoke loudly. They addressed each other in muffled tones, with the result that the air seemed to be full of mysterious whisperings. Had this poor band of condemned Christians entered the theatre in daylight, they would have been greeted with ironical cries and tauntings of "Dogs' meat!" and with requests that they would work a miracle and let the people see them rise again from the bellies of the lions. But now, as their solemn song broke upon the silence, it was answered only by one great murmur, which seemed to shape itself to the words, "The Christians!" "The doomed Christians!"

By the light of a single torch the band took their places. Then once more they sang, and in that chastening hour the audience listened with attention, almost with respect. Their chant finished, the bishop stood up, and, moved thereto by some inspiration, began to address the mighty throng, whom he could not see, and who could not see him. Strangely enough they hearkened to him, perhaps because his speech served to while away the weary time of waiting.

"Men and brethren," he began, in his thin, piercing notes, "princes, lords, peoples, Romans, Jews, Syrians, Greeks, citizens of Idumæa, of Egypt, and of all nations here gathered, hearken to

the words of an old man destined and glad to die. Listen, if it be your pleasure, to the story of One whom some of you saw crucified under Pontius Pilate, since to know the truth of that matter can at least do you no hurt."

"Be silent!" cried a voice, that of the renegade jailer, "and cease preaching your accursed faith!"

"Let him alone," answered other voices. "We will hear this story of his. We say 'let him alone.'"

Thus encouraged the old man spoke on with an eloquence so simple and yet so touching, with a wisdom so deep, that for full fifteen minutes none dared even to interrupt him. Then a far-away listener cried:

"Why must these people die who are better than we?"

"Friend," answered the bishop, in ringing tones, which in that heavy silence seemed to search out even the recesses of the great and crowded place, "we must die because it is the will of King Agrippa, to whom God has given power to destroy us. Mourn not for us because we perish cruelly, since this is the day of our true birth, but mourn for King Agrippa, at whose hands our blood will be required, and mourn, mourn for yourselves, O people. The death that is near to us perchance is nearer still to some of you; and how will you awaken who perish in your sins? What if the sword of God should empty yonder throne? What if the voice of God should call on him who fills it to make answer for his deeds? Soon or late, O people, it will call on him and you to pass hence, some naturally in your age, others by the sharp and dreadful road of sword, pestilence or famine. Already those woes which He whom you crucified foretold, knock at your door, and within a few short years not one of you who crowd this place in thousands will draw the breath of life. Nothing will remain of you on earth save those deeds which you have done, these and your bones, no more. Repent you, therefore, repent while there is time, for I, whom you have doomed, I am bidden to declare that judgment is at hand. Yes, even now, although you see him not, the Angel of the Lord hangs over you and writes your names within his book. Now while there is time I would pray for you and for your king, Farewell."

As he spoke those words, "the Angel of the Lord hangs over you," so great was the preacher's power, and in that weary darkness so sharply had he touched the imagination of his strange audience, that with a sound like to the stir of rustling trees, thousands of faces were turned upwards, as though in search of that dread messenger.

"Look, look!" screamed a hundred voices while dim arms pointed to some noiseless thing that floated high above them against the background of the sky, which grew grey with the coming dawn. It appeared and disappeared, appeared again, then seemed to pass downward in the direction of Agrippa's throne, and vanished.

"It is that magician's angel," cried one, and the multitudes groaned.

"Fool," said another, "it was but a bird."

"Then for Agrippa's sake," shrieked a new voice, "the gods send that it was not an owl."

Thereat some laughed, but the most were silent. They knew the story of King Agrippa and the owl, and how it had been foretold that this spirit in the form of a bird would appear to him again in the hour of his death, as it had appeared to him in the hour of his triumph.*

Just then from the palace to the north arose a sound of the blare of trumpets. Now a herald, speaking on the summit of the great eastern tower, called out that it was dawn above the mountains, and that King Agrippa came with all his company, whereon the preaching of the old Christian and his tale of a watching Vengeance were instantly forgotten. Presently the glad, fierce notes of the trumpets drew nearer, and in the grey of the daybreak, through the great bronze gates of the Triumphal Way that were thrown open to greet him, advanced Agrippa, wonderfully attired and preceded by his legionaries. At his right walked Vibius Marsus, the Roman President of Syria, and on his left Antiochus, King of Commagene, while after him followed other kings, princes, and great men of his own and foreign lands.

Agrippa mounted his golden throne while the multitude roared a welcome, and his company were seated around and behind him according to their degree.

Once more the trumpets sounded, and the gladiators of different arms, headed by the equites who fought on horseback, numbering in all more than five hundred men, were formed up in the arena for the preliminary march past—the salutation of those about to die to their employer and lord. Now, that they also might take their part in the spectacle, the band of Christian martyrs were thrust through the door in the podium, and to make them seem as many as possible in number, marshalled two by two.

Then the march past began. Troop by troop, arrayed in their shining armour and armed, each of them, with his own familiar weapon, the gladiators halted in front of Agrippa's throne, giving to him the accustomed salutation of "Hail, King, we who are about to die, salute thee," to be rewarded with a royal smile and the shouts of the approving audience. Last of all came the Christians, a motley, wretched-looking group, made up of old men, terrified children clinging to their mothers, and ill-clad, dishevelled women. At the pitiful sight, that very mob which a few short minutes before had hung upon the words of the bishop, their leader, now, as they watched them hobbling round the arena in the clear, low light of the dawning, burst into peals of laughter and called out that each of them should be made to lead his lion. Quite heedless of these scoffs and taunts, they trudged on through the white sand that soon would be so red, till they came opposite the throne.

"Salute!" roared the audience.

The bishop held up his hand and all were silent. Then, in the thin voice with which they had become familiar, he said:

"King, we who are about to die—forgive thee. May God do likewise."

Now the multitude ceased laughing, and with an impatient

* See Josephus' "Antiquities of the Jews," Book XVII., Chap. VI., Sec. 7; and Book XIX., Chap. VIII., Sec. 2.

gesture, Agrippa motioned to the martyrs to pass on. This they did humbly; but Anna, being old, lame and weary, could not walk so fast as her companions. Alone she reached the saluting-place after all had left it, and halted there.

"Forward!" cried the officers. But she did not move, nor did she speak. Only leaning on her staff she looked steadily up at the face of the king Agrippa. Some impulse seemed to draw his eyes to hers. They met, and it was noted that he turned pale. Then straightening herself with difficulty upon her tottering feet, Anna raised her staff and pointed with it to the golden canopy above the head of Herod. All stared upward, but saw nothing, for the canopy was still in the shadow of the velarium which covered all the outer edge of the cavea, leaving the centre open to the sky. It would appear, however, that Agrippa did see something, for he who had risen to declare the games open, suddenly sank back upon his throne, and remained thus lost in thought. Then Anna leaped forward to join her company, who once more were driven through the little gate in the wall of the arena.

For a second time, with an effort, Agrippa lifted himself from his throne. As he rose the first level rays of sunrise struck full upon him. He was a tall and noble-looking man, and his dress was glorious. To the thousands who gazed upon him from the shadow, set in that point of burning light, he seemed to be clothed in a garment of glittering silver. Silver was his crown, silver his vest, silver the wide robe that flowed from his shoulders to the ground.

"In the name of Cesar, to the glory of Cesar, I declare these games open," he cried.

Then, as though moved by a sudden impulse, all the multitude rose shouting: "The voice of a god! The voice of a god! The voice of the god Agrippa!"

Nor did Agrippa say them nay; the glory of such worship thundered at him from twenty thousand throats made him drunken. There for a while he stood, the new-born sunlight playing upon his splendid form, while the multitude roared his name, proclaiming it divine. His nostrils spread to inhale this incense of adoration, his eyes flashed and slowly he waved his arms, as though in benediction of his worshippers. Perchance there rose before his mind a vision of the wondrous event whereby he, the scorned and penniless outcast, had been lifted to this giddy pinnacle of power. Perchance for a moment he believed that he was indeed divine, that nothing less than the blood and right of godhead could thus have exalted him. At the least he stood there, denying naught, while the people adored him as Jehovah is adored of the Jews and Christ is adored of the Christians.

Then of a sudden smote the Angel of the Lord. Of a sudden intolerable pain seized upon his vitals, and Herod remembered that he was but mortal flesh, and knew that death was near.

"Alas!" he cried, "I am no god, but a man, and even now the common fate of man is on me."

As he spoke a great white owl slid from the roof of the canopy above him and vanished through the unroofed centre of the cavea.

"Look! look! my people!" he cried again, "the spirit that brought me good fortune leaves me now, and I die, my people, I die!" Then, sinking upon his throne, he who a moment gone had received the worship of a god, writhed there in agony and wept. Yes, Herod wept.

Attendants ran to him and lifted him in their arms.

"Take me hence to die," he moaned. Now a herald cried:

"The king is smitten with a sore sickness, and the games are closed. To your homes, O people."

For a while the multitude sat silent, for they were fear-stricken. Then a murmur arose among them that spread and swelled till it became a roar.

"The Christians! The Christians! They prophesied the evil. They have bewitched the king. They are wizards. Kill them, kill them, kill them!"

Instantly, like waves pouring in from every side, hundreds and thousands of men began to flow towards that place where the martyrs sat. The walls and palisades were high. Sweeping aside the guards, they surged against them like water against a rock; but climb they could not. Those in front began to scream, those behind pressed on. Some fell and were trodden underfoot, others climbed upon their bodies, in turn to fall and be trodden underfoot.

"Our death is upon us," cried one of the Nazarenes.

"Nay, life remains to us," answered Nehushta. "Follow me, all of you, for I know the road," and, seizing Rachel about the middle, she began to drag her towards a little door. It was unlocked and guarded by one man only, the apostate jailer Rufus.

"Stand back!" he cried, lifting his spear.

Nehushta made no answer, only drawing a dagger from her robe, she fell upon the ground, then of a sudden rose again beneath his guard. The knife flashed and went home to the hilt. Down fell the man screaming for help and mercy, and there, in the narrow way, his spirit was stamped out of him. Beyond lay the broad passage of the vomitorium. They gained it, and in an instant were mixed with the thousands who sought to escape the panic. Some perished, some were swept onwards, among them Nehushta and Rachel. Thrice they nearly fell, but the fierce strength of the Libyan saved her mistress, till at length they found themselves on the broad terrace facing the seashore.

"Where now?" gasped Rachel.

"Where I shall lead you," answered Nehushta. "Do not stay. Be swift."

"But the others?" said Rachel, glancing back at the fighting, trampling mob.

"God guard them! We cannot."

"Leave me," cried her mistress. "Save yourself, now; I am spent," and she sank down to her knees.

"But I am still strong," muttered Nehushta, and, lifting the swooning woman in her sinewy arms, she fled on towards the port, crying, "Way, way for my lady, the noble Roman, who has swooned!"

And the multitude made way.

(To be continued)



THE LATE SIR HORACE SEYMOUR, K.C.B.
Deputy Master of the Mint



THE LATE MR. RIDLEY CORBET
A.R.A.



THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. LIDDERDALE
Director and former Governor of the Bank of
England



THE LATE LORD ACTON

Our Portraits

LORD ACTON, whose death took place at Tegernsee, Bavaria, was born in 1834, of the old Roman Catholic family of Dalberg-Acton. His training began at the College of St. Mary, Oscott, under Dr. afterwards Cardinal—Wiseman; but the greater part of his education he received at the hands of that great ecclesiastic and historian, Dr. Dollinger, of Munich. The disqualification of being a Roman Catholic prevented him from going to an English University, but did not stand in the way in later years of his becoming Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1895. The appointment was received with some surprise, yet with general satisfaction; for though he was the first Roman Catholic to occupy such a post, and, as already said, a member of neither University, yet his attainments were indisputable and acknowledged. He was an Hon. D.C.L. of Oxford, and an Hon. LL.D. of Cambridge, while he held an Hon. Fellowship of All Souls', Oxford, a distinction only shared by Mr. Gladstone. Lord Acton's published works, besides his editorship of the *North British Review* and his work on the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, include some essays on liberty, a magazine article (1877) on Wolsey and the divorce of Henry VIII., and an account (1871) of the Franco-German War, its causes and progress. He entered Parliament at twenty-five, as M.P. for Carlisle, sitting for six years, and subsequently unsuccessfully contested Bridgnorth.

The eighth baronet of his line, he was created Baron Acton of Aldenham, on Mr. Gladstone's recommendation, in 1869. He owned one of the finest libraries in the kingdom, and as politician, theologian, man of letters, and historical scholar, he leaves a great reputation. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Right Hon. William Lidderdale, a director and former Governor of the Bank of England, was born in 1832 at St. Petersburg, and commenced his business career in the office of Messrs. Heath and Co., Liverpool, whose business was chiefly with Russia. He subsequently came to London, and in 1870 he was chosen as a director of the Bank of England. His turn as Deputy Governor came in 1887, and in due course he became Governor in March, 1889. In the Baring crisis of 1890 he rendered distinguished service, and in recognition thereof he was subsequently made a Privy Councillor and received the freedom of the City of London. He was a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of London, and was universally trusted in City and financial circles. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. M. Ridley Corbet was the most recently elected Associate of the Royal Academy, having obtained the distinction only in January last. He had been a regular exhibitor of landscapes at the Royal Academy for many years, and two of his paintings were purchased

for the nation under the Chantrey bequest—"Morning Glory," in 1894, and "Val d'Arno: Evening," in 1891. He gained a medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

Mr. Horace Alfred Damer Seymour, Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint, who appeared on the Coronation Honours List as a new K.C.B., died the evening before the announcement of the honours conferred upon him had been published. Mr. Seymour was the youngest son of Mr. Frederick C. W. Seymour and Lady Augusta Seymour, the eldest daughter of the first Marquis of Bristol, and was born in 1843. He was educated at Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1865, and he entered the Treasury in 1867. There he acted as private secretary to several Secretaries of the Treasury, to Lord Frederick Cavendish as Financial Lord, and to two Chancellors of the Exchequer, Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone. After a service of ten years, 1885-1894, as Commissioner or Deputy-Chairman of the Board of Customs, he succeeded the Hon. Sir C. W. Fremantle in the latter year as Deputy-Master and Comptroller of the Mint.

Major-General Sir Francis Cunningham Scott, who commanded the Ashanti expedition of 1895-96, has just died at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in India in 1834, and obtaining a



What should have been "Coronation Week" began when the King and Queen left Windsor for London last week. Both at Windsor and Paddington their Majesties received a most hearty greeting from the crowds assembled. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Windsor.

THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVING WINDSOR FOR LONDON



THE LATE CAPTAIN G. P. BULL
Died from empyema at Beaufort West



THE LATE LIEUT. A. ROWLEY MILLER
Died of dysentery at Kafir Kop



THE LATE LIEUTENANT E. MCNAUGHT
SUTHERLAND
Killed at Frederickstad



THE LATE MAJOR-GEN. SIR FRANCIS SCOTT
The Commander of the last Ashanti Expedition

commission in the 42nd Highlanders, served with it in the Crimean and Indian Mutiny campaigns, being present at the Alma, Balaclava, and Sevastopol, and in the relief of Lucknow. In 1874 he served in the Ashanti war, and was mentioned in despatches, receiving a brevet of lieutenant-colonelcy and the C.B. From 1878 to 1888 he served in the Body Guard, and for the last three years of that period commanded the 4th Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment. In 1891 he was appointed Inspector-General of the Gold Coast Constabulary, and the following year led an expedition against the Jebu, which, after three days' fighting, captured the Jebu capital and took the King prisoner. In 1893-94 he commanded a similar expedition against the Attababus, and 1895-96 led an important expedition to Kumasi, taking the King and all his Court prisoners. Since 1898 Sir Francis Scott had been Inspector-General of Police for Trinidad. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Second Lieutenant Eric Macnaught Sutherland, who was killed at Frederickstad, was born in September, 1882. He was educated at Eton, and passed from there straight into Sandhurst. He received his commission in the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders last January, and sailed for the Cape in March, so that he had only been at the front for six weeks. The news of his death was followed by the following telegram from the commander of the Seaforth Highlanders to his parents:—"Deepest sympathy from all ranks. Your son's conduct most gallant, refusing surrender. Buried Klerksdorp." There is an additional pathos about his death, inasmuch as the news of it reached London almost with the tidings of peace.

Second Lieutenant A. Rowley Miller, of the 1st Inniskillings, died of dysentery at Kafir Kop, Orange River Colony, on May 15. Our portrait is by Hembry, Belfast.

Captain George Parker Bull, of the 4th North Staffordshire, died from empyema at Beaufort West. Captain Bull, who was a native of Falmouth, for the last eighteen months has been performing the responsible duties of railway staff officer at Beaufort West. He comes of an old West of England family, who have ever been fighters. His father and uncle both held her late Majesty's commission. The former, Colonel John James Bull, served with distinction in the Crimea. His grandfather, Captain John Bull, and his great-grandfather commanded His Majesty's packets, which fought their way across the Atlantic against a French line of battleships and American privateers during the wars of the latter part of the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries. His maternal grandfather, Sir G. Parker, served in the Bengal Army during the Mutiny until he died at Cawnpore. Our portrait is by Norman Way and Co., Cheltenham.



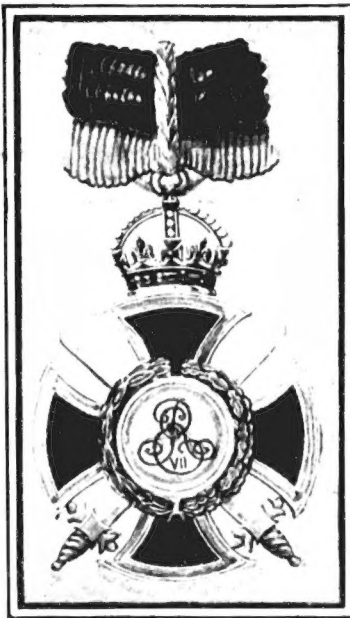
Eyam is a little village near Sheffield. On receipt of the news of the King's illness, an open-air service of intercession was held in the village.

AN OPEN-AIR SERVICE OF INTERCESSION FOR THE KING AT EYAM

DRAWN BY T. S. C. CROWTHER



OBSERVE



REVERSE

THE ORDER OF MERIT AS WORN BY SERVICE MEMBERS

The Order of Merit

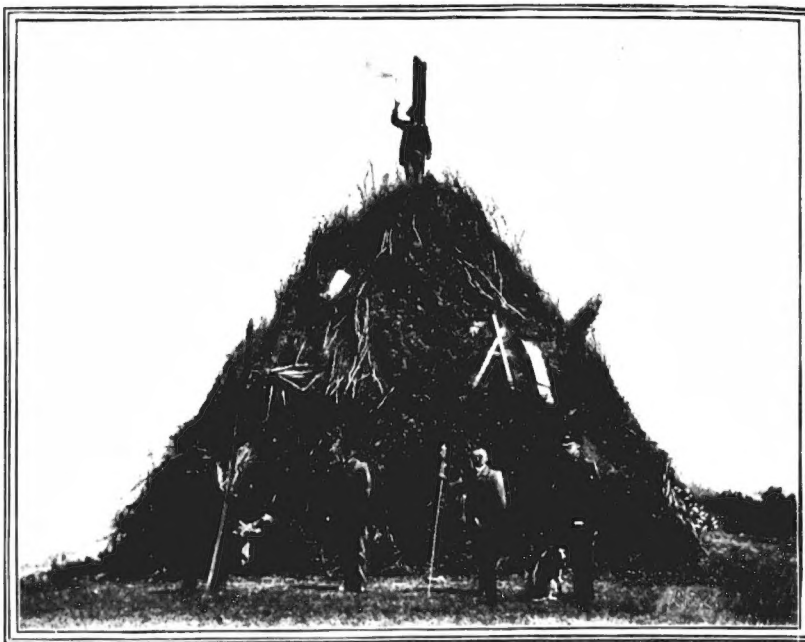
ON all sides satisfaction has been expressed at the institution of the new "Order of Merit," to which the first appointments were made in the Coronation Honours List. The King himself is Sovereign of the Order, and the twelve men who have been signalled out for the honour of being made the first ordinary members are those who have gained the highest distinction in war, science, letters, and art. The accompanying illustration shows the badge which is to be worn by military and naval members of the Order. It consists of a cross of red enamel with two silver swords with gold hilts between the angles of the cross. The centre of the badge is of blue enamel surrounded by a laurel wreath, and bearing on the obverse the words "For Merit," and on the reverse the King's Royal cipher. The cross is surmounted by the Imperial crown enamelled in colour, and the badge will be worn on a two-inch ribbon of Garter blue and crimson.

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

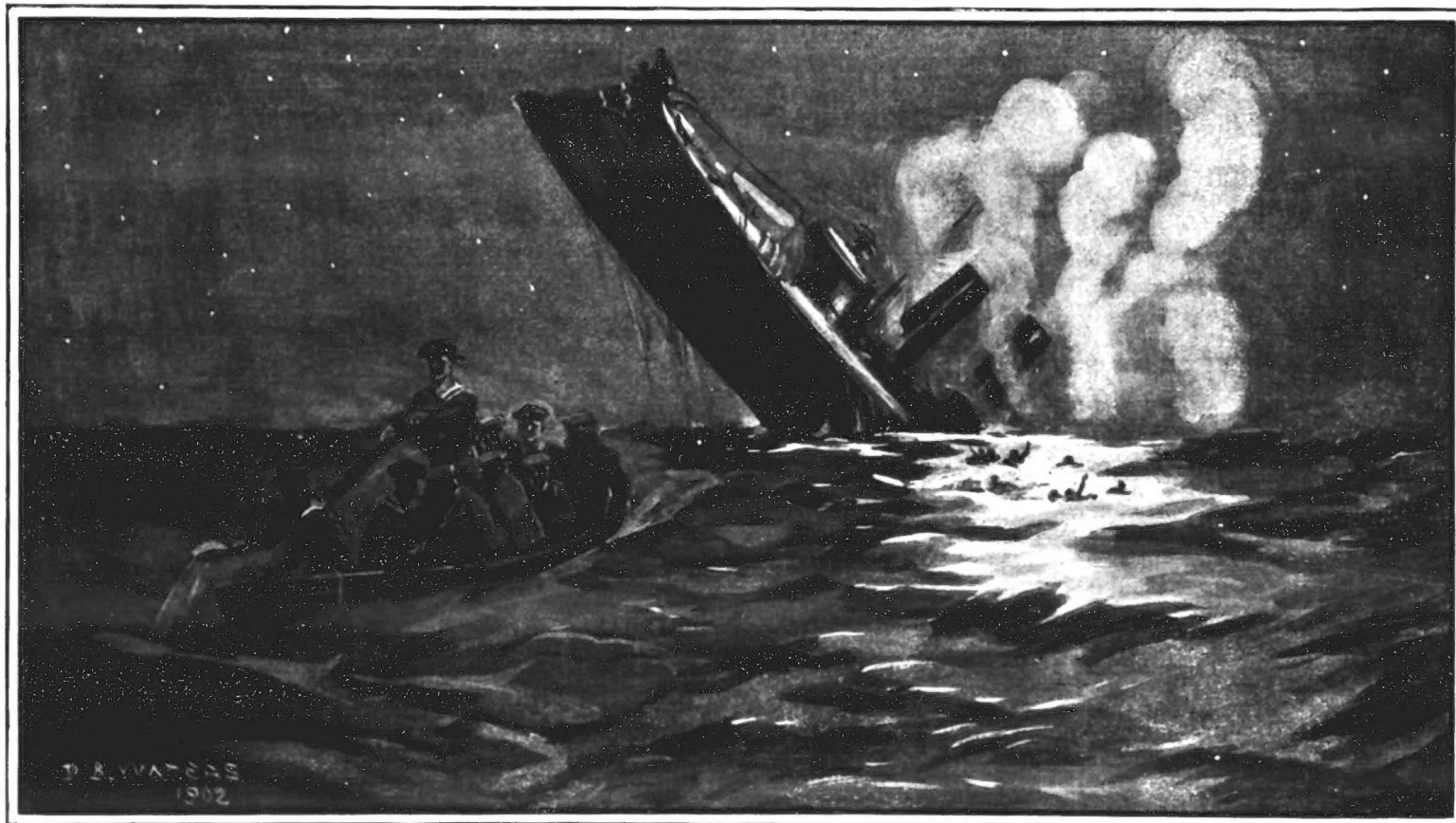
M. COQUELIN and his comrades from the Porte St. Martin Theatre, who began their season at the GARRICK, on Monday last, are under the disadvantage of arriving in London during the first outburst of hot weather, at a period moreover of unexpected depression. Added to this is the fact that we have had this year something like a glut of French performances, albeit yet another remains to be chronicled, Mlle. Jeanne Granier, who has not been seen here since she was at the Gaiety some twenty years since, being announced to appear with a company from the Théâtre des Variétés, immediately after the close of M. Coquelin's fortnight's engagement. The effect of these combined causes was only too manifest in the somewhat scanty audience which gathered on Monday evening at the GARRICK to welcome this distinguished actor on his first appearance in London this year. M. Rostand's admirable play, *Cyrano*

de Bergerac, once more holds the bill, and M. Coquelin resumes his original part of the fire-eating hero with the abnormal nose, which he plays with all his old force and humour, together with an added touch of picturesqueness which is a decided improvement. The cast differs but little from that of the first performance in London of this famous piece three years ago, the only notable change being the disappearance of M. Jean Coquelin, whose part of Ragueneau, the poetical pastrycook and *rotisseur* is now played by M. Chabert with abundant vivacity, if with something less than his predecessor's humour. M. Volny enacts once more the shy lover, Christian de Neuville, and the part of the heroine, Roxane, falls again to Madame Esquilar, who plays it with grace and animation; but it is unfortunate for her that since her first appearance in this part we have seen a new Roxane in the person of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. *Cyrano de Bergerac* will be repeated this (Saturday) afternoon. Next week will be devoted to standard works, both of the old and the modern repertory, commencing on Monday evening with *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière—a comedy but little known to the English stage.



THE CORONATION BONFIRE ON STAGBURY HILL, WORCESTERSHIRE

From the Photograph by J. Wileman, Stourport



DRAWN BY D. B. WATERS

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR

The British steamer "Finsby" ran down the German torpedo-boat "S. 42" at the mouth of the Elbe on June 23. On board the torpedo-boat were four Englishmen, the Hon. Rupert Guinness, Sir Edward Birkbeck, Mr. Somers Somerset, and a servant. They had travelled to Heligoland on one of the yachts racing for the Kaiser's Cup, and had gone on board the torpedo-boat to go to Cuxhaven. As the boat was approaching that place she was run into by the steamer "Finsby." An eye-witness of the collision says the captain of the torpedo boat behaved like a hero. He calmly gave the necessary orders, did what he could to save as many of the crew as possible, and sank at his post with his ship. When the lifeboat was launched instructions were given that the four Englishmen should first take their places in it, and then the captain ordered those who could not swim to follow. Then he directed the life-belts to be distributed

to the others. In an interview, Sir E. Birkbeck said:—"As we were approaching Cuxhaven, and at about half-past twelve at night, we were run into by the steamer. It is not a fact that a fog prevailed at the time—the weather was perfectly clear, and there was bright moonlight. The torpedo-boat was struck amidships, and sank in about five minutes after the collision." The King, on hearing the intelligence, telegraphed to the German Emperor, saying, "I deeply appreciate that the last command given by Lieutenant Rosenstock von Rhoeneck before he was drowned should have been that the Englishmen were the first to be taken into the boat," to which the Emperor replied that "Every officer, non-commissioned officer, and man is profoundly sensible of the fact that the first act of our new Admiral should have been a message so kindly worded."

THE RUNNING DOWN OF A GERMAN TORPEDO-BOAT IN THE NORTH SEA: SAVING THE ENGLISHMEN

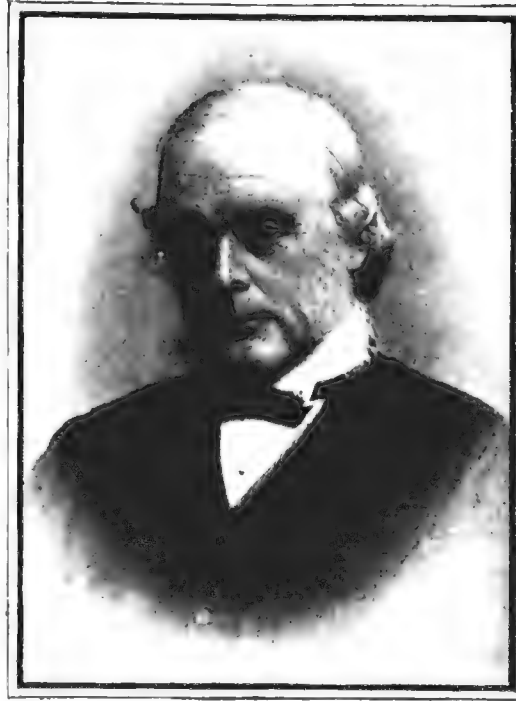
The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

ON Tuesday night the deadly dullness of discussion on the Education Bill was ruffled by a lively scene. For fully five hours before suspension of the sitting for dinner debate had dragged along with depth of colour realised only by those compelled to suffer it. When at nine o'clock the House resumed, there was full attendance on both sides. Whether in the afternoon or at night the Opposition muster for the fight round the Bill in numbers that testify to the profound interest underlying its unattractive surface. This faithfulness is a matter of much anxiety to Ministers. On Monday night the reality of the danger was disclosed by the Ministerial majority being run down to fifteen. It is obviously impossible for members dining out to be back in the House at nine o'clock without almost heroic self-sacrifice. Arrangements have been made whereby the Ministerial host is divided into two watches. A moiety is pledged to be in their places at nine o'clock on alternate nights. Members promise and mean well. But, as Monday night's division showed, the Division Lobby is paved with good intentions.

The result of urgent remonstrance following upon this narrow escape was shown on Tuesday night. The Ministerial benches were, by half-past nine, crowded far in excess of those on which were seated the watchful Opposition. At ten o'clock the House was still debating the question that Clause 3 stand part of the Bill. The whole of the afternoon sitting had been given up to this clause. But the Opposition were evidently ready to begin *de novo*, making a night of it, as they had already made an afternoon. At ten o'clock, in the absence of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Walter Long moved the closure.

Then burst the storm of righteous indignation. The Standing



LORD LISTER

From a Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street



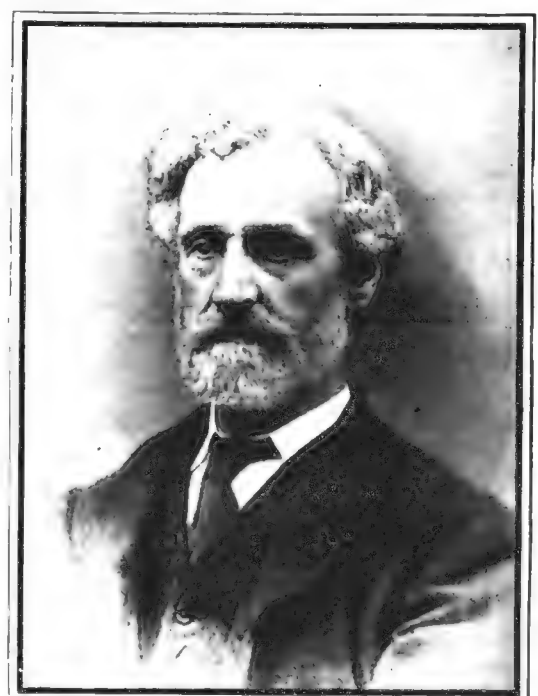
SIR FREDERICK TREVES

From a Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin



SIR FRANCIS LAKING

From a Photograph by Barraud, Oxford Street



SIR THOMAS SMITH

THE KING'S DOCTORS

Order does not permit discussion of the closure. The House straightway divides on the proposal "that the Question be now put." That carried, the Question is put accordingly, and a fresh division taken upon it. These two performances appropriate half an hour of a sitting. The interval gave Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opportunity of taking counsel with his friends on their next move. Its drift was seen when amid ringing cheers "C.B." rose on announcement of result of the second division and moved to report progress. Instantly the still waters of the sluggish debate were moved as it stricken by a cyclone. The Ministerialists shouted, "Oh! Oh!" remonstrance drowned in the fierce shouting of the Opposition now recruited by the Irish members. These joyfully relieved the tedium of voting for Ministers by going to the Lobby against them, at a stroke reducing the majority by nearly one half. On the closure motion it was 78, on the motion that Clause 3 stand part of the Bill it ran up at a bound to 144.

In ordinary circumstances the motion by the Leader of the Opposition to report progress may be debated at length. Unless the closure were again invoked the remainder of the sitting might have been wasted in a wrangle. But the Chairman had two strings to his bow. Standing Order No. 23 invests the Speaker or his deputy with authority, if he considers a motion to report progress is an abuse of the Rules of the House, to put it without debate. To the consternation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the almost unarticulate rage of the Opposition, Mr. Lowther put the rule in force. It was originally designed, with the concurrence of the Liberal leaders, for the shutting up of wild Irish and the like. To use it

for the discomfiture of the Leader of the Opposition was unexpected and unprecedented.

The Chairman was, however, master of the situation. Amid jubilant cheers from the Ministerialists, angry shouts from the Liberals, now joined by the Irish members, another division took place, the Government majority being again run down, this time to eighty-eight.

The King's Doctors

LORD LISTER, F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.C.S., was born at Upton, in Essex, in 1827. He was created a baronet in 1883, and a Baron in 1897. Since 1901 he has been Surgeon-in-Ordinary to His Majesty. He was president of the Royal Society from 1896 to 1900. He was Surgeon Extraordinary to the late Queen in 1900. Lord Lister made his great reputation by the discovery of the antiseptic treatment of surgery, a discovery but for which the present operation would have been impossible. In the Coronation honours list Lord Lister appears as a new member of the Privy Council, and also as a member of the new Order of Merit.

Sir Frederick Treves, K.C.V.O., C.B., F.R.C.S., has been Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King since 1900. He was born at Dorchester in 1853, and was educated at Merchant Taylors' School. He is a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Sir Frederick Treves acted as Consulting Surgeon to the Forces in South Africa in 1900, and was with the Ladysmith relief column. Sir Frederick, who is a specialist in intestinal surgery, is the author of a number of well-known works on anatomy and surgery. A baronetcy has now been conferred upon Sir Frederick.

Sir Francis Henry Laking, K.C.V.O., M.D., who is a Physician in Ordinary and Surgeon-Apothecary to His Majesty, and Apothecary to His Majesty's Household and other Royal households, was born in 1847. He was educated at Heidelberg, and later at St. George's Hospital. He was knighted in 1893, and was made K.C.V.O. in 1898. He is also consulting physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children. Sir Francis Laking has also now received a baronetcy.

Sir Thomas Smith, F.R.C.S., K.C.V.O., was created a baronet in 1897. He is Hon. Surgeon-General to the King. He was born in 1833, being educated at Tonbridge School, and afterwards at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Sir Thomas Smith is a past vice-president of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Sir Thomas Barlow is Physician-Extraordinary to Her Majesty the Queen and Physician to Her Majesty's Household. He is one of the most distinguished of living physicians.

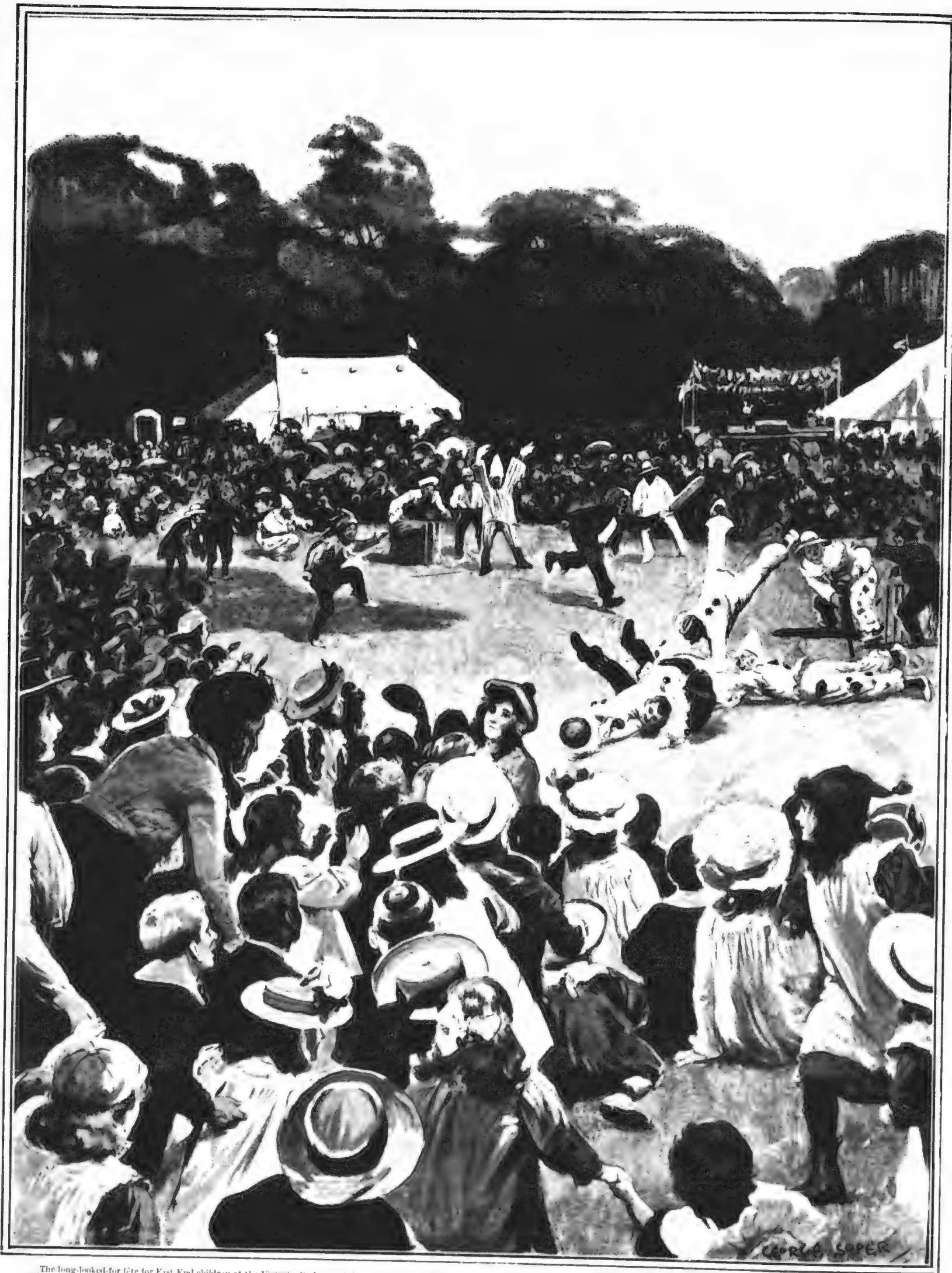
Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

THE operator who first sent the words, "The Coronation is postponed," may boast that he has had an important part in producing the greatest and the most widespread sensation the world has ever experienced; his name should be recorded in history. At most clubs some gambler or gossip was watching the tape, anxious to learn the latest price of stock, or the latest item of news. It is not difficult to imagine the surprise of these men as the instrument printed letter by letter—spasmodically, as is its habit—the fateful message. On the Monday night, it is true, it was whispered at the Opera House that the King would have to undergo an operation, but most who heard the report

did not attach any importance to it, and few expected that the necessity for operating would occur before the Coronation.

Lord Kitchener is a fortunate man. There has been accumulated in England a vast store of enthusiasm. Admitting that much of it will have evaporated before he returns, much will remain, and that will certainly be used to welcome him back. Lord Kitchener fully deserves the reception which awaits him, for he has done wonders in South Africa, and in that unobtrusive manner which is his distinguishing quality. All who have had the opportunity of studying Lord Kitchener closely maintain that he is the greatest Englishman of the times. He is devoted to his work for its own sake, is patient and prudent, is uncommunicative, he does not attach importance to the varying comments of the critics, and cannot be influenced by the powerful men and women at home who control the Government and the War Office. If ever a man was provided for the moment, Lord Kitchener is the man. It has been declared by a specially appointed Committee of Inquiry that the system on which our Army is established, and the management of this branch of the public service, are gravely at fault. Were the Duke of Connaught appointed Commander-in-Chief, with Lord Kitchener as Adjutant-General, it is not to be doubted that the difficult task would be accomplished successfully; but the authorities contemplate sending the latter to India as Commander-in-Chief, just when he is most needed at home! Do what they will, he will eventually be entrusted with the duty of reforming the British Army.



The long-looked-for fête for East End children at the Victoria Park was held on June 21, two days before the one on which the Coronation should have taken place. The scheme, which originated with Mr. George Foster, L.C.C., was well organised and carried out. The programme of amusement arranged might have been destined for a more critical audience, so excellent was it in quantity and quality.

Punch and Judy was much in evidence, but only before and after the comic cricket match, in which many prominent members of the music hall profession took part. In the midst of the fête, which was attended by some 50,000 children, came the news of the King's illness.

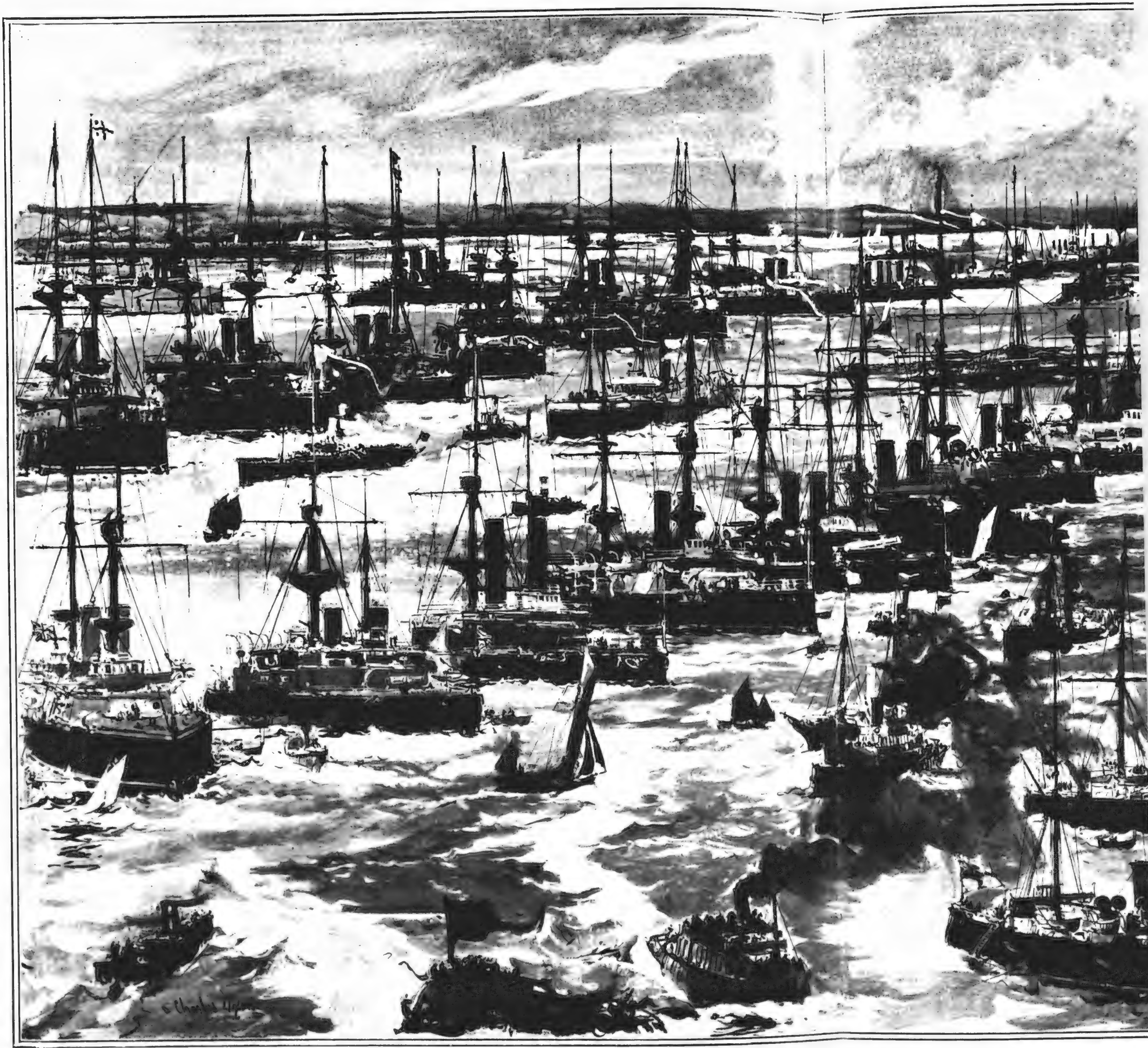
THE CHILDREN'S CORONATION FÊTE IN VICTORIA PARK: THE COMIC CRICKET MATCH

DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER



DANCING ROUND THE VILLAGE BONFIRE

DRAWN BY R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.



COLUMN F.

COLUMN D

COLUMN

The fleet, numbering some 120 vessels, was drawn up in six lines, officially named A to F. A consisted of destroyers and brigs, B of destroyers, C of cruisers and gunboats, D and E of battleships

THE GREAT CORONATION NAVAL DISPLAY: BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE FLEET ASSEMBLED

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON. R.I.



COLUMN C

is and brigs, B of destroyers, C of cruisers and gunboats, D and E of battleships and cruisers, and F of foreign men-of-war
S-EYE VIEW OF THE FLEET ASSEMBLED AT SPITHEAD
CHARLES DIXON. R.I.



On the Friday, which should have been the day of the Royal Procession round London, the batch of children who had been invited to witness it from Marlborough House were entertained by the Prince and Princess of Wales. They were given a substantial lunch in the grounds, and were afterwards drawn

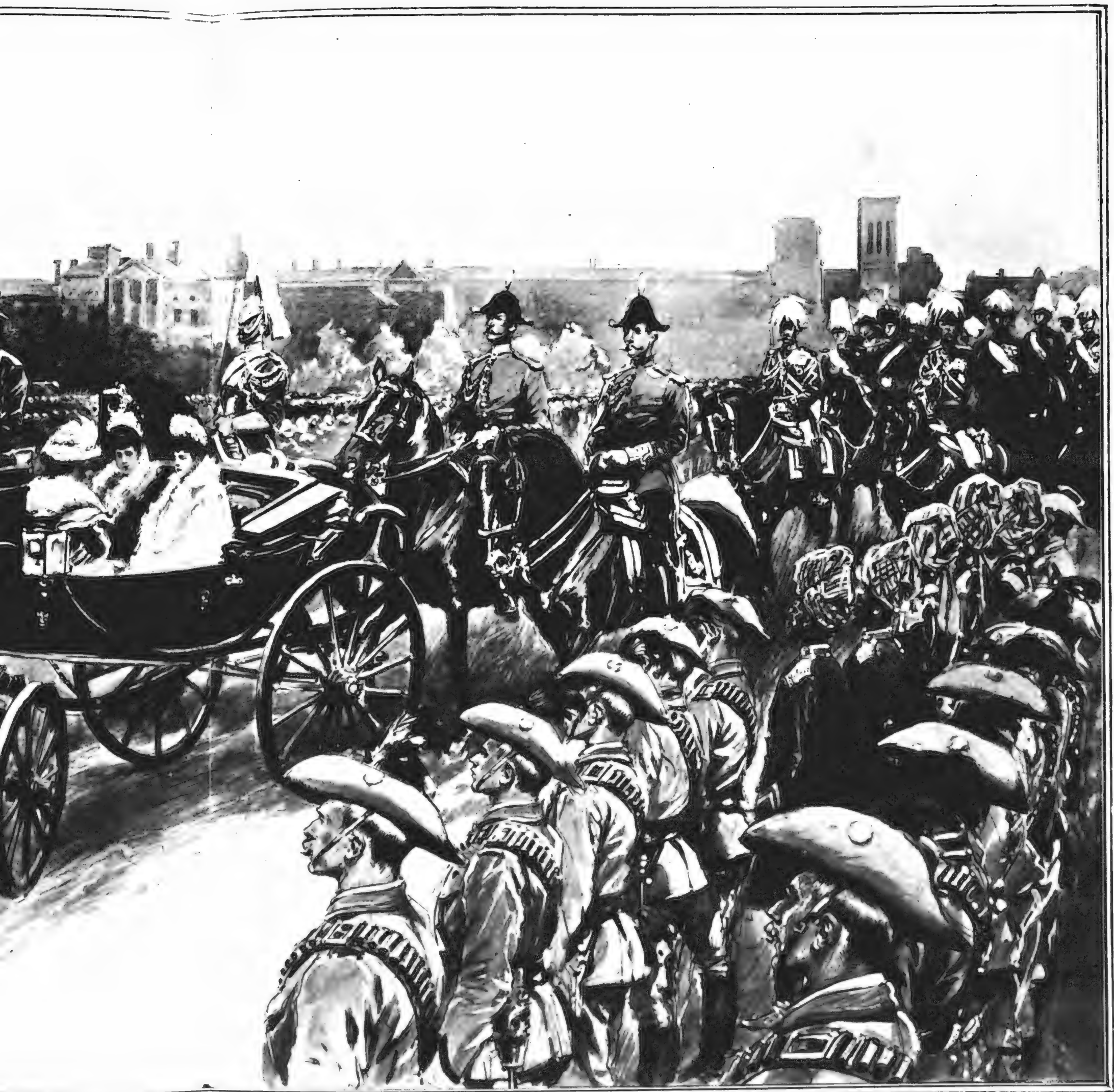
up to await the arrival of their Royal Highnesses, who were greeted with continued cheering. Then a little girl belonging to the Foundling Hospital was led forward by an older girl from the same institution and presented a bouquet to the Princess of Wales.

CHILDREN AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES

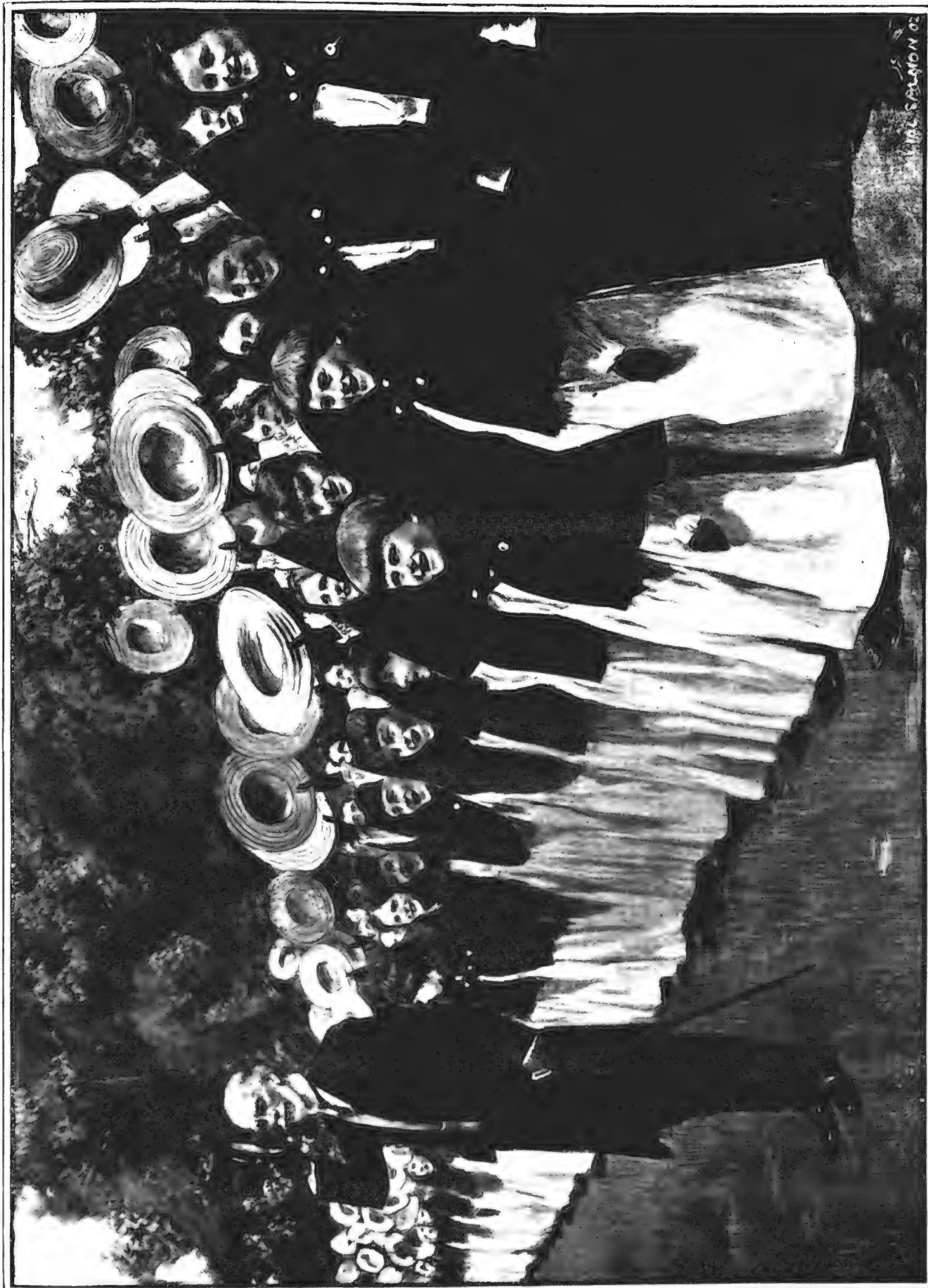
DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



THE REVIEW OF THE COLONIAL TROOP CONTINGENTS ON THE PASEIO DE ARCADE, RIO DE JANEIRO, JULY 5, 1902.



WINGEDS ON THE HORSE OF A VAGABOND FOR THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE PASSING ALONG THE LINE
OF THE GUARDS AND POLICE



The Prince and Princess of Wales had invited some 2,500 children to witness the Coronation Procession from Marlborough House. Half of them were to come on the first day and half on the next. With their characteristic generosity, the Royal Highnesses decided that although the Prince was no procession the children should be entertained nevertheless. On June 2nd, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and Devon, and the Duke and Duchess of York, went to Marlborough House to entertain the children. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and Devon, and the Duke and Duchess of York, went to Marlborough House to entertain the children. The Prince and Princess, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and Devon, and the Duke and Duchess of York, went to Marlborough House to entertain the children.

On the following day some 1,200 from the Foundling Hospital, the Merchant Seamen's School, the Daughters' Home, the Sailors' Orphan Girls, and the Post Office Orphanage were entertained to lunch, after which there was a march past. Our illustration shows the girls of the Royal Victoria Patriotic Asylum cheering, led by Colonel Young, the secretary.

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CHILDREN ENTERTAINED AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE: SOLDIERS' DAUGHTERS CHEERING THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON



GANGADHAR MADHO CHITNAVIS, C.I.E.
President of the Nagpur municipality. He came to England to represent the Central Provinces of India at the Coronation. He knows English well, belongs to a good family in Nagpur, and has represented the Province on the Viceroy's Legislative Council. Our portrait is by Devare and Co., Bombay.



RAJA PERTAB SINGH
Of Pertabgarh. He represents the Province of Oudh. He is one of the leading Talukdars, and came to England because his seniors in rank were unable, for caste and other reasons, to leave India. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE HON. NAWAB MUNTAZ-UD-DAULA MIR HAMAD FAIYAZ ALI KHAN OF BAHAR
Who came over to represent the N.W. Provinces (except Oudh). For two years he has been an Additional Member of the Imperial Legislative Council, and is at present a member of the Provincial Council. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepherd, India.



H.E. TURHAN PASHA
Representing the Sultan of Turkey. He is a well-known diplomatist and statesman. Born in 1846, he has spent his life in the service of his country, and has filled many high and important offices in the Imperial Ottoman State. Our portrait is by Abdullah Bros., Constantinople.

GUESTS WHO CAME TO ENGLAND FOR THE CORONATION

Paris Gittings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

For ten days past the chief point of interest in Paris has been the health of King Edward. For months past the Paris Press has published article upon article upon the coming Coronation. The result was that an interest had been awakened in the event only second to that existing in England. The King, as Prince of Wales, had become such a popular personality in the French capital, that he seemed to the Parisians of the better class, one of themselves. His Majesty was a member of the French Jockey Club and of the aristocratic Cercle de la Rue Royale. He was a frequent figure at the leading theatres and at Longchamps and Auteuil. But what conquered the Parisians most was that when in Paris he seemed one of themselves. He was a *bonapartiste*. He went for a walk in the streets of the capital and knew the city as well as any of its inhabitants.

Other sovereigns and princes seemed to ignore the existence of the Republic, and treated the President and Government as *quantité négligeable*. This the Prince of Wales never did. No single President, from President MacMahon to M. Loubet, failed to receive his visit. As this recognition of the new régime is a point on which the majority of Frenchmen are very touchy, the King is now reaping the benefit of his tact and goodness of heart. The news of the excellent progress he is making has been received in Paris with a sincere feeling of relief.

When the Paris-Berlin race was run the French Government declared that it was the last contest that would be allowed on the public highways. The automobilist interests, however, proved too strong, and we have had the skill question test the race from Paris to Vienna. Switzerland, however, refused to allow the lives of its citizens to be endangered, to prove that the springs and machinery of such and such a firm were superior to those of its rival. There is no doubt that such contests require skill and nerve of a very high order, but at the same time they undoubtedly constitute a serious public danger. It is impossible to warn the inhabitants of a route measuring 1,300 kilometres of the danger they run by venturing on it during the passing of this whirlwind. Then the *chauffeurs* cannot possibly know the road so well that they can avoid dangerous corners and sudden



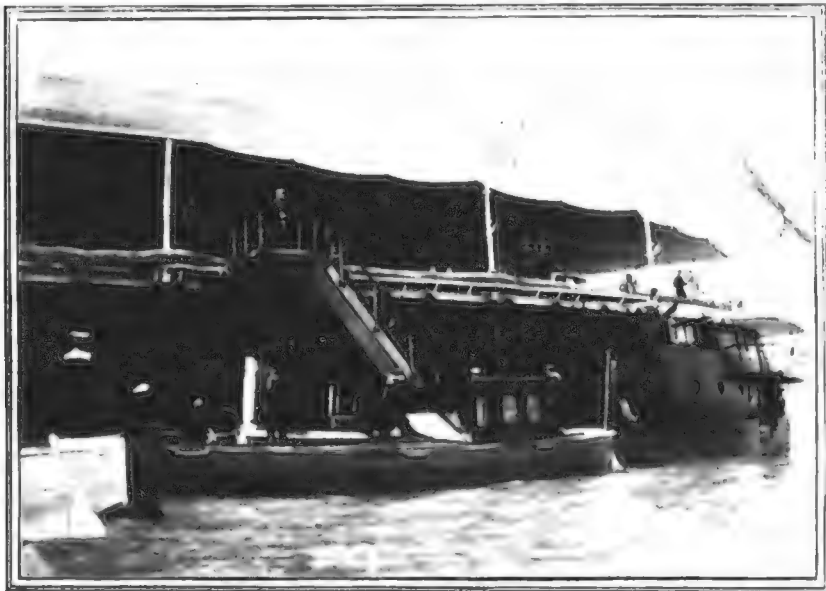
The Life Saving Society held its Coronation Gala last Saturday, when, besides the Mile Championship (won by Jarvis, who has now gained it six times), there was an exhibition of Swedish diving. Our photograph, which is by J. P. Walker, shows the double dive by Messrs. C. Maurice and Otto Hagberg, which included two somersaults in the air.

GRACEFUL DIVING AT HIGHGATE BATHING POND.

descents. An automobilist rushing at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour has little time to make up his mind whether to turn to the right or to the left, and an instant's hesitation may be fatal. The route between Paris and Vienna was strewn with broken-down vehicles and wounded *chauffeurs*. It was certainly matter for congratulation that eighty vehicles out of the 138 which started were able to face the last stage from Salzburg to Vienna. The strain on an automobilist, driving at seventy miles an hour, forced to keep his eyes glued to the road in front of him for hours at a time, when the deviation of an eighth of an inch in his steering gear would mean instant destruction, is such as few men could resist. That so many French *chauffeurs* did resist it and arrive at Vienna shows the progress they have made in their art.

It is seldom that the French Press can register an advance in the progress reached by either England or America, but I imagine the Paris *Journal* can boast of this. The Agence Havas (the Reuter of Paris) has installed a wireless telegraphy apparatus on the roof of the building in communication with the *Journal*, the result of which will be that news will be instantaneously communicated to the latter. This display of enterprise is all the greater because the offices of the Agence Havas and the *Journal* are only separated by the distance of about a hundred yards.

Considerable sensation has been caused in Paris by the announcement that the article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on the lesson of the Boer War is the work of General de Negrier. General de Negrier declares that the lesson of the war is that the whole attention of his chiefs must be devoted to the training of the individuality of the soldier. Once within the firing line he is, and must be, beyond the power of his officer. His conduct in battle must depend on the thoroughness of the training in which he has been trained in self reliance in time of peace. General de Negrier has the reputation of being one of the foremost theorists in the French army. His article is the more remarkable that, as I am informed, it is opposed to the Superior Council of War, of which he is a member. His views are not even shared by General André, the Minister of War. It says much, however, for the latter's broadness of mind that he gave permission for General de Negrier to make public views which he did not share. As to the justice of the views of the latter, English officers are able to appreciate them better than anybody can.



On receipt of the announcement by the Secretary of the Admiralty that owing to the King's illness the proposed Naval Review was not to take place, the Foreign Admirals were invited to go on board the flagship "London" to be informed of the news. Our photograph is by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

FOREIGN ADMIRALS GOING ON BOARD H.M.S. "LONDON" TO RECEIVE THE NEWS OF THE KING'S ILLNESS.



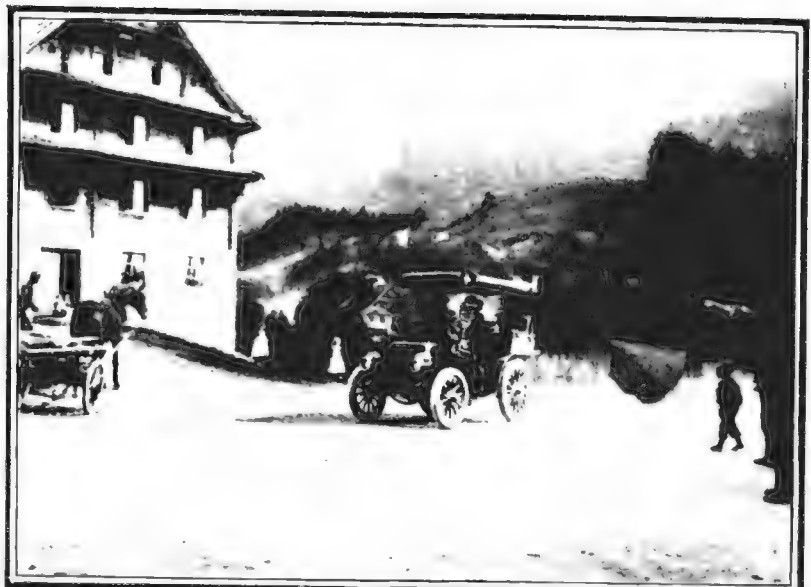
The Indian Coronation Contingent has attracted large crowds to Hampton Court, and thousands of people have day by day lined the ropes which separated the public from the soldiers. When the Sikhs indulged in their favourite pastime, and showed their marvellous dexterity in quoit-throwing, the delight of the spectators was unbounded. It is not generally known that the King, when Prince of Wales, presented eight miniature quoits to the 15th Sikhs for the best quoit-thrower in each company. The quoits, which are eagerly competed for each year, are worn in the turban, and are greatly valued by the winners. Our photograph is by C. A. Miller.

SIKHS AT PLAY IN THE CAMP AT HAMPTON COURT.



BETWEEN VIERWALDSTÄTER AND ZÜRICH LAKE

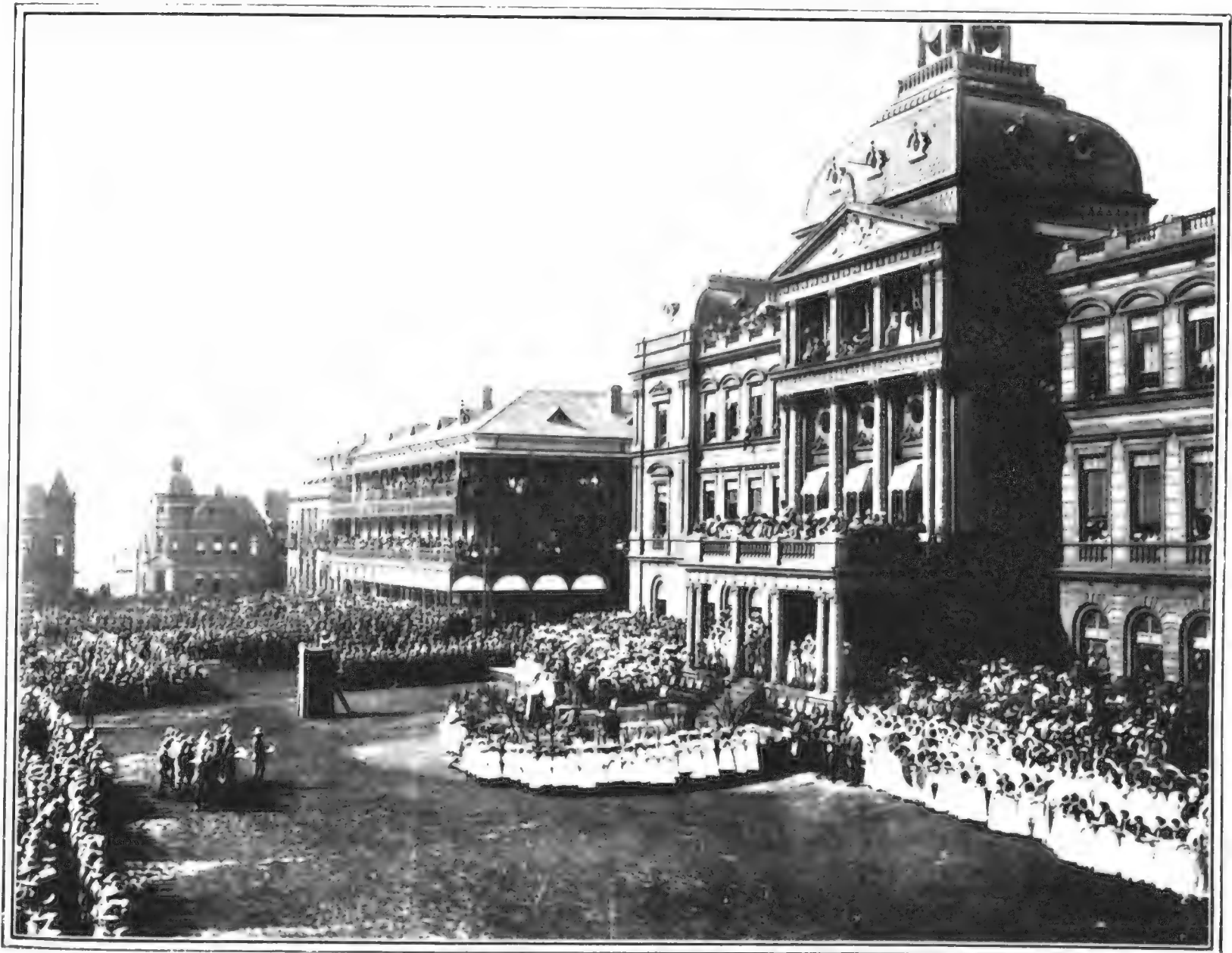
The first of the competitors in the Paris-Vienna motor-car race to arrive in Vienna was M. Marcel Renault. M. Zborowski was second, M. Maurice Farman third, M. Baras fourth, M. Edmond fifth, and M. Henry sixth. M. Marcel Renault has been officially declared by the judges winner of the race. M. Henri Farman is second. The other placed men are as follows: M. Edmond third, M. Maurice Farman fourth, Count Zborowski fifth, and M. Teste sixth. M. Marcel Renault drove a light car made by his own firm. His total time was 1 day, 12 hours, 55 min., giving an average speed of 51 1/2 miles an



IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS: ON THE SCHINDELLEGI

hour. Numerous accidents are reported among the other competitors. The most extraordinary was that which befell M. Max. He fell over a ledge at Trisana into the river Sana, a distance of over 300 feet, and had the marvellous good luck to come up with only a few slight bruises. Mr. Jarrot, the Englishman, had a nasty fall from his machine, but his injuries, it is said, are not severe. M. Louis Renault ran his machine into a wall, and damaged it so much that he had to abandon the contest. Our photographs are by Anton Kröll, Zürich.

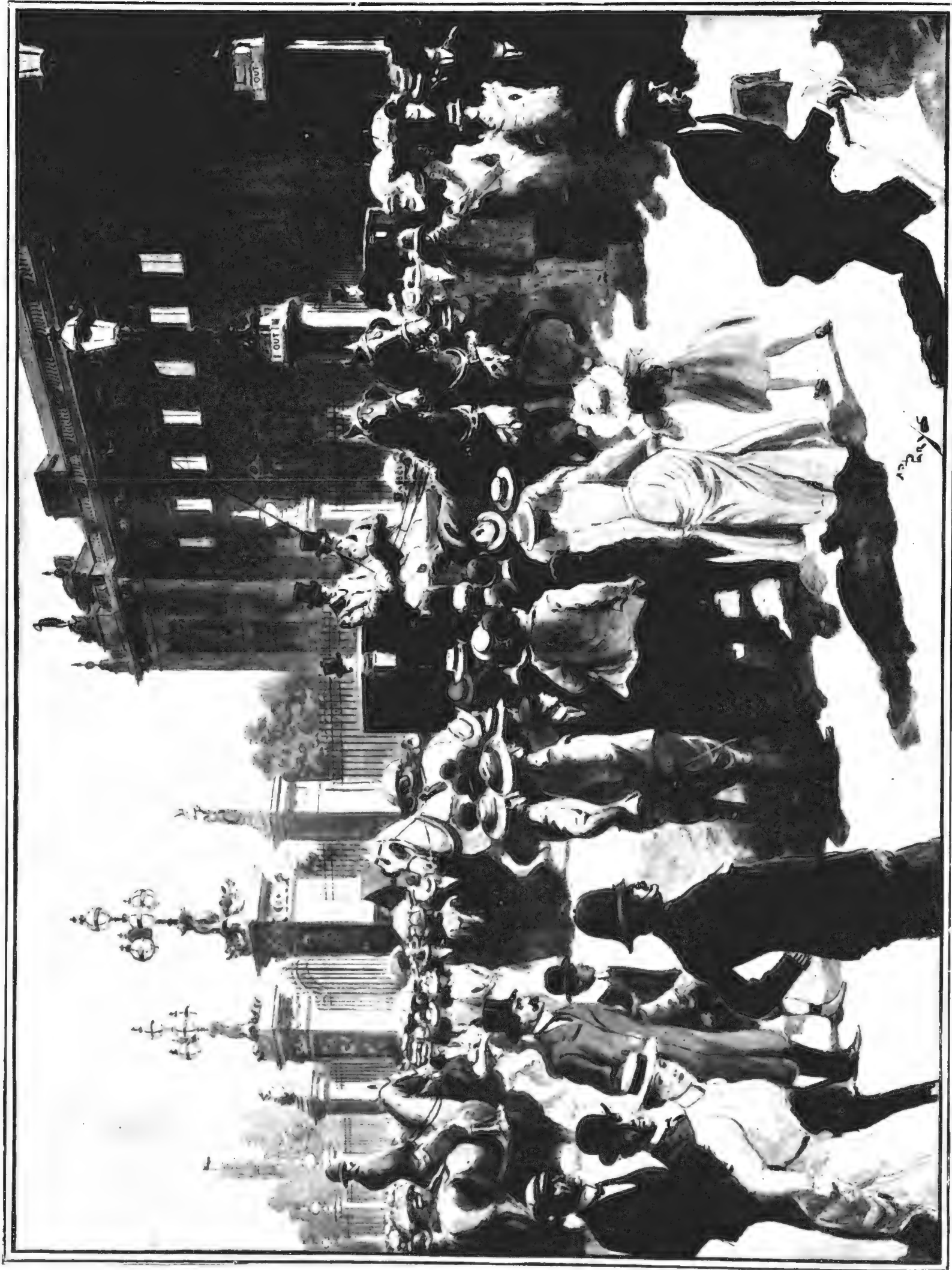
THE MOTOR CAR RACE FROM PARIS TO VIENNA



A Thanksgiving Service for Peace was held in the Church square, Pretoria, on Sunday, June 8. Six thousand troops were massed in the centre of the square. They comprised detachments of every branch in South Africa down to the National Scouts. At nine o'clock the troops were in place, while crowds, composed mostly of English, but with a good sprinkling of Dutch, lined the solid mass of soldiers. A little before ten Lord Kitchener arrived, and was received by a guard of honour of the 1st Scots Guards. A band had been erected in front of the Government buildings, and around it were choirs from Johannesburg and Pretoria. On his arrival Lord Kitchener presented 11 Royal Red Cross Orders to eleven nursing sisters. Then followed a presentation of the Victoria Crosses which it had not been possible to present

before. On this last ceremony being concluded the Thanksgiving Service commenced. The surprised hour marched slowly round the inner portion of the square singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which was heartily joined in by the troops present. The collects were read by the Bishop of Zululand, while the Archbishop of Cape Town gave a short sermon at the conclusion of Lord Kitchener's favourite hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Everyone, British and Dutch, joined heartily in the last hymn, the familiar "Old Hundredth." Then followed the National Anthem, and it was the first time for many years that people had seen Dutch and British taking off their hats in unison to the tune of "God Save the King." Our photograph is by R. E. E. Nissen, Pretoria.

THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING FOR PEACE AT PRETORIA



Since the operation, Sir Francis Baring and Sir Philip Sassoon have only left the Palace for a few moments at a time. The King's illness has made it impossible for the Royal Patient to leave the Palace for a brief drive.

Drawn by R. B. Doyle

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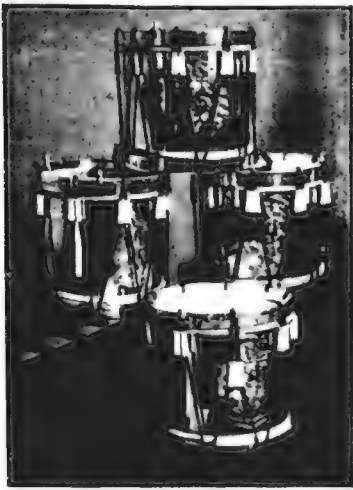
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The two battalions of the Devonshire Regiment have each received four silver drums as a present from the men and women of Devon. Those shown in our illustration were with the 1st Battalion at Bannockburn. Our photograph is by J. R. Browning, Exeter.

IN MEMORY OF THE WAR



This pier, which has just been opened, was erected at a cost of 70,000. It is 810 feet long, with a breadth of 45 to 55 feet. The pavilion is a spacious structure, accommodating 2,000 persons. It is to be hoped that the new pier will have better fortune than attended the old one, which was twice damaged in the course of its career. In 1859 a sloop was driven against the pier during a severe gale, with the result that a wide gap was made. Again, in 1868, the schooner "Sea Gull" cut through the repaired structure and carried away 100 feet of it. Our photograph is by F. H. Sayers, Yarmouth.

THE NEW PIER AT YARMOUTH



This very beautiful tablet, which has been designed by Mr. Percy Macquoid, R.I., for Marlborough College, is of silver and wood.

AN ARTISTIC MEMORIAL

An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE students of the Royal College of Art showed what was in them when they set about decorating Westminster Bridge with sculpture and painting, and galvanised the London County Council into agreeing to pay the costs on the lower scale. The busts of the two great queens and of sixteen kings (the Council would have none of the Stuarts, mark you), were treated with a decorative finish which was eloquent of the excellent artistic sentiment prevailing in the schools; and the designing of the banners and treatment of the whole was such that the public may well be satisfied with the spirit, energy, and intelligent capacity of the students whose schools they support. Here is, indeed, an advance from the cold, repressive, scholastic methods that ruled South Kensington some years ago. Meanwhile the Herkomer students at Bushey broke out into Coronation Art, and produced a series of transparencies very striking in their way. And transparencies, we may remember, have academic sanction, for they were produced and used by the members of the Academy in 1705 to celebrate their hatching out by his Gracious Majesty George III.

This is not the place to enlarge on the extraordinary onslaught made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Board of

Manufactures in its dealings with the National Gallery of Scotland. The Board, doubtless, does not command the confidence of the whole art world, but that is no reason why the National Gallery should be starved. And it must be remembered that under the Board some of Scotland's leading painters have been educated, the Gallery has been reconstituted and re-arranged, and other real services have been effectively, if slowly, rendered.

But far be it from me to soften in any way Sir Michael's vigorous disparagement, lest official apathy give way to a robust desire for reform; nor need I contend that, inferior as may be the Scottish National collection to that of Ireland, it is by no means despicable. No gallery which contains a Gainsborough, a Watteau, a Tiepolo, a Raeburn, a Vandyck of world-wide fame, can be regarded as contemptible. If, notwithstanding, it is not worthy of the country, it is the fault of the estimates, which provide the merest pittance for its development. The principle that a gallery is to be awarded as much by Government as it receives from public charity is an abominable one, which would be applied to no other department in the country. Moreover, the principle has failed lamentably, on the Government's own showing, and the sooner it is done away with in favour of some more effectual and dignified and constant method of encouragement, the sooner will the public benefit and the present unsatisfactory position be bettered.

Meanwhile, the National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery are all crying out for means to carry on their work with efficiency. To the latter institution only 750*l.* a year is allowed—only the price of a single work. The official principle here is that, because out of mere shame a private donor presented the country with a worthy building, and other donors are similarly impelled to present contributions, the policy of cadging may be openly and profitably maintained. Why the department of art, and no other section of education, should be subjected to this indignity it is difficult to explain politely.

The exhibition of "Madame" Delasalle's works at the Grafton Gallery fully confirms the great opinion that has reached us from abroad. Landscape, figure, animal life, all come easily to this admirable painter. Strength and accuracy of draughtsmanship, power of statement, delicacy of eye for form and colour, feeling for townscape and atmosphere and effect, and for the innate character of whatever is dealt with—these are the qualities which show the young artist as very nearly a master, if not quite, in her craft. She does not aim at the "pretty," or strive for the conventional view of things; she has an eye for what is "fine," so that if she does not delight the superficial gallery trotter, she makes a certain appeal to the serious and enlightened connoisseur and collector.

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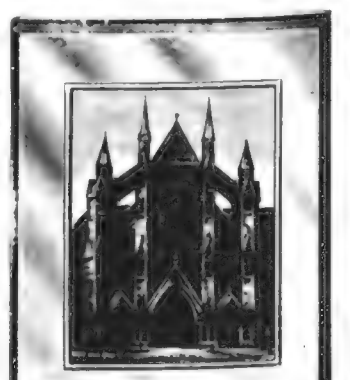
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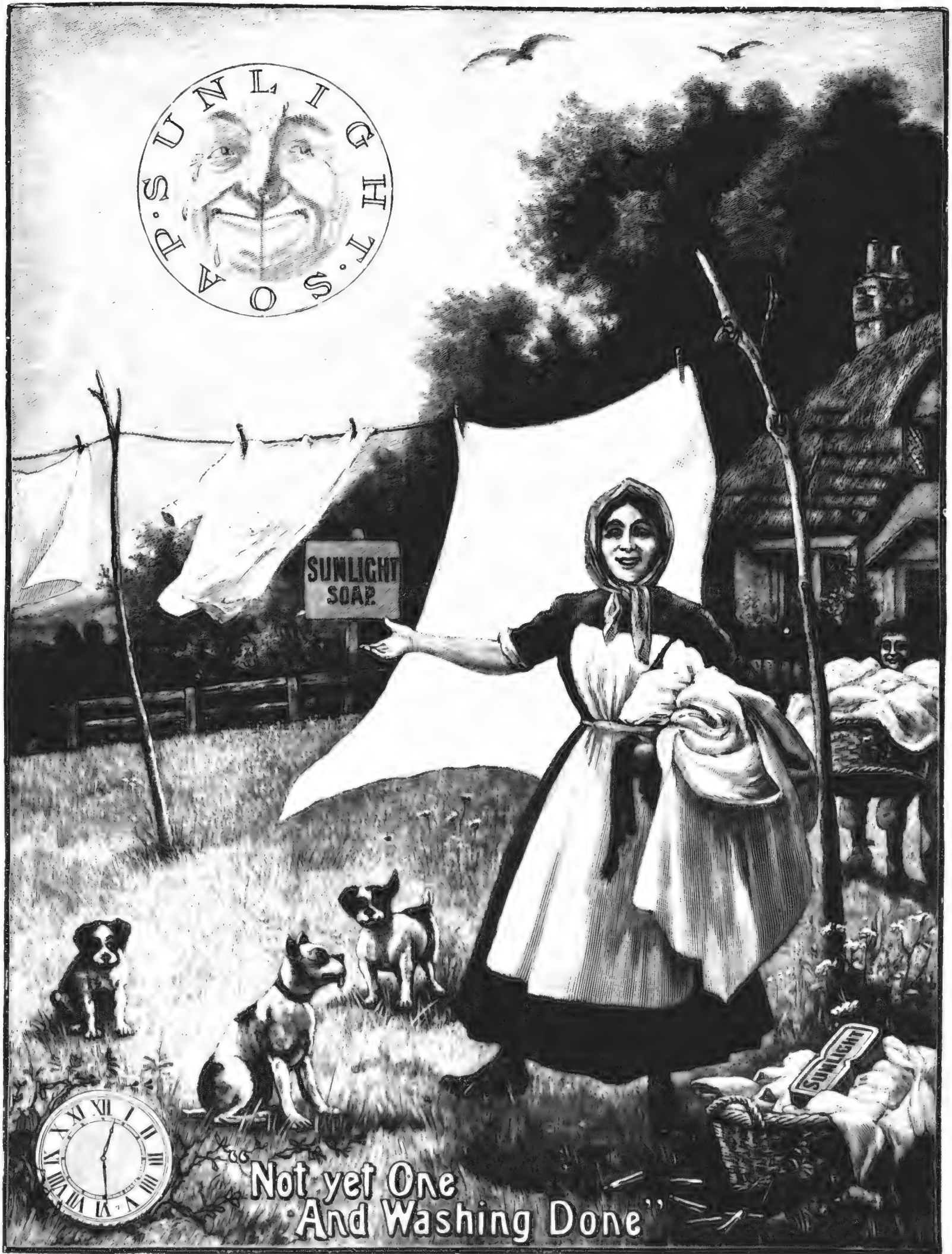
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"THE KING ALFRED MILLENNARY"

THE commemoration of King Alfred the Great at Winchester in September last proved of so much interest that a widespread demand has arisen for a printed account of the proceedings. It is fitting that the task should have been undertaken by Mr. Bowker, who was twice Mayor of Winchester, who was the prime mover in bringing about the celebration, and who entertained the numerous celebrities and delegates on the occasion. The work in itself is a complete history of the event from its initiation in 1897 to the conclusion of the ceremonies in 1902. Mr. Frederick Harrison, in 1888, in his "New Calendar of the Lives of Great Men," drew attention to the approach of the thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death, and expressed a hope that a fitting celebration would be held in the king's honour and by the king's countrymen, but it was not until the same gentleman's address on the millenary of King Alfred at the Birmingham and Midland Institute, in 1897, that any definite and active steps were taken. When once the impetus had been given it was not allowed to flag. The late Sir Walter Besant, as the guest of Mr. Bowker, delivered a most eloquent address on the life of the king in the Winchester Guildhall. Her late Majesty was greatly interested in the scheme. At the invitation of the writer, who worked most enthusiastically and indefatigably, the then Lord Mayor of London (Colonel Sir Horatio Davies, M.P.), convened two separate meetings at the Mansion House, which were attended by leading men of every profession, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Lord Avebury, Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay, Mr. Louis Dyer (of Chicago), and hosts of others. Meetings and lectures were held and given in Winchester, Bristol and elsewhere, and Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador, made one of his brilliant speeches on the subject. Shortly after, the secretary, Mr. Bowker, was able to announce that the committee had commissioned Mr. Thornycroft to execute a colossal statue of King Alfred at a cost of 5,000*l*. Everything was now ready for the commemoration, and delegates from all the learned societies and universities of the Anglo-Saxon race, including representatives from the Cape, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and America, assembled at Winchester. September 18, 19 and 20, were the principal days of the celebration. Lord Rosebery unveiled the statue, and gave an address, which, even for so notable an orator, was remarkable for its eloquence. Papers were read by members of different archaeological and antiquarian societies on matters appertaining to King Alfred and to his city, and the Mayor entertained over 400 people to a luncheon. The speeches are all reported in this volume. It is illustrated with a great number of excellent photographs, and is altogether worthy of the great occasion which gave rise to its publication.

"CYCLE RIDES ROUND LONDON"

Mr. Charles G. Harper, whose "Brighton Road," "Portsmouth Road," "Dover Road," and "Bath Road," and other similar books are well known to cyclists, has added to these "Cycle Rides Round London" (Chapman and Hall). In this he writes pleasantly of the country lying outside the suburbs within a radius of from twenty to thirty miles from London. He takes his reader by turns into rural Middlesex, into Hertfordshire,

* "The King Alfred Millenary." By Alfred Bowker. (Macmillan.)

Essex, Surrey, and Kent, and not only shows him how to select a pretty ride, but also makes the outing doubly agreeable, by pointing out in gossip fashion all that is of historic and antiquarian interest in the places visited. Mr. Harper has written a pleasant book. He takes us to pretty spots and chooses byways and country lanes as his route rather than the main high-roads, and he may always be trusted to supply a ride that is interesting as well as



The Maharaja of Kolhapur, Sir Shahu Chhatrapati, G.C.S.I., one of the Indian Princes who came over for the Coronation, was adopted into the reigning house of Kolhapur. His family represent the younger branch of the family of Shivaji, the chain of succession having been continued by frequent adoptions. During the Mutiny the ruling Chief was loyal, although his younger brother joined the rebels. The present Maharaja has introduced railways into his territories, emancipated trade from numerous restrictions, and in times of famine and plague relieved the distress of his subjects. His Highness is a typical Maratha of modern times.

H.E.H. SIR SHAHU CHHATRAPATI MAHARAJ, G.C.S.I., MAHARAJA OF KOLHAPUR.

picturesque. The book is illustrated by a large number of sketches and several route plans by the author.

"LORD MILNER AND SOUTH AFRICA"

The title of this work can hardly be said to adequately describe its nature, in so far that barely a third of the volume deals with the life and work of the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal Colony. It is, nevertheless, a most valuable and detailed history of South Africa from the close of the eighteenth century to

* "Lord Milner and South Africa." By Iwan-Müller. (Heinemann.)

the beginning of the war which now, happily, has been brought to a finish. The author spent six months in South Africa as special commissioner for the *Daily Telegraph*, and during that time he studied and mastered all the details and intricacies of the history of the country. The origin of the war he dates far anterior to Majuba. He says, in fact, that he is surprised to find "even among persons qualified to style themselves well informed, a prevailing belief that the South African difficulty began with the Jameson Raid, or with the Majuba policy of Mr. Gladstone, or most remotely at the date of the annexation of the Transvaal by Sir Theophilus Shepstone." The lack of space prevents us treating of all the ramifications of Dutch policy in regard to the treatment of natives, to the different wars and dealings with our own country, on all of which Mr. Iwan-Müller writes with great ability and minuteness.

Of Sir Alfred Milner, of whom the author is a personal friend, the author says that he (Sir Alfred) had the rare merit of commanding the confidence of public men of very divergent schools of politics to a degree for which it would be difficult to find a parallel—a fact which was fully proved by the names of those who attended the Milner dinner on his appointment as Chief Commissioner.

In his account of the earlier days of Lord Milner's High Commissionership, the writer says:

I can bear emphatic personal testimony to the fact that he started upon his mission without any predisposition to believe otherwise than well of the character of the Dutch portion of his South African fellow-subjects. Intimate as our relations had been for a great number of years, he always brushed aside, on the many occasions between his appointment and his departure on which we met, any attempt on my part to impress him with my views of the South African problem. "I am going out," he used to say, "with a perfectly open mind; I mean to learn Dutch, and I shall not attempt to formulate, still less to express, a definite opinion upon the problem until I have had at least twelve months experience of South Africa."

Hence, no doubt, the reason, or partly the reason, for Lord Milner's success.

"THE WATCHER BY THE THRESHOLD"

Of Mr. John Buchan's five stories (Blackwood and Sons) the four first deal with very mystical topics indeed, and in anything but a conventional way. For the author goes far beyond making his reader's flesh creep—though he does that at least four times. He has really something to say to the brain as well as to the skin. The strange and gruesome tale of "No-Man's Land" is based upon the fancy that legends of gnomes, or brownies, or what not, may be based upon the survival of some Pictish or other pre-historic race within the secret recesses of the Northern moors; "The Watcher by the Threshold" deals with a case of diabolical possession; "The Outgoings of the Tide" with the sin of witchcraft from the standpoint of Scottish tradition; and "The Far Islands" with a mystery of heredity in a way that would solve many psychological puzzles were it found. Mr. Buchan writes not only as an amateur of occult lore, but as a scholar, and nevertheless beats the mere sensationalist hollow on his own ground.

"THOSE DELIGHTFUL AMERICANS"

Mrs. Everard Cotes's amusing chaff of our Transatlantic friends (Methuen and Co.) is much too kindly and good-natured to hurt even the susceptibilities of an American fly. The experiences of the intensely English Kemballs, husband and wife, brightly narrated by the latter, are entirely domestic, and naturally deal with the more piquant and salient contrasts that would strike a fresh pair of eyes with a keen comic sense behind them. We might say, indeed, with a keen sense of humour, inasmuch as the lady is quite as ready

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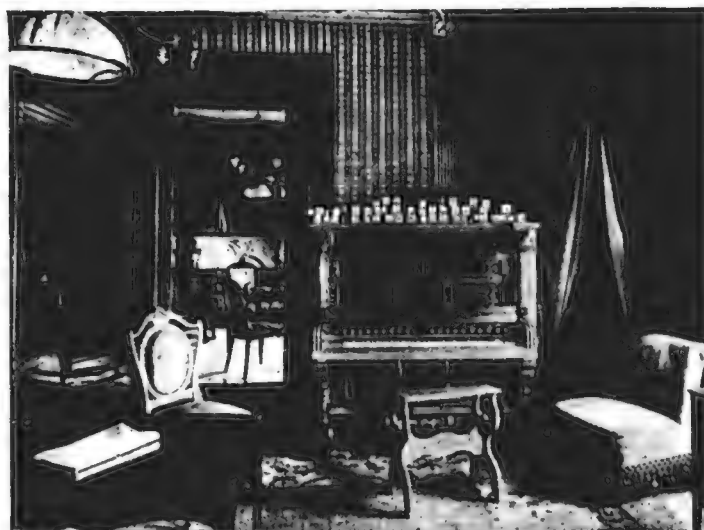
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"JOURNEYMAN LOVE"

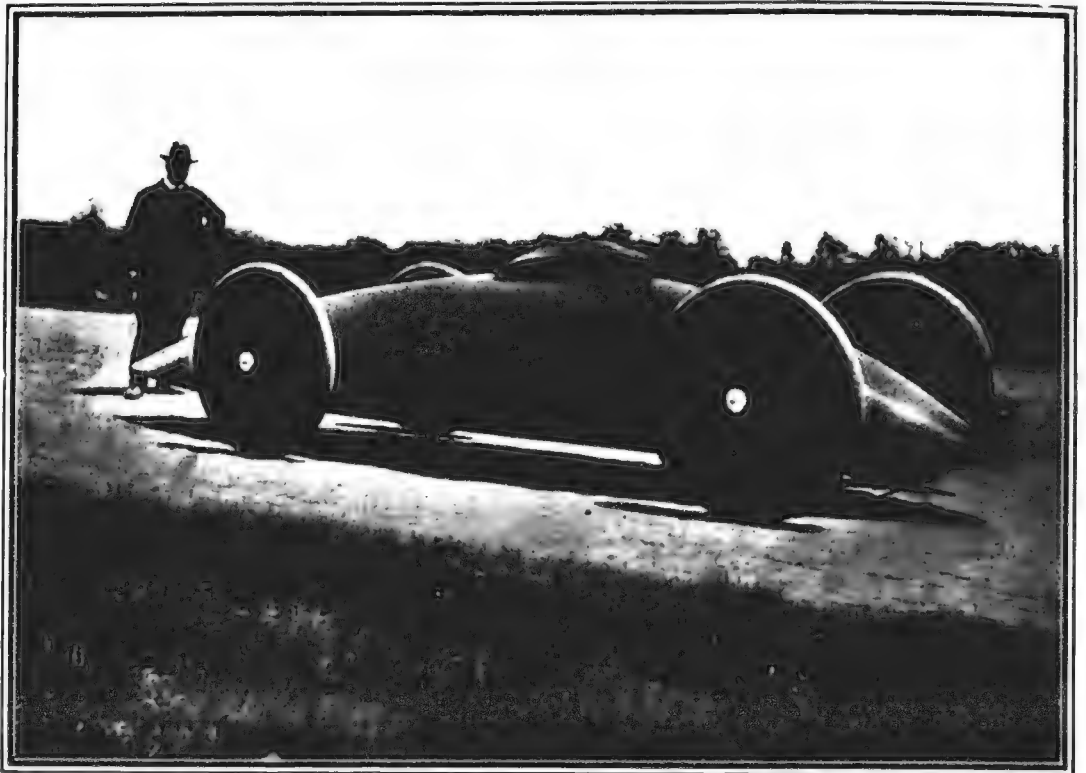
Mrs. Maud Stepney Rawson makes use of the familiar situation of an amiable and honourable man between the good girl whom he loves and the wicked woman who, after her fashion, loves him, in order to describe the Paris of Louis Philippe, especially on its literary and artistic sides. "Journeyman Love" (Hutchinson and Co.) is less successful, from this point of view, than was its predecessor, "A Lady of the Regency," in respect of another brilliant period nearer home and not much more remote in time. The figures are more shadowy, and apparently less representative of long and intimate knowledge—indeed in some cases they are little better than names. None the less they are names to conjure with; and it would be no easy matter for any writer to fail in interest whose *dramatis personae* include Georges Sand, Chopin, Balzac, and Heine, to say nothing of less popularly remembered celebrities of the great Romantic Revolution. The anything but romantic revolution of 1848 provides an appropriate *dénoûment* for the love story, which is by no means lost in its setting.

NEW EDITIONS

From Mr. Heinemann come four important additions to his fine series of translations from the French ("A Century of French Romance"). These are Octave Feuillet's "Romance of a Poor Young Man," with a critical introduction by Henry Harland; "The Lady of the Camellias," by Dumas fils, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse, the elder Dumas' "Black Tulip," with an introduction by Richard Garnett, and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," with a critical introduction by Henry James. Bound in blue and gold, and boldly printed on good paper, with numerous illustrations in colour, this series is charming to read and look at, and each volume contains a portrait and biographical notes. Mr. Grant Richards sends three more compact little volumes in his "World's Classics," viz., Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," Hazlitt's "Sketches and Essays," and Darwin's "Origin of Species;" also a translation, by Edward Vizetelly, of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin." Messrs. George Bell and Son send a very dainty little edition of Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," in a white cover with ornamental design; also Parts II. and III. of "King Henry VI." "The Comedy of Errors," and "King Richard III." in their "Chiswick Shakespeare," illustrated by Byam Shaw. From George Newnes, Limited, come "Romantic Ballads," illustrated by Reginald Savage, "Hood's Serious Poems," "Don Quixote," "Burns's Poems," "Shelley's Poems," "Bacon's Works" and Washington Irving's Sketch Book in two volumes, all fascinating little pocket editions, bound in limp leather. The majority of these have frontispieces by Edmund J. Sullivan. Messrs. Nelson and Co., in their new "Century Library" send us Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," printed on thin paper but in very clear type. Messrs. Anthony Treherne and Co. have also begun issuing a very pleasing miniature library, called "The Coronation

Series," the two first volumes being Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice" and Mrs. Craik's "John Halifax, Gentleman." George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss" has now been added by Mr. John Lane to his squat red-covered edition of this novelist, which is particularly attractive both for holding and reading. Messrs. Blackwood and Sons send us "George Eliot's Life," by J. W. Cross, to complete the thin paper Warwick Edition of the novelist's works. Messrs. Gowans and Gray, of Glasgow, send Volumes VII. and VIII. of their complete edition of the works of Miguel de Cervantes. Messrs. Greening and Co. send us, under the title of "A Dead Woman's Wish," the Count de Soissons' translation of Zola's "Le Veu d'une Morte;" while Messrs. Methuen and Co. send "The Tempest" and "Julius Cæsar," the latest additions to the elaborately edited

and annotated Shakespeare which they are publishing. These do not come in the category of miniature editions, but are octavo volumes for the student and the library. Two other volumes from Mr. Grant Richards deserve more than a passing word. One of these is a compact little reprint of "No. 5, John Street," with preface by the author, Richard Whiteing, in which he answers some of the many questions which a host of readers have addressed to him. The second book is the first volume of a complete edition of Molière plays in French and English, and arranged in chronological order. The first volume, which is most tastefully bound, is a valuable contribution to the dramatic library, containing "L'Imposteur," "Le Festin de Pierre," and "L'Ami Médecin."



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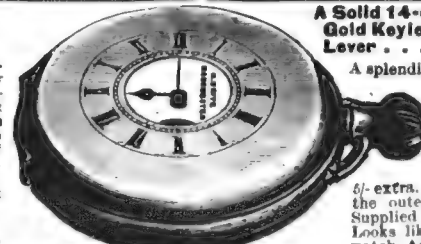
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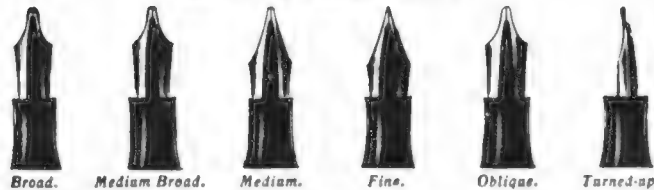
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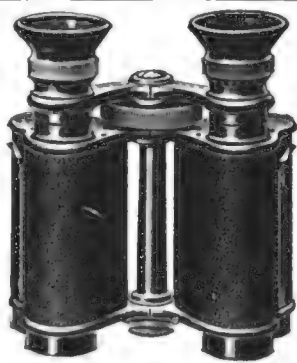
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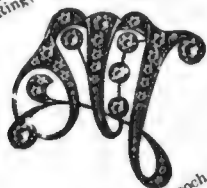
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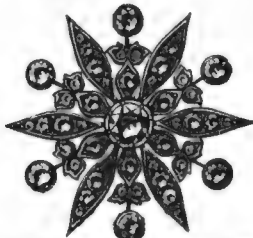
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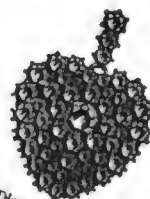
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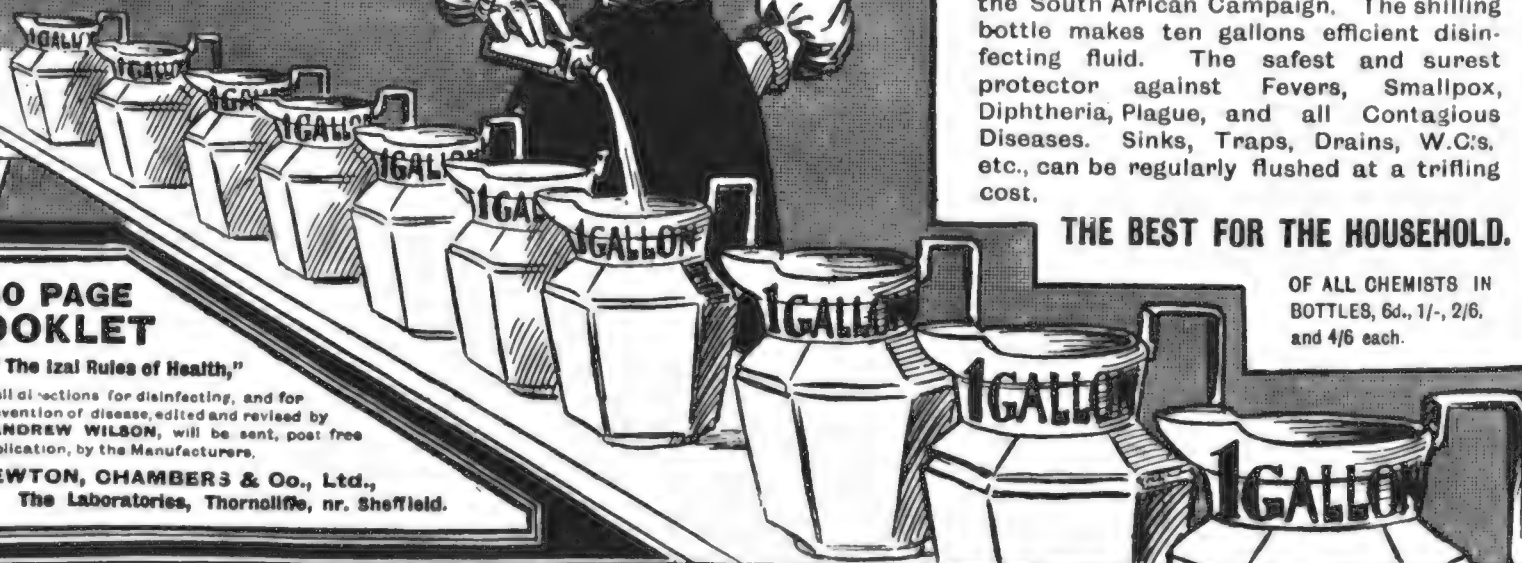
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"A smothered cry rose from somewhere deep within the ship's fabric, and while my nerves were still tingling with that sound, the carpenter shot out of the fore-hold like a rabbit with a ferret close behind him, and the whole of the crew poured up from the fore-cabin and came tumbling aft, fear in their faces."

THE GHOST OF THE "NIGHT-STAR"

By EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

Illustrated by FRANK BRANGWYN.

FOR past sins possibly, and certainly to my present discomfort, I lately found myself a solitary passenger to one of the South American States upon the ship whose name figures at the head of this veracious narrative. She was not a bad ship of her kind, though even Lloyd's had to put a note of interrogation against the date of her first construction, and her old-fashioned peak bows and top-heavy after-cabin were a standing jest at every quay she moored to. Her creaky timbers, that groaned and chafed when she rolled, filled her cavernous holds with sepulchral sounds, and there was the taint of a thousand voyages in that black bilge-water which, unreached by any pump, swashed to and fro on stormy nights in her bottom-most recesses. Aloft her clumsy spars were like branches of ragged fir-trees in winter, while below the shoulder-high bulwarks mocked the battlements of a castle for strength and substance. Yet for all that she was not a bad vessel, and had been so long afloat that she got, as it were, into a certain familiarity with the sea, and knew to a

nicety, her captain swore, how much she must lift those high bluff bows to top Atlantic rollers, and the very rise to an inch of her careening stern, which sent the frothy Bahama surges foaming down her bilge plates instead of boarding her. On this voyage in question, we had rolled southwards for six weeks with varying weather, when a couple of hundred miles west of the Azores we fell in with the tail end of a real gale, and for two days the old brig wallowed through a perfect smother of foam, every timber creaking, and her crazy masts groaning in their worn sockets like lost souls.

All day long, while the storm lasted, it was up, up, to the white crests of the singing salt sea-hills, then a staggering reel on those dancing summits as the gale caught the ship and the spume rose yeasty to her anchor chains, with, in turn, a horrible, giddy, sliding descent into the abyss of the next valley—a deadly headlong plunge, with ribbed green slope before and behind, into the nether gloom that endured until the old *Night-Star* seemed to be setting for good

and all, until, once more, with a horrible rattle of spars on shrouds, and a grinding of cargo down below, came the upward stagger to the next foamy hill-top!

On the second evening the mate served out rum at eleven, and about midnight some hands went aloft to collect the rags of a small square sail that had blown away twenty minutes before. Whether it was the rum I know not, but one of them missed his footing in the darkness and, with a horrible cry that filled all the echoes of the storm, tumbled to the deck. In his fall he struck against an iron stay, and when we got to him he was quite dead—his head horribly crushed and his face contorted in a way that was a year's remembering. About dawn on the third day—i.e., some hours after that luckless seaman had come by his death—the storm began to give out, and presently, as the keenness of it subsided, we were left reeling drunkenly southwards over a long leaden-coloured swell. Then happened the singular thing I have to relate.

As soon as our decks were comparatively dry the carpenter had taken off the fore-hatches and gone down into the holds to see to a leak sprung during the night. The other men had disappeared to wring out their dripping clothes, and there in the first ghostly twilight of the morning, with loose ropes trailing overboard and littered decks gleaming with a strange wet shine as they tilted to the morning in the east, we lay for some time more like a derelict than a living ship.

I was just thinking how sad it all looked from my corner on the after-deck, and watching a green globe of St. Elmo's light that played weirdly about the topmost head, when a smothered cry—the very reflex of the dead man's scream—rose from somewhere deep within the ship's fabric, and while my nerves were still tingling with that sound, the carpenter shot out of the fore-hold like a rabbit with a ferret close behind it, the whole of the crew poured up from the fore-castle and came tumbling aft, fear in their faces and every tongue clamouring loudly that "Billy," the dead man, had come to life and was "screeching himself hollar," as their white-lipped spokesman expressed it, somewhere between decks! As if to give emphasis to their terror, at that moment the most blood-curdling howl that ever went to the superstitious heart of a sailor, rose from the hollows directly under us, and the men began uneasily changing from foot to foot as though the very boards were hot.

"You're a lot of white-livered fools," said the captain, who had hurried out of his cabin. "Some one of you has hurt himself down below and no one has got the pluck to go and look. Tally them, boatswain, and tell the fools who it is."

The boatswain mustered the crew—it did not take more than a minute or two to do so—and every man and boy on board was present, except the dead sailor!

Then the captain's blue eyes, that danced with fun so lightly when he played with his little ones in that far-away cottage on the Welsh beaches, shut, after their wont in an emergency, until there was only a fierce little slit of blue between the dropped eyelids, and his brown strong teeth, worn flat by dry ship biscuits, closed grimly. Turning on his heels without a word he went into his cabin, and came back in a minute with a lighted lantern and a revolver.

"Now, my beauties," he said to the huddling crew, "you lie snug here a bit and suck your thumbs while I go forward and see what this row is all about! If one must sail with a crowd of wharf-sweepings on deck 'tis no reason for suffering howling maniacs down below," and, giving me the lantern, without deigning another look to the men, he strode up the ship.

At the forward hold the hatches were off, as I have said, and by them lay the heap of tarpaulins on which poor "Billy" had been placed when he fell. Down in the hold everything was black as midnight, and the perpendicular iron ladder that led into it dissolved into nothingness after half a dozen rounds. We stared into the gloom for a minute, and the captain, like a careful man, was just putting his revolver to half-cock before he descended, when out of the abyss rose such a terrible cry of misery and longing—such an epitome of grief and suffering and plaintive appeal for help that we both shrank back from that gaping pit-mouth with our nerves tingling.

"You are certain he was dead?" said the captain to me in a low voice as soon as he got his breath.

"Dead!" I answered. "Good Lord, sir, why, half his head had gone—scarce anything but his face was left—he was dead ere he touched the deck."

For reply that grim little skipper of ours buttoned his sou'wester up to his throat, took the revolver in his teeth and, hand over hand, began to go down the ladder! I don't know how he felt, but I know how I did. However, there was nothing for it; and down we went into the foul darkness until we came to the orlop deck, where some of the lighter cargo and a miscellaneous litter of spare sails, cables and stores were piled. The next hatches were also partly off, and another black abyss opened below, but we searched the orlop first. Fortunately, my nerves were strong and my stomach tough, otherwise I should have been undone. The whole place reeked with the concentrated odours of a cargo ship at sea. The heat, stored up from the grilling suns of a week before, was tremendous. The whole place was an inferno of noises, from the squeaking of rats to the straining of bulkheads and the heavy boom of the water outside as we rolled drunkenly about on the swell. And above everything there hung the mystery of that dreadful cry still ringing in our ears. We groped our way aft by the yellow lantern-light, with huge, ungainly shadow figures dancing after us on the timbered side, and scores of rats blinking and scuttling about as the light fell on them, until we got right under the cabin. Then we turned and went slowly back again; I, this time, about ten yards ahead.

Now came the next terror! When about twenty paces from the open lower hold, the captain behind me, ferreting in a dusky corner, gave a cry, and, turning round, I was just in time to see something horribly human leap through the shadows, and the next instant the long flash of a heavy revolver lit the darkness, while the bullet sent the white splinters flying from a bulkhead far beyond. By that flash, and the thin grey light of the dawn coming from above through the open hatchways, I distinctly saw the figure of a ragged man, wild, gaunt and tangled-haired, standing on the brink of the black gully that led down to the water-logged keel of the old brig! For a moment it stood there, then as the darkness descended again that infernal howling set off once more, tragic and blood-curdling! Before it was over the little captain, shouting as he came, rushed by me, and perforce I followed him. There was absolutely nothing moving when we arrived at the hatchway, and as it was impossible anything could have gone up the iron ladder into the twilight above without our perceiving it, whatever it was we had viewed must have gone down.

"Come on!" said the skipper fiercely, putting his foot on the first rung of the descending ladder, "dead or alive we'll see this through!" and down we went again into the gloom until the blink of the sky above us was a tiny purple patch, and the darkness beyond the gleam of the lantern like a solid wall.

We stepped off that ladder into two feet of foul black water that was swilling to and fro with every movement of the ship and lapping up her ribs as she rolled in waves that our lantern tipped with the fires of the nether pit. Then came the next startling episode. We had not waded five yards up that inky lake when our knees struck

against something heavy, and turning the shine on it there was poor "Billy" himself floating about with his white face turned upwards and deadness in every inch of him. He had obviously rolled from his tarpaulin bier far above with the movements of the swell, and fallen, unnoticed, the whole depth of the ship—no one could doubt it. We dragged him to a dry place, and as we stopped a minute to rest, "It was not Billy anyhow," said my companion; and as if in confirmation of that stern fact from far away came again a melancholy, prolonged howl that in broad daylight and cheerful circumstances would have stayed one's pulses, and here was simply maddening.

Neither of us spoke, but, after a minute's listening, with sullen determination the captain proceeded to re-load the empty chamber of his revolver. Perhaps his hand shook a trifle as he put the cartridge in, for he was a sailor after all, though a brave one; but that was the only sign he gave, and then we groped our way forward once more. I will not weary you with the details of that long and bootless search. Suffice it to say that though we heard the uncanny noises again, now here, now there, we saw nothing and could find nothing to clear up the mystery, until at last, tired out, we were obliged to come on deck.

By this time the sunrise was at hand. We stepped from the darkness of the holds into a scene of lurid splendour. The long, uneasy roll of the sea was still running down to us, shorn of its fury, no doubt, and tangled crests, but still awe-inspiring and formidable. In its hollows the blackness of night still clung unrelieved, while up on top the red morning rode fiery all along the rugged summits. When we sank into the gloom the glow ran up our reeking masts and burnt on every streaming rope and torn sail as though they were all alight. And as we went up the next slope the old brig's square bows shot up towards the flaming sky as though she thought to shake herself free of all the black trouble astern and sail straight to heaven through a blood-red ocean dotted with cloudy green and crimson islands.

It was during one of these solemn plunges that I happened to glance over into the water under her fore-foot, and there, to my surprise—tangled up with a mass of corlage and the hamper of a sail not yet cleared away—floated a raft. It was the poorest contrivance imaginable, made of a broken spar and two hen-coops—every rush of water drowned it waist-deep, but a raft it was for certain, and a sudden light burst upon me. "See, see!" I said to the captain, dragging him to the side—"a raft!—do you know what it means?" "A wreck," he answered after a pause, "and some poor devil gone aloft!" "Aloft maybe," I laughed, "but up our anchor chains! You may depend upon it we have taken a new passenger aboard during the night, some unhappy wretch clean mad with fear and hunger who has got into the holds unnoticed—and *that's* our ghost! Pipe all hands to breakfast, Mr. Skipper, and afterwards we'll hunt him out, this time with better luck I fancy."

Well! the captain gleefully took my advice, and the crew, nothing loth, quickly disappeared to their quarters. In the cabin a fire had been smouldering all night, so breakfast got a start there ahead of the galley. And who does not know the ecstasy of hot coffee on a cold morning at sea!—the ethereal odour of frying rashers as the sulky night fades to nothing down to leeward, and new hopes and hunger brighten together on shivering humanity? I declare as I paced the decks waiting for the forthcoming meal that morning—the collar of my thick blue jacket up to my ears, and my hands deep down in my pockets—my whole soul responded to the savour of that glorious coffee and the invitation of the bacon which every time I turned on my heels by the cabin door I could hear spluttering on the grid!

And presently it was ready. The captain and I sat down in his cabin to our meal with the appetite of heroes. I was standing with my back to the door, which, in that curious old ship, was on a level with the main deck, and piling rashers on his plate, when, judge of my astonishment, on looking up I found his eyes fixed and staring over my shoulder, his mouth set hard and his hand stealing swiftly but quietly to the revolver he had thrown down on the table near by. Instinctively I looked where he was staring, and there in the doorway was the gaunt, ragged figure of a man dark against the sky beyond. His shoulders were bent, his knees knocked together, his sodden rags were grey with sea-salt, and under his tangled hair his eyes burnt with a supernatural brilliancy. One glance at that strange apparition told me it was our ghost of last night, and another told me the man was sheer out of his mind—with no sense left but a rabid, all-absorbing hunger. With a swift motion I waved the captain's revolver down; and then slowly, as we looked, the castaway slid into the cabin, his nostrils working like a dog's as the savour of the coffee, which had drawn him irresistibly from the bowels of the ship, fell upon them, and his eyes gleaming with hungry ecstasy as they fixed upon the food upon the table. Very slowly he came in, without a glance for us or a word—all his little world in the round of the cabin table. Very slowly he went up to it, and stretched out a lean, quivering hand for something. But the mists of starvation were in his eyes, his knees gave way, and with a faint echo in his throat of the dismal cry that had startled us all in the night he sank down upon a chair. In a minute I was by him emptying the hot breakfast milk into a bowl and resting my hand encouragingly on his shoulder. Then, and then only, he saw me, and dimly recognised in his poor confused brain that he was alive and saved! He saw the snug cabin and the hot milk, but it was all too much for him, and, throwing up his hands, with a choking sob, he fell forward and broke into a passion of unrestrained, unaffected weeping!

That is the story of our ghost, and if you go into those latitudes it is quite possible you may chance upon a seaman who has actually sailed with "Old Rashers," as he is invariably called. He will tell you that that ancient mariner is the best hand living at a yarn when the evening grog has been served out, and the galley lantern burns dim and yellow, and the waves outside the labouring vessel thump approval on the timbers. But the only story he cannot tell—from which he shrinks with trembling horror—is where he came from, who he was, or how he boarded the *Night-Star*.

Edwin Lester Arnold

DICK BOYLE'S BUSINESS CARD

By BRET HARTE

THE Sage Wood and Dead Flat Stage Coach was waiting before the station. The Pine Barrens mail waggon that connected with it was long overdue with its transfer passengers, and the station had relapsed into listless expectation. Even the humours of Dick Boyle, the Chicago "Drummer,"*—and the, so far, solitary passenger—which had diverted the waiting loungers, began to fail in effect, though the cheerfulness of the humorist was unabated. The ostlers had slunk back into the stables, the station keeper and stage driver had reduced their conversation to impatient monosyllables, as if each thought the other responsible for the delay. A solitary Indian, wrapped in a commissary blanket and covered by a cast-off tall hat, crouched against the wall of the station looking stolidly at nothing. The station itself, a long rambling building containing its entire accommodation for man and beast under one monotonous shed-like roof, offered nothing to attract the eye. Still less the prospect; on the one side two miles of arid waste to the stunted far-spaced pines in the distance, known as the "Barrens;" on the other an apparently limitless level with darker patches of sage brush, like the scars of burnt-out fires.

Dick Boyle approached the motionless Indian as a possible relief. "You don't seem to care much if school keeps or not, do you, Lo?"

The Indian, who had been half crouching on his upturned soles, here straightened himself with a lithe, animal-like movement and stood up. Boyle took hold of a corner of his blanket and examined it critically.

"Gov'ment ain't pampering you with A1 goods, Lo! I reckon the agent charged 'em four dollars for that. Our firm could have delivered them to you for 2 dols. 37 cents, and thrown in a box of beads in the bargain. Suthin' like this!" He took from his pocket a small box containing a gaudy bead necklace and held it up before the Indian.

The savage, who had regarded him—or rather looked beyond him—with the tolerating indifference of one interrupted by a frisking inferior animal—here suddenly changed his expression. A look of childish eagerness came into his gloomy face; he reached out his hand for the trinket.

"Hol' on!" said Boyle, hesitating for a moment; then he suddenly ejaculated, "Well! take it, and one o' these," and drew a business card from his pocket, which he stuck in the band of the battered tall hat of the aborigine. "There! show that to your friends, and when you're wantin' anything in our line—"

The interrupting roar of laughter, which came from the box seat of the coach, was probably what Boyle was expecting, for he turned away demurely and walked towards the coach. "All right, boys! I've squared the noble red man, and the star of Empire is taking it's westward way. And I reckon our firm will do the 'Great Father' business for him at about half the price that it is done in Washington."

But at this point the ostlers came hurrying out of the stables. "She's comin'," said one. "That's her dust just behind the lone Pine—and by the way she's racin' I reckon she's comin' in mighty light."

"That's so," said the Mail Agent, standing up on the box seat for a better view, "but darned ef I kin see any outside passengers. I reckon we haven't waited for much."

Indeed, as the galloping horses of the incoming vehicle pulled out of the hanging dust in the distance, the solitary driver could be seen urging on his team. In a few moments more they had halted at the lower end of the station. "Wonder what's up?" said the Mail Agent.

"Nothin'! Only a big Injin scare at Pine Barrens," said one of the ostlers. "Injins doin' ghost dancin'—or suthin' like that—and the passengers just skunked out and went on by the other line. That's only one ez dar come—and she's a lady."

"A lady?" echoed Boyle.

"Yes," answered the driver, taking a deliberate survey of a tall, graceful girl who, waiving the gallant assistance of the station keeper, had leaped unaided from the vehicle, "a lady—and the Fort Commandant's darter at that! Sh's a dar crit, you bet—a chip o' the old block. And all this means, Sonny, that you're to give up that box seat to her. Miss Julia Cantire don't take anythin' less when I'm around."

The young lady was already walking directly and composedly, towards the waiting coach—erect, self-contained, well gloved and booted, and clothed, even in her dust cloak and cape of plain ash merino, with the unmistakable panoply of taste and superiority. A good-sized aquiline nose, which made her handsome mouth look smaller; grey eyes, with an occasional humid yellow sparkle in their depths; brown pencilled eyebrows, and brown tendrils of hair, all seemed to Boyle to be charmingly framed in by the silver grey veil twisted around her neck and under her oval chin. In her sober tints she appeared to him to have evoked an harmony even out of the dreadful dust around them. What *he* appeared to her was not so plain; she looked over him—he was rather short; looked through him—he was easily penetrable; and then her eye rested with a frank recognition on the driver.

"Good morning, Mr. Foster," she said with a smile.

"Mornin', miss. I hear they're havin' an Injin scare over at the Barrens. I reckon them men must feel mighty mean at bein' stumped by a lady!"

"I don't think they believed I would go, and some of them had their wives with them," returned the young lady indifferently. "besides, they are Eastern people, who don't know Indians as well as we do, Mr. Foster."

The driver blushed with pleasure at the association. "Yes, ma'am," he laughed, "I reckon the sight of even old 'Fleas in the Blanket,' over there," pointing to the Indian, who was walking stolidly away from the station, "would frighten 'em out o' their

* "Drummer," i.e., commercial traveller or "bagman."



"He crept forward as silently and stealthily as the savage, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped upon him, driving his head and shoulders down against the rocks before he could utter a cry, and sending the scalping knife he was carrying between his teeth flying with the shock from his battered jaw"

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

boots. And yet he's got inside his hat the business card o' this gentleman—Mr. Dick Boyle, travelling for the big firm o' Fletcher and Co. of Chicago"—he interpolated, rising suddenly to the formal heights of polite introduction, "so it sorter looks ez ef any skelpin' was to be done it might be the other way round—ha! ha!"

Miss Cantire accepted the introduction and the joke with polite but cool abstraction, and climbed lightly into the box seat as the mail bags and a quantity of luggage—evidently belonging to the evading passengers—was quickly transferred to the coach. But for his fair companion, the driver would probably have given profane voice to his conviction that his vehicle was used as a "d—d baggage truck," but he only smiled grimly, gathered up his reins, and flicked his whip. The coach plunged forward into the dust, which instantly rose around it, and made it thereafter a mere cloud in the distance. Some of that dust for a moment overtook and hid the Indian, walking stolidly in its track, but he emerged from it at an angle, with a quickened pace and a peculiar halting trot. Yet that trot was so well sustained that in an hour he had reached a fringe of rocks and low bushes hitherto invisible through the irregularities of the apparently level plain, into which he plunged and disappeared. The dust cloud which indicated the coach—probably owing to these same irregularities—had long since been lost on the visible horizon.

The fringe which received him was really the rim of a depression quite concealed from the surface of the plain—which it followed for some miles through a tangled trough-like bottom of low trees and

underbrush—and was a natural cover for wolves, coyotes, and occasionally bears, whose half-human footprint might have deceived a stranger. This did not, however, divert the Indian, who, trotting still doggedly on, paused only to examine another footprint—much more frequent—the smooth, inward-toed track of moccasins. The thicket grew more dense and difficult as he went on, yet he seemed to glide through its density and darkness—an obscurity that now seemed to be stirred by other moving objects, dimly seen, and as uncertain and intangible as sunlit leaves thrilled by the wind, yet bearing a strange resemblance to human figures! Pressing a few yards further, he himself presently became a part of this shadowy procession, which on closer scrutiny revealed itself as a single file of Indians, following each other in the same tireless trot. The woods and underbrush were full of them; all moving on, as he had moved, in a line parallel with the vanishing coach. Sometimes through the openings a bared painted limb, a crest of feathers, or a strip of gaudy blanket was visible, but nothing more. And yet only a few hundred yards away, stretched the dusky, silent plain—vacant of sound or motion!

Meanwhile the Sage Wood and Pine Barren Stage Coach, profoundly oblivious—after the manner of all human invention—of everything but its regular function, coiled dustily out of the higher plain and began the grateful descent of a wooded cañon, which was, in fact, the culminating point of the depression just described, along which the shadowy procession was slowly advancing, hardly a mil-

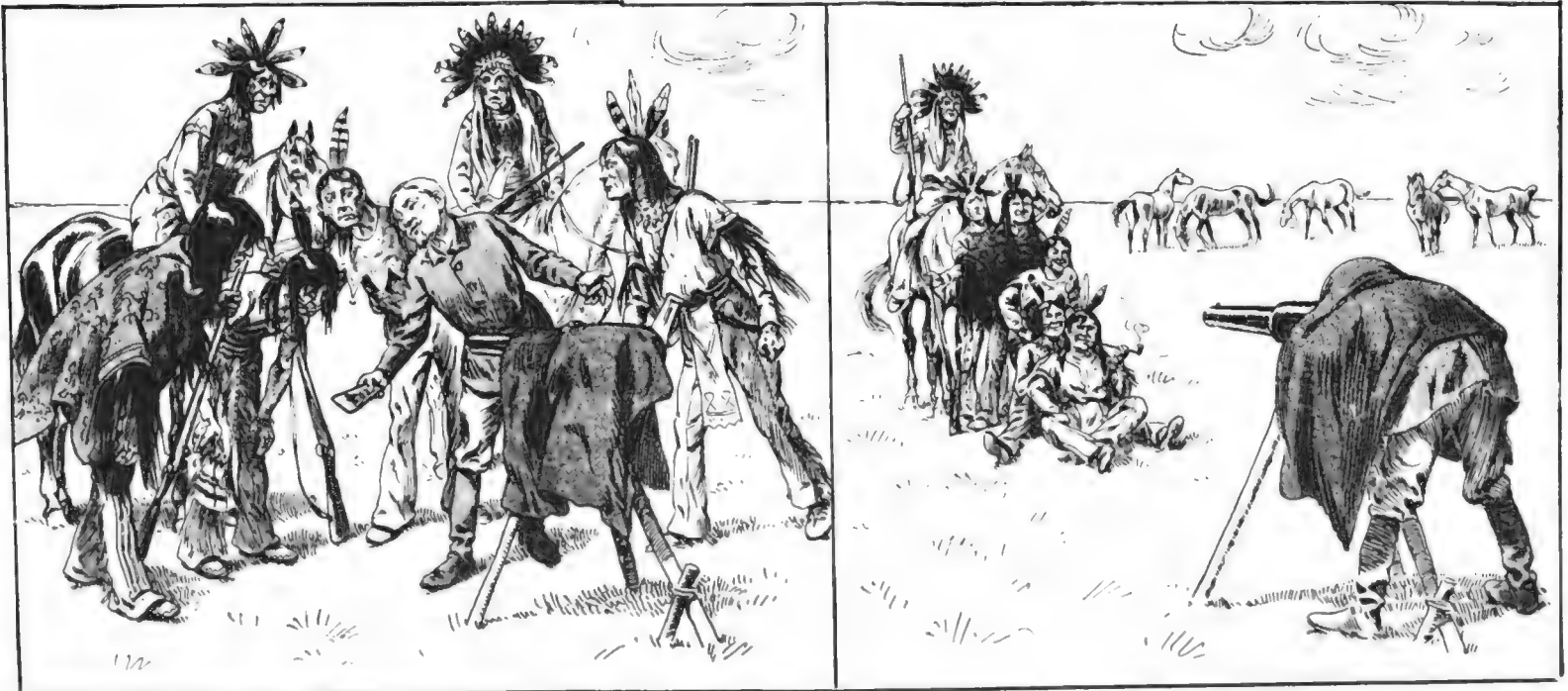
in the rear and flank of the vehicle. Miss Julia Cantire, who had faced the dust volleys of the plain unflinchingly, as became a soldier's daughter, here stood upright and shook herself—her pretty head and figure emerging like a goddess from the enveloping silver cloud. At least Mr. Boyle, relegated to the back seat, thought so—although her conversation and attentions had been chiefly directed to the driver and mail agent. Once, when he had light-heartedly addressed a remark to her, it had been received with a distinct but unpromising politeness that had made him desist from further attempts, yet, without abatement of his cheerfulness, or resentment of the evident amusement his two male companions got out of his "snub." Indeed, it is to be feared that Miss Julia had certain prejudices of position, and may have thought that a "drummer"—or commercial traveller—was no more fitting company for the daughter of a Major than an ordinary pedlar. But it was more probable that Mr. Boyle's reputation as a humorist—a teller of funny stories and a boon companion of men—was inconsistent with the feminine ideal of high and exalted manhood. The man who "sets the table in a roar" is apt to be secretly detested by the sex, to say nothing of the other obvious reasons why Juliets do not like Mercutius!

For some such cause as this Dick Boyle was obliged to silently amuse himself alone on the back seat with those liberal powers of observation which nature had given him. On entering the cañon he had noticed the obvious route the coach had taken to reach it, and had already invented an improved route which should enter the



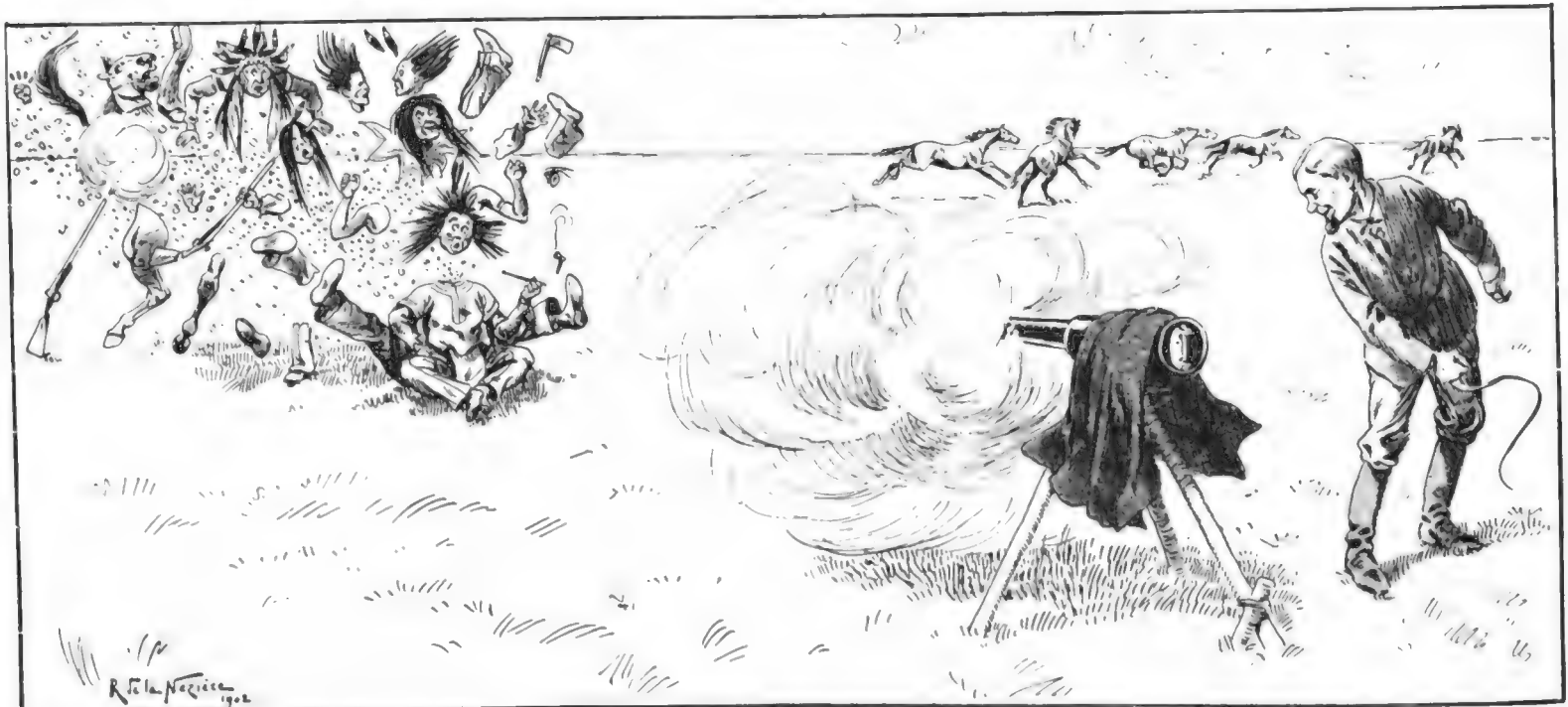
"Good heavens! Red Indians. They must not see my gun, or I shall be lost"

"My good friends, I am only a poor inoffensive photographer!"



"If you will pose for two minutes I will take a superb photograph"

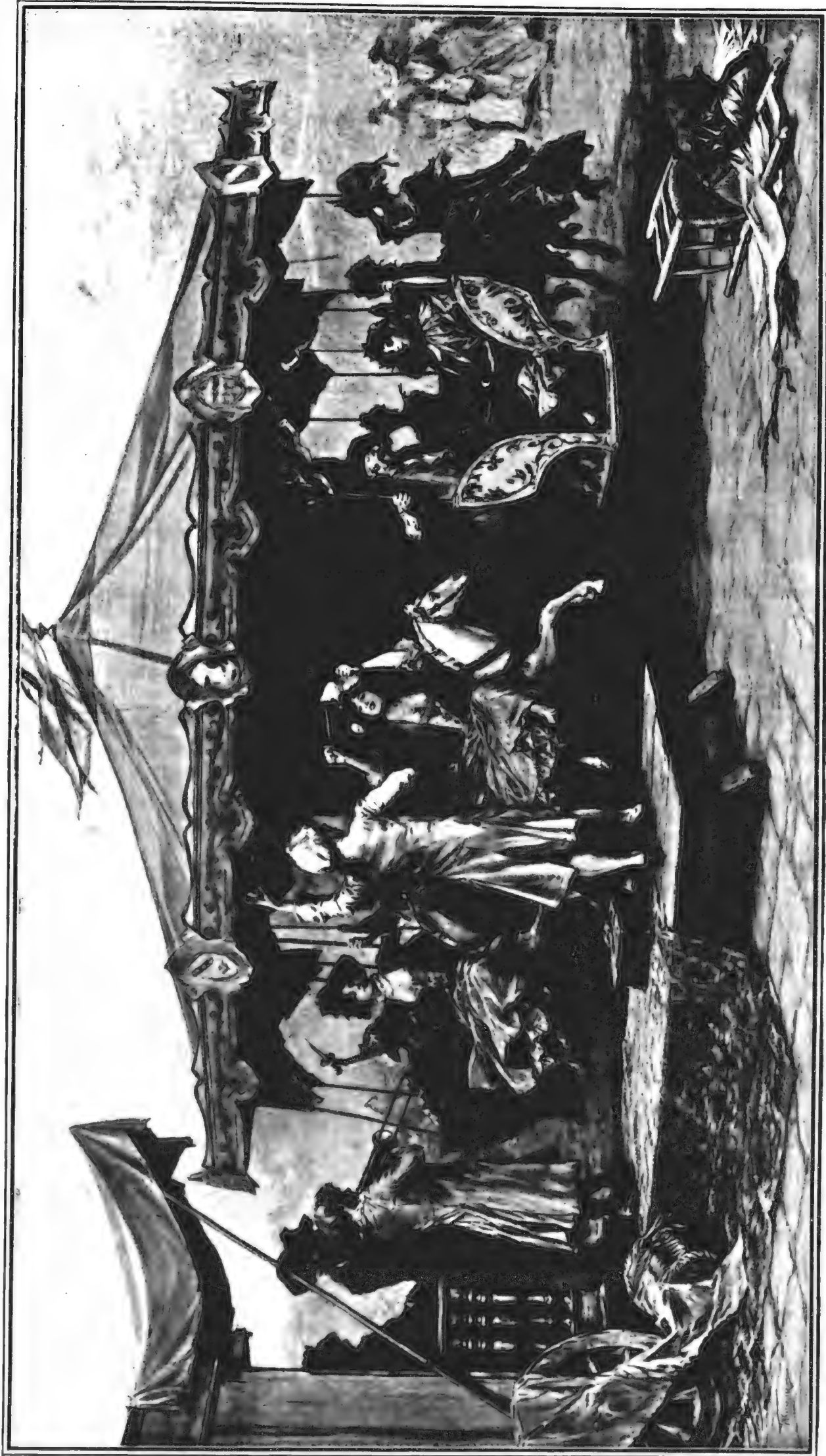
"Are you ready? Don't move!"



"Thank you! I have done"

PHOTOGRAPHY AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH

DRAWN BY R. DE LA NÉZIÈRE



"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND": SMART VISITORS TO A COUNTRY FAIR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. H. KAEHMERER, REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

depression at the point where the Indians had already (unknown to him), plunged into it, and had conceived a road through the tangled brush that would shorten the distance by some miles. He had figured it out, and believed that it "would pay." But by this time they were beginning the somewhat steep and difficult ascent of the cañon on the other side. The vehicle had not crawled many yards before it stopped. Dick Boyle glanced around. Miss Cantire was getting down; she had expressed a wish to walk the rest of the ascent, and the coach was to wait for her at the top. Foster had elusively begged her to take her own time—"there was no hurry!" Boyle glanced a little longingly after her graceful figure, released from her cramped position on the box, as it flitted youthfully in and out of the wayside trees; he would like to have joined her in the woodland ramble, but even his good nature was not proof against her indifference. At a turn in the road they lost sight of her, and, as the driver and mail agent were deep in a discussion about the indistinct track, Boyle lapsed into his silent study of the country. Suddenly he uttered a slight exclamation, and quietly slipped from the back of the toiling coach to the ground. The action was, however, quickly noted by the driver, who promptly put his foot on the brake and pulled up. "Wot's up now?" he growled.

Boyle did not reply, but ran back a few steps and began searching eagerly on the ground.

"Lost suthin?" asked Foster.

"Found something," said Boyle, picking up a small object. "Look at that! D—d if it isn't the card I gave that Indian four hours ago at the station!" He held up the card.

"Look yer, sonny," retorted Foster gravely, "ef yer wantin' to get out and hang round Miss Cantire, why don't yer say so at once. That story won't wash!"

"Fact!" continued Boyle eagerly. "It's the same card I stuck in his hat—there's the greasy mark in the corner. How the devil did it—how did he get here?"

"Better ax him," said Foster grimly, "ef he's anywhere round."

"But I say, Foster, I don't like the look of this at all! Miss Cantire is alone, and—"

But a burst of laughter from Foster and the mail agent interrupted him. "That's so," said Foster. "That's your best bolt! Keep it up! You jest tell her that! Say that's another Injin skeer on; that that thar blood-thirsty ole 'Fleas in His Blanket' ez on the warpath, and you're goin' to shed the last drop o' your blood defendin' her! That'll fetch her, and she ain't bin treatin' you well! G'lang!"

The horses started forward under Foster's whip, leaving Boyle standing there, half inclined to join in the laugh against himself, and yet impelled by some strange instinct to take a more serious view of his discovery. There was no doubt it was the same card he had given to the Indian. True, that Indian might have given it to another—yet, by what agency had it been brought there faster than the coach travelled on the same road, and yet invisibly to them? He resolved to remain on the road, and within convenient distance of her, until she returned to the coach; she could not be far away. With this purpose he walked slowly on, halting occasionally to look behind.

Meantime the coach continued its difficult ascent, a difficulty made greater by a singular nervousness of the horses, that, only with great trouble and some objurgation from the driver, could be prevented from shying from the regular track.

"Now, wot's gone o' them critters?" said the irate Foster, straining at the reins until he seemed to lift the leader back into the track again.

"Looks as ef they smelt suthin—bar or Injin ponies," suggested the mail agent.

"Injin ponies?" repeated Foster scornfully.

"Fack! Injin ponies set a hoss crazy—jest as wild hosses would!"

"Whar's yer Injin ponies?" demanded Foster incredulously.

"Dunno," said the mail agent simply.

But here the horses again swerved so madly from some point of the thicket beside them that the coach completely left the track on the right. Luckily it was a disused trail and the ground fairly good, and Foster gave them their heads, satisfied of his ability to regain the regular road when necessary. It took some moments for him to recover complete control of the frightened animals, and then their nervousness having abated with their distance from the thicket, and the trail being less steep though more winding than the regular road, he concluded to keep it until he got to the summit, when he would regain the highway once more and await his passengers. Having done this the two men stood up on the box, and, with an anxiety they tried to conceal from each other, looked down the cañon for the lagging pedestrians.

"I hope Miss Cantire hasn't been stampeded from the track by any skeer like that," said the mail agent dubiously.

"Not she! She's got too much grit and *sabe* for that, unless that drummer hez caught up with her and unloaded his yarn about that kyard."

They were the last words the men spoke. For two rifle shots cracked from the thicket beside the road; two shots aimed with such deliberateness and precision, that the two men, mortally stricken, collapsed where they stood, hanging for a brief moment over the dash-board before they rolled over on the horses' backs. Nor did they remain there long, for the next moment they were seized by half a dozen shadowy figures and with the horses and their cut traces dragged into the thicket. A half-dozen, and then a dozen other shadows flitted and swarmed over, in and through the coach, reinforced by still more, until the whole vehicle seemed to be possessed, covered, and hidden by them, swaying and moving with their weight, like helpless carrion beneath a pack of ravenous wolves. Yet, even while this seething congregation was at its greatest, at some unknown signal it as suddenly dispersed, vanished; and disappeared, leaving the coach empty—vacant and void of all that had given it life, weight, animation, and purpose—a mere skeleton on the roadside. The afternoon wind blew through its open doors and ravaged rack and box as if it had been the wreck of weeks instead of minutes, and the level rays of the setting sun

flashed and blazed in its windows as though fire had been added to the ruin. But even this presently faded, leaving the abandoned coach a rigid, lifeless spectre on the twilight plain.

An hour later there was the sound of hurrying hoofs and jingling accoutrements, and out of the plain swept a squad of cavalymen bearing down upon the deserted vehicle. For a few moments they, too, seemed to surround and possess it even as the other shadows had done, penetrating the woods and thicket beside it. And then as suddenly at some signal they swept forward furiously in the track of the destroying shadows.

Miss Cantire took full advantage of the suggestion "not to hurry" in her walk with certain feminine ideas of its latitude. She gathered a few wild flowers and some berries in the underwood, inspected some birds' nests with a healthy youthful curiosity, and even took the opportunity of arranging some moist tendrils of her silky hair with something she took from the small reticule that hung coquettishly from her girdle. It was, indeed, some twenty minutes before she emerged into the road again; the vehicle had evidently disappeared in a turn of the long, winding ascent, but just ahead of her was that dreadful man, the "Chicago drummer." She was not vain, but she made no doubt that he was waiting there for her. There was no avoiding him, but his companionship could be made a brief one. She began to walk with ostentatious swiftness.

Boyle, whose concern for her safety was secretly relieved at this, began to walk forward briskly too without looking around. Miss Cantire was not prepared for this; it looked so ridiculously as if she were chasing him! She hesitated slightly, but now as she was nearly abreast of him she was obliged to keep on.

"I think you do well to hurry, Miss Cantire," he said as she passed. "I've lost sight of the coach for some time, and I dare say they're already waiting for us at the summit."

Miss Cantire did not like this any better. To go on beside this dreadful man, scrambling breathlessly after the stage—for all the world like an absorbed and sentimentally belated pair of picnickers—was really too much. "Perhaps if you ran on and told them I was coming as fast as I could," she suggested tentatively.

"It would be as much as my life is worth to appear before Foster without you," he said laughingly. "You've only got to hurry on a little faster."

But the young lady resented this being driven by a "drummer." She began to lag, depressing her pretty brows ominously.

"Let me carry your flowers," said Boyle. He had noticed that she was finding some difficulty in holding up her skirt and the nosegay at the same time.

"No! no!" she said in hurried horror at this new suggestion of their companionship. "Thank you very much—but they're really not worth keeping—I am going to throw them away. There!" she added, tossing them impatiently in the dust.

But she had not reckoned on Boyle's perfect good humour. That gentle idiot stooped down, actually gathered them up again, and was following! She hurried on; if she could only get to the coach first, ignoring him! But a vulgar man like that would be sure to hand them to her with some joke! Then she lagged again—she was getting tired, and she could see no sign of the coach. The drummer, too, was also lagging behind—at a respectful distance, like a groom or one of her father's troopers. Nevertheless, this did not put her in a much better humour, and, halting until he came abreast of her, said impatiently: "I don't see why Mr. Foster should think it necessary to send anyone to look after me."

"He didn't," returned Boyle simply. "I got down to pick up something."

"To pick up something?" she returned incredulously.

"Yes—that." He held out the card. "It's the card of our firm."

Miss Cantire smiled ironically. "You are certainly devoted to your business."

"Well, yes," returned Boyle good humouredly. "You see, I reckon it don't pay to do anything halfway. And whatever I do, I mean to keep my eyes about me." In spite of her prejudice, Miss Cantire could see that these necessary organs, if rather flippant, were honest. "Yes, I suppose there isn't much on that I don't take in. Why now, Miss Cantire, there's that fancy dust-cloak you're wearing—it isn't in our line of goods—nor in anybody's line west of Chicago; it came from Boston or New York, and was made for home consumption! But your hat—and mighty pretty it is too, as *you're* fixed it up—is only regular Dunstable stock, which we could put down at Pine Barren for four and a half cents apiece, net. Yet I suppose you paid twenty-five cents for it at the Agency!"

Oddly enough this cool appraisal of her costume did not incense the young lady as it ought to have done. On the contrary, for some occult feminine reason, it amused and interested her. It would be such a good story to tell her friends of a "drummer's" idea of gallantry; and to tease the flirtatious young West Pointer who had just joined. And the appraisal was truthful—Major Cantire had only his pay—and Miss Cantire had been obliged to select that hat from the Government stores.

"Are you in the habit of giving this information to ladies you meet in travelling?" she asked.

"Well, no!" answered Boyle—"for that's just where you have to keep your eyes open. Most of 'em wouldn't like it, and it's no use aggravating a possible customer. But you are not that kind."

Miss Cantire was silent. She knew she was not of that kind, but she did not require his vulgar endorsement. She pushed on for some moments alone, when suddenly he hailed her. She turned impatiently. He was carefully examining the road on both sides.

"We have either lost our way," he said, rejoining her, "or the coach has turned off somewhere. These tracks are not fresh, and as they are all going the same way they were made by the up coach last night. They're not *our* tracks; I thought it strange we hadn't sighted the coach by this time."

"And then—" said Miss Cantire impatiently.

"We must turn back until we find them again."

The young lady frowned. "Why not keep on until we get to the top?" she said pettishly. "I'm sure I shall—" She stopped suddenly as she caught sight of his grave face and keen, observant eyes. "Why can't we go on as we are?"

"Because we are expected to come back to the coach—and not the summit merely. These are the 'orders,' and you know you're a soldier's daughter!" He laughed as he spoke, but there was certain quiet deliberation in his manner that impressed her. When he added, after a pause, "We must go back and find where the tracks turned off," she obeyed without a word.

They walked for some time eagerly searching for signs of the vehicle. She ran ahead of him with youthful eagerness, examining the ground, following a false clue with great animation, and confessing her defeat with a charming laugh. And it was she who, after retracing their steps for ten minutes, found the diverging track with a girlish cry of triumph. Boyle, who had followed her movement quite as interestedly as her discovery, looked a little grave as he noticed the deep indentations made by the struggling horses. Miss Cantire detected the change in his face; ten minutes before she would never have observed it. "I suppose we had better follow the new track," she said inquiringly, as he seemed to hesitate.

"Certainly," he said quickly, as if coming to a prompt decision. "That is safest."

"What do you think has happened? The ground looks very much cut up," she said, in a confidential tone, as new to her as her previous observation of him.

"A horse has probably stumbled and they've taken the old trail as less difficult," said Boyle promptly. In his heart he did not believe it, yet he knew that if anything serious had threatened them the coach would have waited in the road. "It's an easier trail for us, though I suppose it's a little longer," he added presently.

"You take everything so good humouredly, Mr. Boyle," she said after a pause.

"It's the way to do business, Miss Cantire," he said. "A man in my line has to cultivate it."

She wished he hadn't said that, but, nevertheless, she returned a little archly: "But you haven't any business with the stage company nor with *me*, although I admit I intend to get my Dunstable hereafter from your firm at the wholesale prices."

Before he could reply, the detonation of two gun shots, softened by distance, floated down from the ridge above them. "There!" said Miss Cantire eagerly. "Do you hear that?"

His face was turned towards the distant ridge, but really that she might not question his eyes. She continued with animation: "That's from the coach—to guide us—don't you see?"

"Yes," he returned with a quick laugh, "and it says hurry up—mighty quick—we're tired waiting—so we'd better push on."

"Why don't you answer back with your revolver?" she asked.

"Haven't got one," he said.

"Haven't got one?" she repeated in genuine surprise. "I thought you gentlemen who are travelling always carried one. Perhaps it's inconsistent with your gospel of good humour."

"That's just it, Miss Cantire," he said with a laugh; "you've hit it."

"Why," she said hesitatingly, "even I have a deringer—a very little one you know, which I carry in my reticule. Captain Richards gave it to me." She opened her reticule and showed a pretty ivory-handled pistol. The look of joyful surprise which came into his face changed quickly as she cocked it and lifted it into the air. He seized her arm quickly.

"No, please, don't, you might want it—I mean the report won't carry far enough. It's a very useful little thing, for all that, but it's only effective at close quarters." He kept the pistol in his hand as they walked on. But Miss Cantire noticed this, also his evident satisfaction when she had at first produced it, and his concern when she was about to discharge it uselessly. She was a clever girl, and a frank one to those she was inclined to trust. And she began to trust this stranger. A smile stole along her oval cheek.

"I've a mind," she went on slyly, "to tell you something more. Confidence for confidence: as you've told me *your* trade secrets, I'll tell you one of *ours*. Before we left Pine Barren, my father ordered a small escort of cavalymen to be in readiness to join that coach if the scouts, who were watching, thought it necessary. So, you see, I'm a fraud as regards my reputation for courage."

"That doesn't follow," said Boyle admiringly, "for your father must have thought there was some danger, or he wouldn't have taken that precaution."

"Oh, it wasn't for me," said the young girl quickly.

"Not for you?" repeated Boyle.

Miss Cantire stopped short, with a pretty flush of colour and an adorable laugh. "There! I've done it! so I might as well tell the whole story. But I can trust you, Mr. Boyle." (She faced him with clear penetrating eyes.) "Well," she laughed again, "you might have noticed that we had a quantity of baggage of passengers who didn't go! Well, those passengers never intended to go, and hadn't any baggage! Do you understand? Those innocent-looking heavy trunks contained carbines and cartridges from our Post for Fort Taylor—she made him a mischievous curtsy—"under my charge! And," she added, enjoying his astonishment, "as you saw, I brought them through safe to the station, and had them transferred to this coach with less fuss and trouble than a commissary transport and escort would have made."

"And they were in *this* coach?" repeated Boyle abstractedly.

"Were? They are!" said Miss Cantire.

"Then the sooner I get you back to your treasure again the better," said Boyle with a laugh. "Does Foster know it?"

"Of course not! Do you suppose I'd tell it to anybody but a stranger to the place? Perhaps, like you, I know when and to whom to impart information," she said mischievously.

Whatever was in Boyle's mind he had space for profound and admiring astonishment of the young lady before him. The girlish simplicity and trustfulness of her revelation seemed as inconsistent with his previous impression of her reserve and independence, as her girlish reasoning and manner was now delightfully at variance with her tallness, her aquiline nose and her erect figure. Mr. Boyle like most short men, was apt to overestimate the qualities of size.

They walked on for some moments in silence. The ascent was comparatively easy but devious, and Boyle could see that this new *détour* would take them still some time to reach the summit. Miss Cantire at last voiced the thought in his own mind. "I wonder what induced them to turn off here? and if you hadn't been—"

clever as to discover their tracks, how could we have found them? But," she added, with feminine logic, "that, of course, is why they fired those shots."

Boyle remembered, however, that the shots came from another direction, but did not correct her conclusion. Nevertheless, a little relieved by their security so far, and their nearness to their journey's end, he developed further ingenious trifling until, at the end of an hour, they stood upon the plain again.

There was no sign of the coach, but its fresh track was visible leading along the bank of the ravine towards the intersection of the road they should have come by, and to which the coach had indubitably returned. Mr. Boyle drew a long breath. They were comparatively safe from any invisible attack now. At the end of ten minutes Miss Cantire, from her superior height, detected the top of the missing vehicle appearing above the stunted bushes at the junction of the highway.

"Would you mind throwing those old flowers away now," she said, glancing at the spoils which Boyle still carried.

"Why?" he asked.

"Oh, they're too ridiculous. Please do."

"May I keep one?" he asked, with the first intonation of masculine weakness in his voice.

"If you like," she said a little coldly.

Boyle selected a small spray of myrtle and cast the other flowers obediently aside.

"Dear me, how ridiculous!" she said.

"What is ridiculous?" he asked, lifting his eyes with a slight colour. But he saw that she was straining her eyes in the distance.

"Why, there doesn't seem to be any horses to the coach!"

He looked. Through a gap in the furze he could see the vehicle now quite distinctly, standing empty, horseless and alone. He glanced hurriedly around them; on the one side a few rocks protected them from the tangled rim of the ridge; on the other stretched the plain. "Sit down, don't move until I return," he said quickly. "Take that." He handed back her pistol, and ran quickly to the coach. It was no illusion—there it stood vacant, abandoned—it's dropped pole and cut traces showing too plainly the fearful haste of its desertion! A light step behind him made him turn. It was Miss Cantire, pink and breathless, carrying the cocked deringer in her hand. "How foolish of you—without a weapon," she gasped in explanation.

Then they both stared at the coach, the empty plain, and at each other! After their tedious ascent, their long *détour*, their protracted expectancy and their eager curiosity, there was such a suggestion of hideous mockery in this vacant, useless vehicle—apparently left to them in what seemed their utter abandonment—that it instinctively affected them alike. And as I am writing of human nature I am compelled to say that they both burst into a fit of laughter which for the moment stopped all other expression!

"It was so kind of them to leave the coach," said Miss Cantire faintly, as she took her handkerchief from her wet and mirthful eyes. "But what made them run away?"

Boyle did not reply; he was eagerly examining the coach. In that brief hour and a half the dust of the plain had blown thick upon it, and covered any foul stain or blot that might have suggested the awful truth. Even the soft imprint of the Indians' moccasined feet had been trampled out by the later horsehoofs of the cavalry men. It was these that first attracted Boyle's attention; but he thought them the marks made by the plunging of the released coach-horses.

Not so his companion! She was examining them more closely, and suddenly lifted her bright, animated face. "Look!" she said, "our men have been here, and have had a hand in this."

"Our men?" repeated Boyle blankly.

"Yes!—troopers from the Post—the escort I told you of. These are the prints of the regulation cavalry horseshoe—not of Foster's team, nor of Indian ponies, who never have any! Don't you see?" she went on eagerly, "our men have got wind of something and have galloped down here—along the ridge—see!" she went on, pointing to the hoof-prints coming from the plain. "They've anticipated some Indian attack and secured everything."

"But if they were the same escort you spoke of they must have known you were here, and have—" He was about to say "abandoned you," but checked himself, remembering they were her father's soldiers.

"They knew I could take care of myself, and wouldn't stand in the way of their duty," said the young girl, anticipating him with quick professional pride that seemed to fit her aquiline nose and tall figure. "And if they knew that," she added, softening with a mischievous smile, "they also knew, of course, that I was protected by a gallant stranger vouched for by Mr. Foster! No!" she added with a certain blind, devoted confidence which Boyle noticed with a slight wince that she had never shown before, "it's all right! and 'by orders,' and when they've done their work they'll be back."

But Boyle's masculine common sense was, perhaps, safer than Miss Cantire's feminine faith and inherited discipline, for in an instant he suddenly comprehended the actual truth! The Indians had been there first; they had despoiled the coach and got off safely with their booty and prisoners on the approach of the escort—who were now naturally pursuing them with a fury aroused by the belief that their commander's daughter was one of their prisoners. This conviction was a dreadful one, yet a relief as far as the young girl was concerned. But should he tell her? No! Better that she should keep her calm faith in the triumphant promptness of the soldiers—and their speedy return.

"I dare say you are right," he said cheerfully, "and let us be thankful that in the empty coach you'll have at least a half civilised shelter until they return. Meantime I'll go and reconnoitre."

"I will go with you," she said.

But Boyle pointed out to her so strongly the necessity of her remaining to wait for the return of the soldiers that, being also fagged out by her long climb, she obediently consented, while he, even with his inspiration of the truth, he did not believe in the return of the despoilers, and knew she would be safe.

He made his way to the nearest thicket, where he rightly believed the ambush had been prepared, and to which undoubtedly they first retreated with their booty. He expected to find some signs or

traces of their spoil which in their haste they had to abandon. He was more successful than he anticipated. A few steps into the thicket brought him full upon a realisation of more than his worst convictions—the dead body of Foster! Near it lay the body of the mail agent. Both had been evidently dragged into the thicket from where they fell, scalped and half stripped. There was no evidence of any later struggle; they must have been dead when they were brought there.

Boyle was neither a hard-hearted nor an unduly sensitive man. He saw no agony in the vacant eyes of the two men lying on their backs in apparently the complacent abandonment of drunkenness, which was further simulated by their tumbled and disordered hair matted by coagulated blood, which, however, had lost its sanguine colour. He thought only of the unsuspecting girl sitting in the lonely coach, and hurriedly dragged them further into the bushes. In doing this he discovered a loaded revolver and flask of spirit which had been lying under them, and promptly secured them. A few paces away lay the coveted trunks of arms and ammunition, their lids wrenched off and their contents gone. He noticed with a grim smile that his own trunks of samples had shared a like fate, but was delighted to find that while the brighter trifles had attracted the Indians' childish cupidity they had overlooked a heavy, black merino shawl of a cheap but serviceable quality. It would help to protect Miss Cantire from the evening wind which was already rising over the chill and stark plain. It also occurred to him that she would need water after her parched journey, and he resolved to look for a spring, being rewarded at last by a trickling rill near the ambushed camp. But he had no utensil except the spirit flask, which he finally emptied of its contents and replaced with the pure water—a heroic sacrifice to a traveller who knew the comfort of a stimulant. He retraced his steps, and was just emerging from the thicket when his quick eye caught sight of a moving shadow before him close to the ground, which set the hot blood coursing through his veins.

It was the figure of an Indian crawling on his hands and knees towards the coach, scarcely forty yards away. For the first time that afternoon Boyle's calm good-humour was overswept by a blind and furious rage. Yet, even then he was sane enough to remember that a pistol shot would alarm the girl and to keep that weapon as a last resource. For an instant he crept forward as silently and stealthily as the savage, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped upon him, driving his head and shoulders down against the rocks before he could utter a cry, and sending the scalping knife he was carrying between his teeth, flying with the shock from his battered jaw. Boyle seized it—his knee still in the man's back—but the prostrate body never moved beyond a slight contraction of the lower limbs. The shock had broken the Indian's neck. He turned the inert man on his back—the head hung loosely on the side. But in that instant Boyle had recognised the "friendly" Indian of the station to whom he had given the card.

He rose dizzily to his feet. The whole action had passed in a few seconds of time, and had not even been noticed by the sole occupant of the coach. He mechanically cocked his revolver, but the man beneath him never moved again. Neither was there any sign of flight or reinforcement from the thicket around him. Again the whole truth flashed instinctively upon him. This spy and traitor had been left behind by the marauders to return to the station and avert suspicion; he had been lurking around, but, being without firearms, had not dared to attack the pair together.

It was a moment or two before Boyle regained his usual elastic good-humour. Then he coolly returned to the spring, "washed himself of the Indian," as he grimly expressed it to himself, brushed his clothes, picked up the shawl and flask, and returned to the coach. It was getting dark now, but the glow of the western sky shone unimpeded through the windows, and the silence gave him a great fear. He was relieved, however, on opening the door, to find Miss Cantire sitting stilly in a corner. "I am sorry I was so long," he said apologetically to her attitude, "but—"

"I suppose you took your own time," she interrupted in a voice of injured tolerance. "I don't blame you; anything's better than being cooped up in this stage for goodness knows how long!"

"I was hunting for water," he said humbly, "and have brought you some." He handed her the flask.

"And I see you have had a wash," she said a little enviously. "How spick and span you look! But what's the matter with your necktie?"

He put his hand to his neck hurriedly. His necktie was loose, and had twisted to one side in the struggle. He coloured quite as much from the sensitiveness of a studiously neat man as from the fear of discovery. "And what's that?" she added, pointing to the shawl.

"One of my samples that I suppose was turned out of the coach and forgotten in the transfer," he said glibly. "I thought it might keep you warm."

She looked at it dubiously and laid it gingerly aside. "You don't mean to say you go about with such things *openly*?" she said querulously.

"Yes; one mustn't lose a chance of trade, you know," he resumed with a smile.

"And you haven't found this journey very profitable," she said drily. "You certainly are devoted to your business!" After a pause, discontentedly: "It's quite night already—we can't sit here in the dark."

"We can take one of the coach lamps inside; they are still there. I've been thinking the matter over, and I reckon if we leave one lighted outside the coach it may guide your friends back." He *had* considered it, and believed that the audacity of the act, coupled with the knowledge the Indians must have of the presence of the soldiers in the vicinity, would deter rather than invite their approach.

She brightened considerably with the coach lamp which he lit and brought inside. By its light she watched him curiously. His face was slightly flushed and his eyes very bright and keen looking. Man-killing, except with old professional hands, has the disadvantage of affecting the circulation.

But Miss Cantire had noticed that the flask smelt of whiskey. The poor man had probably fortified himself from the fatigues of the day.

"I suppose you are getting bored by this day," she said tentatively.

"Not at all," he replied. "Would you like to play cards? I've got a pack in my pocket. We can use the middle seat as a table, and hang the lantern by the window strap."

She assented languidly from the back seat; he on the front seat, with the middle seat for a table between them. First Mr. Boyle showed her some tricks with the cards and kindled her momentary and flashing interest in a mysteriously evoked but evanescent knave. Then they played euchre, at which Miss Cantire cheated adorably, and Mr. Boyle lost game after game shamelessly. Then once or twice Miss Cantire was fain to put her card to her mouth to conceal an apologetic yawn, and her blue-veined eyelids grew heavy. Whereupon Mr. Boyle suggested that she should make herself comfortable in the corner of the coach with as many cushions as she liked and the despised shawl while he took the night air in a prow around the coach and a look out for the returning party. Doing so, he was delighted after a turn or two, to find her asleep and so returned contentedly to his sentry round.

He was some distance from the coach when a low moaning sound in the thicket presently increased until it rose and fell in a prolonged howl that was repeated from the darkened plains beyond. He recognised the voice of wolves; he instinctively felt the sickening cause of it. They had scented the dead bodies, and he now regretted that he had left his own victim so near the coach. He was hastening thither when a cry, this time human and more terrifying, came from the coach. He turned towards it as its door flew open and Miss Cantire came rushing toward him. Her face was colourless, her eyes wild with fear, and her tall, slim figure trembled convulsively as she frantically caught at the lapels of his coat, as if to hide herself within its folds, and gasped breathlessly:

"What is it? Oh! Mr. Boyle, save me!"

"They are wolves," he said hurriedly. "But there is no danger; they would never attack you. You were safe where you were. Let me lead you back."

But she remained rooted to the spot, still clinging desperately to his coat. "No, no!" she said, "I dare not! I heard that awful cry in my sleep. I looked out and saw it—a dreadful creature with yellow eyes and tongue, and a sickening breath as it passed between the wheels just below me. Ah! What's that?" and she again lapsed in nervous terror against him.

Boyle passed his arm around her promptly, firmly, masterfully. She seemed to feel the implied protection, and yielded to it gratefully, with the further breakdown of a sob. "I here is no danger," he repeated cheerfully. "Wolves are not good to look at, I know, but they wouldn't have attacked you. The beast only scents some carrion on the plain, and you probably frightened him more than he did you. Lean on me," he continued as her step tottered, "you will be better in the coach."

"And you won't leave me alone again?" she said in terror.

"No!"

He supported her to the coach gravely, gently—her master and still more his own—for all that her beautiful loosened hair was against his cheek and shoulder, its perfume in his nostrils, and the contour of her lithe and perfect figure against his own. He helped her back into the coach—with the aid of the cushions and shawl arranged a reclining couch for her on the back seat, and then resumed his old place patiently. By degrees the colour came back to her face—as much of it as was not hidden by her handkerchief.

Then a tremulous voice behind it began a half-smothered apology. "I am so ashamed, Mr. Boyle—I really could not help it! But it was so sudden—and so horrible—I shouldn't have been afraid of it had it been really an Indian with a scalping knife—instead of that beast! I don't know why I did it—but I was alone—and seemed to be dead—and you were dead too—and they were coming to eat me! They do, you know—you said so just now! Perhaps I was dreaming. I don't know what you must think of me. I had no idea I was such a coward!"

But Boyle protested indignantly. He was sure if he had been asleep and had not known what wolves were before, he would have been equally frightened. She must try to go to sleep again—he was sure she could—and he would not stir from the coach until she waked, or her friends came.

She grew quieter presently, and took away the handkerchief from a mouth that smiled though it still quivered; then reaction began, and her tired nerves brought her languor and finally repose. Boyle watched the shadows thicken around her long lashes until they lay softly on the faint flush that sleep was bringing to her cheek; her delicate lips parted, and her quick breath at last came with the regularity of slumber.

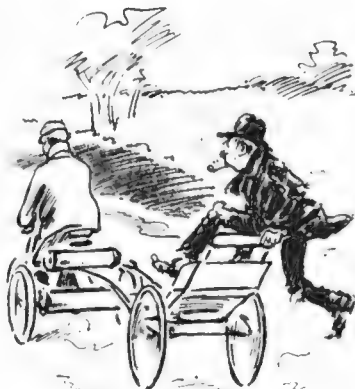
So she slept, and he, sitting silently opposite her, dreamed—the old dream that comes to most good men and true once in their lives. He scarcely moved until the dawn lightened with opal the dreary plain, bringing back the horizon and day, when he woke from his dream with a sigh, and then a laugh. Then he listened for the sound of distant hoofs, and hearing them crept noiselessly from the coach. A compact body of horsemen were bearing down upon it. He rose quickly to meet them, and throwing up his hand brought them to a halt at some distance from the coach. They spread out, resolving themselves into a dozen troopers and a smart young cadet-like officer.

"If you are seeking Miss Cantire," he said in a quiet business-like tone, "she is quite safe in the coach and asleep. She knows nothing yet of what has happened, and believes it is you who have taken everything away for security against an Indian attack. She has had a pretty rough night—what with her fatigue and her alarm at the wolves—and I thought it best to keep the truth from her as long as possible, and I would advise you to break it to her gently." He then briefly told the story of their experiences, omitting only his own personal encounter with the Indian. A new pride, which was perhaps the result of his vigil, prevented him.

The young officer glanced at him with as much courtesy as might be afforded to a civilian intruding upon active military operations. "I am sure Major Cantire will be greatly obliged to you when he knows it," he said politely, "and as we intend to harness up and take the coach back to Sage Brush station immediately you will have an opportunity of telling him."



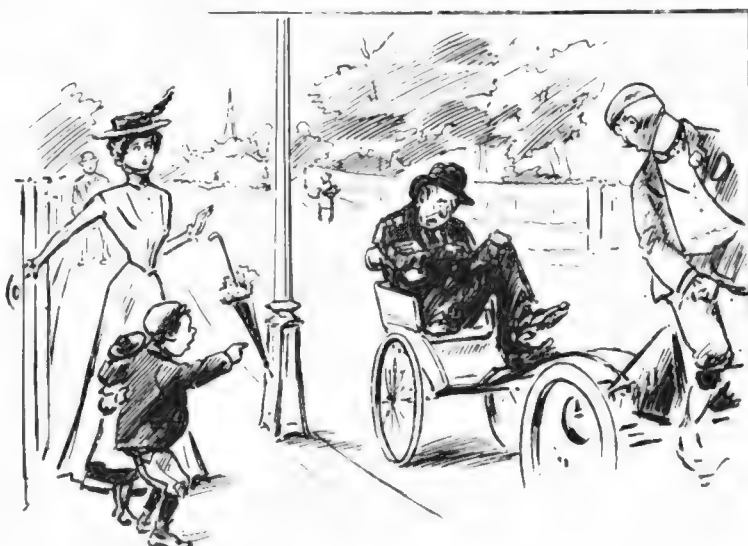
This is the first Saturday afternoon that Dickson has attached his new trailer to his motor-tricycle. He starts to fetch his Gertrude for a ride



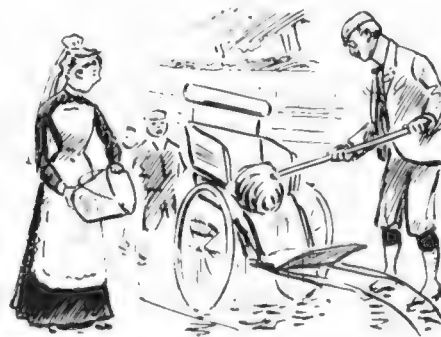
He is proceeding along, puffing slowly up a steep hill, when a tramp, unobserved, lightly slips into the trailer



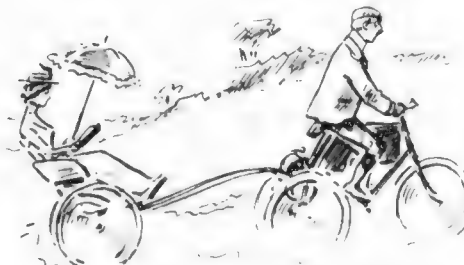
And falls into a comfortable sleep



When Dickson arrives at his destination there is a nice little surprise for everybody and Gertrude is very angry



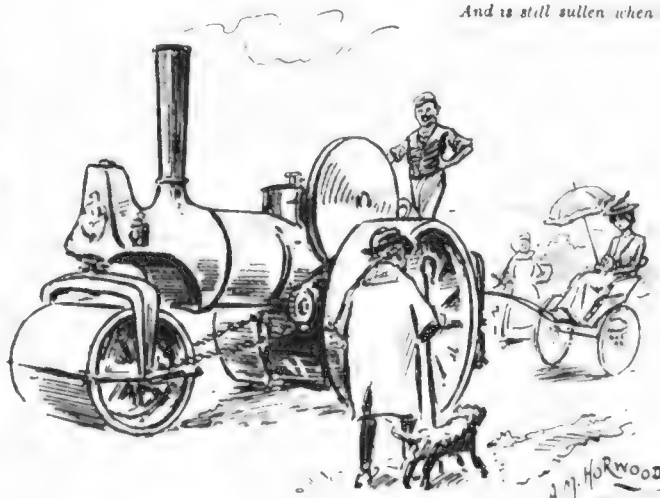
She absolutely refuses to occupy the vacated trailer until it has been thoroughly washed



And is still sullen when she does ultimately consent to start



In going up a hill the trailer, which has not been properly re-attached, becomes uncoupled. Dickson, quite unconscious, steams away, leaving the fair Gertrude in a ditch



After a long, weary wait for Dickson, who, when he discovers his loss, takes a wrong turning, and cannot find her, Gertrude accepts the offer made by the chivalrous driver of a steam-roller

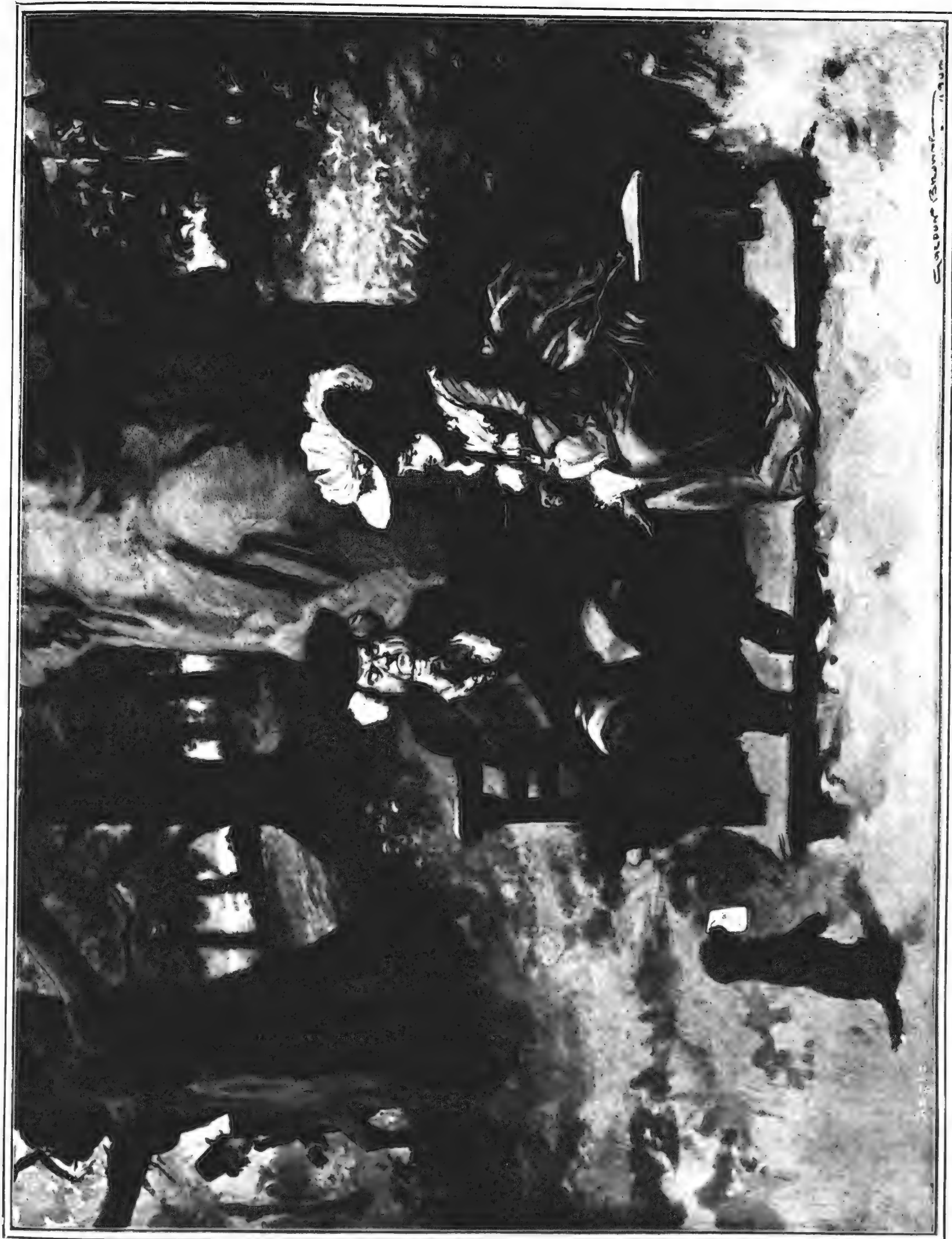


And Dickson, that evening, has a very trying hour before his apologies are accepted and the fair one is conciliated



THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF DICKSON'S "TRAILER"

DRAWN BY ARTHUR M. HORWOOD



"AN AWKWARD MESSENGER"
FROM THE PICTURE BY GORDON BROWNE, R.L.

KING O' PRUSSIA

A REPORTED TALE OF A SMUGGLER, A REVENUE CUTTER, AND AN OFFICIOUS MINISTER.

By "Q." Illustrated by CECIL ALDIN

"I am not going back by the coach to Sage Brush," said Boyle quietly. "I have already lost twelve hours of my time—as well as my trunk—on this picnic, and I reckon the least Major Cantire can do is to let me take one of your horses to the next station in time to catch the down coach. I can do it, if I set out at once."

Boyle heard his name, with the familiar prefix of "Dicky," given to the officer by a commissary orderly, whom Boyle recognised as having met at the Agency, and the words "Chicago drummer" added, while a perceptible smile went throughout the group.

"Very well, sir," said the officer, with a familiarity a shade less respectful than his previous formal manner. "You can take the horse, as I believe the Indians have already made free with your samples. Give him a mount, Sergeant."

The two men walked towards the coach. Boyle lingered a moment at the window to show him the figure of Miss Cantire still peacefully slumbering among her pile of cushions, and then turned quietly away. A moment later he was galloping on one of the trooper's horses across the empty plain.

Miss Cantire awoke presently to the sound of a familiar voice and the sight of figures that she knew. But the young officer's first words of explanation—a guarded account of the pursuit of the Indians and the recapture of the arms, suppressing the killing of Foster and the mail agent—brought a change to her brightened face and a wrinkle to her pretty brow. "But Mr. Boyle said nothing of this to me," she asked, sitting up. "Where is he?"

"Already on his way to the next station on one of our horses! Wanted to catch the down stage and get a new box of samples, I fancy, as the braves had rigged themselves out with his faces and ribbons. Said he'd lost time enough on this picnic," returned the young officer with a laugh. "Smart business chap; but I hope he didn't bore you?"

Miss Cantire felt her cheek flush, and bit her lip. "I found him most kind and considerate, Mr. Ashford," she said coldly. "He may have thought the escort could have joined the coach a little earlier, and saved all this; but he was too much of a gentleman to say anything about it to me," she added dryly, with a slight elevation of her aquiline nose.

Nevertheless, Boyle's last words stung her deeply. To hurry off, too, without saying "good-bye," or even asking how she slept! No doubt he had lost time, and was tired of her company, and thought more of his precious samples than of her! After all, it was like him, to rush off for an order!

She was half inclined to call the young officer back and tell him how Boyle had criticised her costume on the road. But Mr. Ashford was at that time entirely preoccupied with his men around a ledge of rock and bushes some yards from the coach, yet not so far away but that she could hear what they said. "I'll swear there was no dead Injin here when we came yesterday! We searched the whole place—by daylight, too—for any sign. The Injin was killed in his tracks by some one last night. It's like Dick Boyle, lieutenant, to have done it, and like him to have said nothin' to frighten the young lady. He knows when to keep his mouth shut—and when to open it."

Miss Cantire sank back in her corner as the officer turned and approached the coach. The incident of the past night flashed back upon her—Mr. Boyle's long absence, his flushed face, twisted necktie, and enforced cheerfulness. She was shocked, amazed, discomfited—and admiring! And this hero had been sitting opposite to her, silent all the rest of the night!

"Did Mr. Boyle say anything of an Indian attack last night?" asked Ashford. "Did you hear anything?"

"Only the wolves howling," said Miss Cantire. "Mr. Boyle was away twice." She was strangely reticent—in complimentary imitation of her missing hero.

"There is a dead Indian here who has been killed," began Ashford.

"Oh, please don't say anything more, Mr. Ashford," interrupted the young lady, "but let us get away from this horrid place at once. Do get the horses in. I can't stand it."

But the horses were already harnessed and mounted, postillion-wise by the troopers. The vehicle was ready to start when Miss Cantire called "Stop!"

When Ashford presented himself at the door, the young lady was upon her hands and knees, searching the bottom of the coach. "Oh, dear! I've lost something. I must have dropped it on the road," she said breathlessly, with pink cheeks. "You must positively wait and let me go back and find it. I won't be long. You know there's no hurry!"

Mr. Ashford stared as Miss Cantire skipped like a schoolgirl from the coach and ran down the trail by which she and Boyle had approached the coach the night before. She had not gone far before she came upon the withered flowers he had thrown away at her command. "It must be about here," she murmured. Suddenly she uttered a cry of delight and picked up the business card that Boyle had shown her. Then she looked furtively around her, and, selecting a sprig of myrtle among the cast-off flowers, concealed it in her mantle and ran back, glowing, to the coach. "Thank you! All right, I've found it," she called to Ashford with a dazzling smile, and leaped inside.

The coach drove on, and Miss Cantire alone in its recesses drew the myrtle from her mantle and, folding it carefully in her handkerchief, placed it in her reticule. Then she drew out the card, read its dryly practical information over and over again, examined the soiled edges, brushed them daintily, and held it for a moment, with eyes that saw not, motionless in her hand. Then she raised it slowly to her lips, rolled it into a spiral, and, loosening a hook and eye, thrust it gently into her bosom.

And Dick Boyle, galloping away to the distant station, did not know that the first step towards a realisation of his foolish dream had been taken!

Paul Hume

You have heard tell, of course, of Captain John Carter, the famous smuggler of Prussia Cove, and his brothers Harry, Francis, and Charles, and Captain Will Richards, "Tummels," Calender Hosking, Uncle Billy, and the rest of the Cove boys; likewise of old Nan Leggo, and Bessie Bussow that kept the Kiddywink* there? Well, well, I see our youngsters going to school nowadays with their hair brushed, and I hear them singing away inside the classroom for all the world as if they were glad to grow up and pay taxes; and it makes me wonder if they can be the children of that old-fangled race. Sometimes I think it's high time for me to go. There was a newspaper fellow down here when the *General Walker* came ashore, and after asking a lot of questions he put the case in a nutshell. "You're a link with the past," he said; "that's what you are." I don't know if he invented the expression, or if he picked it up and used it on me, but it's a terrible clever one.

You mustn't think I'm boasting. I never knew Captain John; he died in the year seven, and I wasn't born for twelve months after. But I've shaken hands with Captain Harry—the one who was taken prisoner by the French, and came near to losing his head. He spent his latter years farming at Rimsy and local preaching; a very earnest man. He gave me my first class ticket—that was in the late twenties, and not long before his death. And Captain Will Richards I knew well; he took over the business after Captain John, and lasted down to the Crimea year. I carried the coffin; eighty-five his age was, according to the plate on it; but, of course, the business had come to an end long before.

Everybody calls it Prussia Cove in these days. The visitors ask for Prussia Cove, and go and crane their heads over. You know the place?—just east of Crudden Point. It's three coves really: Pisky's Cove, Bessie's Cove, and Prussia. The first has no good landing, but plenty of good caves; east of that comes Bessie's, where the Kiddywink stood, with a harbour cut in the solid rock, and a roadway, and more caves; and east of that, with a point and a small island dividing them, comes Prussia, where John Carter had his house. Before his time it was called Porthleah, but he got the nickname "King o' Prussia" as a boy, and it stuck to him, and now it sticks to the old place. The visitors crane their heads over (for you must do that to count the vessels in the harbour right underneath you), and ask foolish questions and get answered with a pack of lies. There's an old tale for one, about a fellow who heard that the real King of Prussia had been defeated by Napoleon Bonaparte. "Ah," says he, "I'm sorry for that man. Misfortune, never come single; not more'n six weeks ago he lost three hundred keg of brandy, by information, so I'm told." All nonsense! Porthleah never lost but one keg in all John Carter's time, and that was a leaky one in a pool at Pisky's which the custom-house fellows smited as they went by.

But the tale they tell oftenest is about the battery he kept on Enys Point, and how he opened fire with it upon His Majesty's vessel; and I want you to have the rights of that as I had it from Captain Will Richards himself. To hear folks speak you would think the King just opened fire and blazed away for the fun of it; whereas, with all his daring, he was the quietest, most inoffensive man in the trade, if only you let him alone. Mr. Wearne, the collector, understood this, and it was not by his fault either that the firing came about, but all through an interfering woman and a preacher who couldn't mind his own business.

It began in this way. Bessie Bussow had a sister-in-law married and living over here in Ardevora—Ann Green was the name of her—a daughter of Kitty Lemal. (You've heard tell of Kitty Lemal and her eight daughters, and her stocking full of guineas? No? Well, there's another story for you one of these days.) This Ann was the youngest of the eight, and married John Green latish in life, just in time to bring him a boy before he left her a widow, and after her mother Kitty died she and the boy lived together in the old house at Carne Glaze—Ugnes House they used to call it. The boy, being the son of old parents, was a lean, scrag-necked child, with a lopping big head, too clever for his years. He had the Lemals' pluck inside him, though, for all his unhandy looks; and, of course, his mother thought him a nonesuch.

Well, talking all the country about John Carter and his doings, you may fancy that every boy in Ardevora wanted to grow up in a hurry and be off to Prussia Cove a-smuggling. It took young Phoby Green (his real name was Deiphobus) as bad as the rest. He had been over to the Cove with his mother on a visit to Bessie Bussow, and there in the Kiddywink the King had patted him on his big head and given him a shilling. After that the boy allowed his mother no peace. She, poor soul, wanted to make a preacher of him, and wouldn't hear of his going; but often, after he had turned fifteen, she would be out of bed ten times of a night and listening at his door to make sure he hadn't run off in the dark.

I told you the boy was clever; and this is how he gained his end. There had always been a tale that the Ugnes House was haunted—the ghost being old Reginald Bottrell, Kitty Lemal's father, a very respectable sea-captain, who died in his bed with no reason whatever for being uncomfortable in the next world. Still "walk" he did, or was said to; and one fine day the boy came to his mother with a pretty tale. It went that, the evening before, he and his young cousin, Arch'laus Bryant, had been lying stretched on their stomachs before the fire in the big room—he reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" by the light of the turves, and Arch'laus listening. The boys were waiting for their supper, and for Mrs. Green to come back from her Saturday's shopping. Happening to look up as he turned a page, Phoby saw, on the steps which led down into the room, a brisk, stout little gentleman, dressed in a long, cutaway coat, black velvet waistcoat and breeches, black ribbed stockings, and pump shoes tied with a bow. He twinkled with brass or gilt buttons—

*Drinking house. †Huguenot's house.

one row down the coat and two rows down the waistcoat—and each button was stamped with a pattern of flowers. His head was bald, except for a bit of hair at the back; he had no hat; and when he turned, after closing the door behind him, Phoby took notice that his belly was round and as tight as a drum. The boy denied being frightened; "the gentleman," he said, "was most pleasant-looking in all his features. I didn't take 'en for a sperat, but for some body come to see mother. I stood up and said, 'Good evening, sir. Mother'll be back in a minute or two if you'll take a seat.'" "I'm not come for she, but for thee," he said; "Deiphobus Green, idle no longer. Arise, take my advice, and go a-smuggling." And with that he vanished through the door.

The boy pitched this tale to his mother, and Arch'laus backed him up, adding that the ghost had turned to him and said, "Thou, too, Arch'laus in a year's time shall be a smuggler—perhaps sooner." He told this to his father and got strappled for it. But Mrs. Green came of a family that believed in ghosts. The boy's tale described his grandfather to a hair—which was not wonderful considering how often she had talked to Phoby about the old man. At any rate, after being in two minds for a week she gave way, after a fashion, and allowed Phoby to run over to Prussia Cove to his aunt, Bessie Bussow; and Bessie—who loved spirit—had him apprenticed to Hosking, the Cove carpenter. Pretty carpenter's work Hosking was likely to teach him!

Now, after the way of women, the deed was no sooner done than Mrs. Green began to repent it. She knew very well that her dear boy would run into danger; but she kept her trouble to herself until there arrived at Ardevora a new Methodist preacher called Meakin. In those days John Wesley himself used to pay us a visit pretty well every August or September, but this year, for some reason or other, he gave us an extra revival, and sent down this Meakin to us at the beginning of June. For a very good reason he was never sent again.

He started very well indeed. You couldn't call him much to look at; he had a long pair of legs which seemed differently pointed to yours and mine; no shoulders nor stomach to speak of, no coloured hair, and a glazing, watery eye. But the wonder began when you heard his voice. It filled his clothes out suddenly like one of those indiarubber squeakers the children blow at Whitsun Fair, and coming from a man whose looks were all against him, it made you feel humble minded for having been so quick to judge.

As I say, he started very well. He preached at the Stearnack on Saturdays, and next day near the market place, "for the sake," he said, "of those who could not climb the hill"—though, to be sure, they needn't have left their doors to hear him a mile off. There was a tidy gathering—farm carts and market carts and gigs from all parts of the country round—almost as many as if he had been John Wesley himself. He preached again at five o'clock in the evening, and so fired up Mrs. Green that by ten next morning she was down at Nance's house, where he lodged, laying all her trouble before him.

Mr. Meakin heard her out, and then took a line which altogether surprised her. He seemed to care less for the danger her Phoby was running than for the crime he was committing. Yes; he called it a crime.

"As a Christian woman," he said, "you must know his soul's in danger. What in comparison with that does his body matter?"

Mrs. Green hadn't any answer for this, so what she said was, "My Phoby've never given me a day's trouble since his teaching." And then, seeing the preacher was upset, and wishing to keep things as pleasant as possible, she went on, "I don't see no crime in learning to be a carpenter."

"By your own showing," said Mr. Meakin, "he is in danger of being led into smuggling by wild companions."

"Nothing wild about John Carter," she held out. "A married man and as steady as you could wish to see; a man with convictions of sin, as I know, an' two of his brothers saved. You couldn't hear a prettier preacher than Charles—for a local. And John, he always runs a freight most careful. I never heard of any wildness in connection with ne—not a whisper."

The preacher fairly stamped, and began tapping the palm of his hand with his forefinger.

"But the smuggling, ma'am—that's what I call your attention to. The smuggling itself is not only a crime but a sin; every bit as much a sin as the violence and swearing which go with it."

"No swearing at all," said Ann Green. "You don't know John Carter, or you wouldn't suggest such a thing. Every man that swears in his employ is docked sixpence out of his pay. My sister-in-law keeps the money in a box over her chimney-piece, and they drinks it out together come Christmas."

By this the preacher was fairly dancing. "Woman!" he started, soon as he could recover his mouth-speech.

"I'm no such thing!" said she, up at once and very indignant.

"And your master, John Wesley, would never have said it."

The preacher took a gulp and tried a quieter task. "I beg y in pardon, ma'am," says he, "but you seemed to be wilfully misunderstanding me. Let us confine ourselves to smuggling," says he.

"Very well," says she; "I'm agreeable."

"I tell you, then, that it's a sin; it's defrauding the King just as much as if you dipped your hand into His Majesty's pocket"—"I shouldn't dream of being so familiar," said Mrs. Green, but he didn't hear her—"and if you'll permit me, I'll explain how that is," he said.

"Well," she allowed, folding the shawl about her which she always wore even in the hottest weather; "you can say what you mind to about it, so long as you help me get my Phoby back."

I dare say, now, you've sometimes heard it brought up against us

in these parts that we're like the men of Athens, always ready to listen to any new thing. The preacher took up his parable then and there; and being, as I say, an able man in spite of his looks, within half an hour he had actually convinced the woman that there was something to be ashamed of in smuggling. And as soon as he'd done that, nothing would satisfy her but to hire the pony-cart from the George and Dragon and drive the preacher to Prussia Cove the very next day to rescue her boy from these evil companions. "I would be a great thing to convince John Carter," she said, "and a feather in your cap. And even if you don't, the place is worth seeing, and he usually kills a pair of ducks for visitors."

So early the next day (Tuesday, June 4), away they started; and the day being hot and the pony slow, arrived at Bessie Bussow's about four o'clock. "Tis a pretty peaceable spot on a June afternoon, with the sun dropping out to sea and right against your eyes; and this day the cove seemed more peaceable than ordinary—the boats at anchor, no sound of work at all, and scarcely a sign of life but the smoke from Bessie Bussow's chimney."

"Where's my boy?" was the first question Mrs. Geen put to her sister-in-law after the two women had kissed each other.

"Out sailing," answered Bessie, as prompt as you please; "but most likely he'll be home some time to night. The master's got a row-boat, and all the boys be out working her. There's not a soul left in the cove barring the Master himself and Uncle Billy."

"Well, I'm glad of my life Phoby's at such innocent work; but I've come to see John Carter and take the boy away. The preacher here says that smuggling is a sin and the soul's destruction; he's quite sure of it in his own mind, and while there's any doubt I don't want my Phoby to risk it."

"Aw?" said Bessie. "I'd dearly like to hear how he makes that out. But I can't got time to be talking just now. You'd best take him across and let him try to persuade John Carter, while I get your room ready."

So, having stabled the pony, Mrs. Geen and the preacher walked over to Carter's house together. They found the King in his kitchen-parlour, divided between his accounts and a mug of cider, and he made them welcome, being always fond of preachers and having a great respect for Ann Geen because of her family.

There was a great heap of shavings in the fireplace, for the room was a sunny one, facing south by west. But the King told her where to find some tea that had never paid duty, and it wasn't till they'd drunk a cup that she explained what had brought her, and called on the preacher to wrestle.

Captain John listened very politely, or seemed to, and nodded his head at the right time; but he couldn't help being a bit absent-minded. Fact was, he expected a cargo home that very evening, and didn't feel so easy about it as usual. Up to now he had always run his stuff in goodish-sized vessels—luggers or cutter-rigged craft running up to fifty or sixty tons as we should reckon now. But Captain Will Richards had taken a great fancy to the Cawsand plan of using light-built open row-boats or, as you might say, galleys, pulling eight oars, and put together to pass for sea-boats. After the war, when there was no longer any privateering, vessels like Captain Carter's, carrying eighteen or twenty guns apiece, couldn't pretend to be other than smugglers or pirates, and then these make-belief sea-boats came into use everywhere. But just now they were a novelty. The King, persuaded by Richards, ordered one down from Cawsand, and had already used it once or twice to meet his larger craft somewhere in a good offing and tranship their cargoes. By this he could run his kegs ashore at any state of the tide, leaving the empty vessels to be watched or overhauled by the Customs fellows.

But this time—the weather being fine and settled, and the winds light—he was trying a faster game, and had sent the sea-boat right across channel to Roscoff, keeping his sailing-craft in harbour. It would be dark before nine, no moon till after midnight, and by all calculations the boat ought to make the cove between ten and eleven, after lying well outside and waiting her chance. It all seemed promising enough, but the King couldn't be quite easy.

However, he listened quietly, and the preacher talked away for one solid hour, until Uncle Billy Leggo (who had been keeping watch all the afternoon) came knocking at the door. "You'll excuse me a minute," said the King, and went outside to hear the report. The weather had been flat calm all day, with a slow ground swell running into the cove, but with the cool of the evening a light off-shore breeze had sprung up, and Uncle Billy had just seen the Revenue cutter stealing out from Penzance.

"Botheration!" said Captain Carter, and fined himself sixpence. Then he went back to the parlour and the preacher started afresh.

Twice again before supper came Uncle Billy with news of the cutter's movements, and the second time there could be no mistaking them, for she was dodging back and forth and lying foxy round Cuddan Point.

All through supper the preacher talked on and on, and the King ate without knowing what he was eating. He couldn't afford to lose this cargo; yet Mr. Collector Wearne meant business this time, and would collar the boat to a certainty unless she were warned off. But to show a light from the coast meant a hundred pounds fine or twelve months' hard labour. The King slewed round in his chair and looked at the pile of shavings in the fireplace. A hundred pounds fine with the chance of burning the house—that about his ears!

Supper over, he and his guests turned their chairs towards the fireplace. The King took flint and steel and struck a match; lit his pipe, and stared at the shavings; then dropped the light on the floor, ground it out with his heel, and putted away thoughtfully. The preacher went on talking.

"Render unto Caesar . . . tribute to whom tribute is due. That applies to King George to-day every bit so much as it did to Caesar."

"Caesar and King George be two different persons," said Captain John, stopping his pipe with his thumb.

"The principle's the same."

"I don't see it," said the captain. "I read my Bible, and it says that Caesar ordered the whole world to be taxed. Now that's sense. Caesar didn't go giggling away with a duty on silk here and another on brandy there and another on tea and another on East India calicoes. Mind you, I've got no personal feeling against King

George; but it does annoy me to see a man calling himself King of England and making money in these petty ways."

It's his birthday to-day," put in Mrs. Geen; "though I didn't remember it till I saw the flag on Ardevora church-tower this morning."

"Is it? Then we'll drink his health, ma'am, to show there's no animosity." Captain John fetched a bottle of brandy and glasses and mixed drinks for his guests. Then he took his seat, reached out for flint and steel again, and says he very quietly—

"I wish the boys were home. We'd have a bonfire."

"Up to Walsall—that's where I come from," said the preacher, "we always kept up his Majesty's birthday with a bonfire and fireworks. But you don't seem so loyal in these parts."

"Fireworks? Did you now?" Captain John set down the tinder-box and rubbed his chin. "Well," said he, going to a cupboard, and glancing up on his way at the tall clock, "as it happens I've a rocket or two here—though to be sure it seems like a waste, with nobody left in the cove to see or raise so much as a cheer."

"It's the spirit of the thing that counts," said the preacher.

"They've lain here so long," Captain John went on in a sort of musing way, "they may be mildewed, for all I know."

"You leave that to me," said the preacher; "I know all about fireworks. There don't seem nothing wrong about this one," he said, fingering the fuse. "May I have a try with 'em?"

"Try, and welcome. I don't understand these things for my part; I only know they takes up a lot of room in the cupboard, and I'll be glad to see the last of 'em."

So out into the night they three went together. But when they had the rocket fired, Captain John was taken that poorly he had to come back and sit in the chair, and rub his thighs and his stomach. And when, sitting there, he heard the rocket go up, *whoosh!* he had to rub them the harder.

"It went off capital!" called the preacher, popping his head in at the door. "Can't us try another?" And now Captain John had to rub his eyes before turning to him. "Take the lot," he said, and pushed the whole bundle into the preacher's hands.

"Aw, if King George had a few more friends like you! Take the lot of 'em, loyal man!" He fairly thrust him out to door, and had to lean a hand there before he could follow, feeling weak all over to think of Collector Wearne and his men, and what their faces must be like, down in the Revenue cutter; but he had no time to taste the fun of it properly, for just then he heard Bessie Bussow's voice outside asking questions all of a screech. The first rocket had fetched her over hot-foot and agog, and the captain had to run out and stop her tongue, and send her home with Ann Geen. But they didn't go till the preacher had touched off every single rocket, stepping back as they went *whoosh! whoosh!* and waving his hat and crying, "God save the King!" "God save the King!" cried Captain John after him, and Bessie stood wondering if the end of the world had come, or the Master had gone clean out of his wits.

After the women had gone, he took the fellow back to the kitchen, and sat putting questions to him in a reverent sort of voice, and eying him as awesome as Billy Bennett when he hooked the mermale, until the poor creature talked himself sleepy, and asked to be shown to his room. Captain Carter saw him to bed, came downstairs to the parlour again, and spread himself on the sofa for forty winks.

He had been sleeping may be for two hours, when a whistle fetched him to his feet and out of the door like a scout. 'Twas nothing more nor less than the boys' arrival signal, and this was what had happened.

When the preacher's first rocket went off, the Collector, down on board the cutter, was taking his bit of supper in the cabin. At the sound of it he rushed up the companion, and found all his crew on deck with their necks cricked back, barring one man who that moment popped his head up through the fore-hatchway. "What on earth was that?" he asked. "A rocket, sir," said the chief boatman; "just sent up from Prussia Cove." Mr. Wearne couldn't find his breath for a moment; but when he did, 'twas to say, "Very well, John Carter. I've a-got you this time, my dandy! I don't quite understand how you come to be such a fool. But that rocket costs you a hundred pounds, and if I'm not mistaken I'll have your cargo 'pon top of it."

The breeze still blew pretty fresh, and he gave orders to stand out into the bay, get an offing, and keep a sharp look out as the moon rose. He knew that all Carter's ordinary craft, except the sea-boat, were quiet at anchor at Bessie's Cove; but he reckoned that the boat had gone out this time to meet and unload a stranger. He never dreamed she would be crossing all the way to Roscoff and back on her own account. He knew, too, that Carter had a "spot" near Mousehole to fall back upon when a landing at Prussia Cove couldn't be worked. So he stood out to put the cutter on a line commanding both places, which, with the soldi's wind then blowing, was easy enough; and as she pushed out her nose past Cuddan Point the whole sky began to bang with rockets.

This puzzled him fairly, as Carter knew it would. And it puzzled the Cove boys in the sea-boat as they lay on their oars about three miles from shore and discussed the first warning. But in one of the flashes Captain Harry Carter, who was commanding, spied the cutter's sails quite plain under the dark of the land, plain enough to see that she was running out free. He knew that he couldn't have been seen by her in the heave of the swell, for the sea-boat lay pretty low with her heavy cargo, and he'd given her a lick of grey paint at Roscoff by way of extra precaution. So, thought he, "A signal's a signal; but brother John doesn't know what I know. Let the cutter stand out as she's going, and we'll nip in round the tail of her. She can't follow into the cove, with her draught, even if she spies us; and by daybreak we'll have the best part of the cargo landed." And so he did, muffling oars and crossing over a mile to southward of the cutter, and after that way all! and pull for the cove.

The preacher at John Carter's, and Mrs. Geen at Bessie Bussow's, both awoke early next morning. But Mrs. Geen was first by a good hour, and what pulled the preacher out of bed was the sound of guns. He put his head out of window, and could hardly believe it was the peaceful place he'd come upon last evening. The beach

swarmed with men like enmets. Near up, by high-water mark, men were unloading a long boat for dear life—some passing kegs, others slinging them to horses, others running the horses up the cliff under his window. At first he thought it must be their tramping had woke him out of sleep, but the next moment *ban!* the room shook all about him, a cloud of smoke drifted up towards him from the Fins Point, and through it, while 'twas clearing, he saw John Carter and another man run to the battery and begin to load again, with Mrs. Geen behind them waving a rammer, and dancing like a paper-woman in a cyclone. Below the mouth of the cove to sea a boat-load of men pulling and backing with their heads ducked, their faces on a level with their shoulders and all turned back towards the battery, while a big red-faced man stood up in the stern-sheets shaking his fist and dancing almost as excitedly as Mrs. Geen. Still farther out, a fine cutter lay rocking on the swell, her boom swinging and sails shaking in the flat calm.

The preacher dragged on his clothes somehow, tore out of the house and down to the Point as fast as legs would carry him. "Wha—what's the meanin' of this?" he screeched, rushing up to Captain John, who was sighting one of his three little nine-pounders.

"Blest if I know," said the Captain. "We was a peaceable lot enough till you and Mrs. Geen came a-visitin'; but you two would play Hamlet's ghost with a Quaker meeting."

"It's my Phoby—they're after my Phoby!" screamed Mrs. Geen, and then she turned on the fellow behind Captain John; it was Hosking, once a man-of-war's man, and now supposed to be teaching her boy the carpentry trade. "This is what you bring en to, is it? You deceiver, you! You bare-faced villain! Look at the poor lamb up there loadin' the horses, and to think I bore and reared en for this! If you let one of they fellows lay hands on my Phoby I'll scratch out every eye in your head . . ."

"Stand by, Tim," says the captain quietly. "Drat the boat! If she keeps bobbiting about like that I shall hit her, sure 'nuff!" *Bang!* went the little gun, and kicked backwards clean over its carriage. The shot whizzed about six feet above the boat, and plunged into the heaving swell between it and the cutter. "Bit too near, that. I don't want to hurt Roger Wearne, though he *do* make such tempting, ugly faces."

"But what do they want? What are they after?" stuttered the preacher.

"They're after my Phoby!" cried Mrs. Geen.

"Not a bit of it," said Captain John good humouredly. "From all I can see it's the preacher here they want to collar."

"He!" screams the poor man—"me!"

"Well, if you *will* go lettin' off rockets. I dunno what it costs up to Walsall, or wherever you come from, but down in these parts 'tis a hundred pound or twelve calendar months."

The preacher turned white and began to shake all of a sudden like a leaf. "But I didn't mean—I had no idea—you don't intend to tell me," he stammered.

"Here, Tummells!" Captain John hailed a man who came running down to lend a hand with the guns. "Take the preacher here and fix him on one of the horses; sling a keg each side of him if he looks like tumbling off. Sorry to hurry you, sir," he explained; "but 'tis for your good. You must clear out of this before the officers get sight of your face, and I don't know how much longer I can frighten 'em off. It don't seem hospitable, I grant ee, but as a smuggler you're too enterprising for this little out-o'-the-way cove."

Tummells led the preacher away in too much of a daze to answer. He opened his mouth, but at that moment *bang!* went Hosking with another of the guns. By and bye Captain John let out a chuckle as he saw the poor man moving up the cliff track, swaying between two kegs and clutching at his horse's mane every time Tummells snacked the beast on the rump. The horse he rode was almost the last. By seven o'clock the boys had cleared the whole of their cargo, and still the preventive boat hung in the mouth of the cove, pulling and backing and waiting for the chance Captain John never allowed them.

You see, Captain Harry, having dodged in behind the cutter without being spied, had a pretty start with the unloading. When day broke, Mr. Wearne, finding no sea-boat or suspicious craft in sight, and allowing that there was no fear of another attempt before night all, had stood down again for Prussia Cove, meaning to send in a boat (for the cutter drew too much water) and have it out with Captain Carter about the rockets. You can fancy his face when he came abreast the entrance and found the boys working like a hive of bees. As for resistance, the King always swore he hadn't an idea of it till Mrs. Geen put it into his head. The battery was never intended for more than show. "She's a wonderful woman," he declared; but he had a monstrous respect for all the Lenals. "Blood in every one of 'em," he said.

But, of course, the fun wasn't finished yet. Soon after seven, and after the list of the cargo had been saved under their eyes, the preventive men drew off. By a quarter past eight Wearne had worked the cutter in as close as he dared, and then opened fire with his guns. The first shot struck the 'taty-patch' in front of Carter's house; the second plunked into the water not fifteen yards from the gun's muzzle. In the swell running she could make no practice at all, though she kept it up till mid-day. The boys behind the battery ran out and cheered whenever one flew extra wide, and this made Wearne mad. Will Richards, Tummells and Young Phoby Geen posted themselves in shelter behind the captain's house, and whenever a shot buried itself in the soft cliff one of them would run with a tubbal and dig it out.

At noon Wearne ceased firing, and sent off a boat towards Penzance. The Cove boys still held the battery; and the two parties had their duncers, lit their pipes and studied each other all the long afternoon. But towards five o'clock a riding company arrived to help the law, and opened a musket fire on the rear of the battery from the hedge at the top of the hill. The game was up now. The boys scattered and took shelter in Bessie Bussow's house, and Captain John, having hoisted a flag of truce, waited for Wearne and his boat with all the calmness in life.

"A pretty day's work this!" was the Collector's first word as he stepped ashore.

"Amusin' from first to last," agreed Captain John in his cordial way.



"The poor man moved up the cliff track, swinging between two keys and clutching at his horse's mane even time Timmulla smacked the beast on the rump."

Says the Collector slowly, "Well, tastes differ. You may be right, of course, but we'll begin at the beginning, and see how it works out. First, then, at 9.45 last night, you showed an unauthorised light for the purpose of cheating the revenue. Cost of that caper, one hundred pounds."

"Be you talkin' of the rockets?"

"'Course I be."

"Well, then, I didn't fire them, nor anyone belongin' to the cove. I didn't set anyone to fire them, and they weren't fired to warn anybody. More than that, I have proof they was sent up by a Methody preacher to relieve his feelins. You've known me too long, Roger Wearne, to think me fool enough to waste a whole future joy* over so simple a business as warnin' a boat."

"What are you tellin' me?"

"The truth, as I always do, and I advise you to believe it, or 'twon't be the first time you've seen too far into a brick wall."

Wearne knew well enough what Captain John meant. Just a year before he had paid a surprise visit to the cove, ferreted out a locked shed and asked to be shown what was inside. The King refused. "It held nothing," he said, "but provisions for his brother Henry's vessel." Of course Wearne couldn't believe this; a locked store in Prussia Cove was much too likely a thing. So first he argued, and then he broke the door open, and, sure enough, found innocent provisions inside just as he'd been promised. Next morning the shed was empty. "Didn't I warn 'ee," said John, "against breaking in that door and leaving my

property exposed. Now I'll have to make 'ee pay for it," and pay for it Wearne did.

"All I know," the captain went on, "is that a Methody preacher paid me a visit last night, with the objic (so far as I can make out, for things have been movin' so fast I hadn't time to question en as I wished) o' teachin' me what was due to King George. In pursuance o' which—it being His Majesty's birthday—he took and fired a dozen rockets I keep on the off-chance of wantin' one of these days to signal the Custom House at Penzance. I own 'twas a funny thing to do, but folks takes their patriotisn different. I daresay, now, you didn't even remember 'twas His Majesty's birthday."

Wearne tried a fresh tack. "We'll take that yarn later on," he said. "You can't deny a cargo was run this morning."

"We'll allow it for the moment. But that only proves that no boat was warned away."

"And when I sent a boat in to capture it, you deliberately opened fire; in other words, tried to murder me, His Majesty's representative."

"Tried to murder you? Look here." Captain John stepped to one of his still loaded guns and pointed it carefully at a plank floating out at the mouth of the cove—a plank knocked by the cutter's guns out of Uncle Bill Leggo's taty patch, and now drifting out to sea on the first of the ebb. He pointed the gun carefully, let fly, and knocked the bit of wood to splinters. "That's what I do when I try," he said. "Why bless 'ee, I was no more in earnest than you were!"

This made Wearne blush for his marksmanship. "But you'll have to prove that," he said.

"Why, damme," said John Carter, and fined himself another sixpence on the spot; "if you are so particular, get out there in 'twon't and I will!"

Well, the upshot was that after some palaver Wearne agreed to walk up to the captain's house and reckon the accounts between them. He had missed a pretty haul and been openly defied. On the other hand he hadn't a man hurt, and he knew the King's Government still owed John Carter for a lugger he had lent two years before to chase a French privateer lying off Ardevora. Carter had sent the lugger round at Wearne's particular request; she was short handed, and after a running fight of three or four hours the Frenchman put in a shot which sent her to the bottom and drowned fourteen hands. For this, as Wearne knew, he had never received proper compensation. I fancy the two came to an agreement to set one thing against another and call quits. At any rate, John was put to no further annoyance over that day's caper. As for the preacher, I'm told that no person in these parts ever set eyes on him again. And Ann Geen drove home that evening with her Phoby beside her. "I'm sorry to let 'ee go, my son," said John; "but 'twould never do for me to have your mother comin' over here too often. I've a great respect for all the Lemals; but on the female side they be too frolicsome for a steady-going trade like mine."

* *Leu de joie*



I was on my way to my wedding, and the train hung about on the run and then stopped dead. Well, out went my head through the window, and off went my hat. I had to get out for it, and at the same moment the wind bowled it tenderly down the embankment.



By the time I had got it and was back again the train had started and was well out of reach. I, however, made a tremendous effort to catch it, and, in doing so, came a regular piler over the wires.



I could not make any subsequent train stop for me, and was in despair at the prospect of being late.



The next train sped at it, you bet, and out came the guard and all the 'thirds' to pick up the would-be-suicide. They were awfully sick at being done, and went for me, thinking me a bit dangerous.



Then the guard shoved me into the big iron van. I collared my hat, but he held on to my coat and boots.



Well, when we got to town they actually called the police. They gave me chances of getting to church in time altogether, so I fed it out, and then ran me in.



I was taking a snooze in a prison blanket, when who should awaken me but my own Amelia and papa-in-law, so I was soon bailed out, and in time for the ceremony after all.

THAT WRETCHED HAT: OR, A WEDDING OVERTURE

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER

A BIT OF A COWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY BALLIOL SALMON

I

"READY for anything again, are you?"

Jim Carfax took the pipe out of his mouth and polished it quietly.

"I guess so, and I just want you to certify as much, doctor, then they'll send me up to the front again to see a bit more of the fun. I shall miss it all if you keep me hanging about here much longer."

"Then I'm not going to certify anything of the sort. You are going on all right, but if you go back to work you'll crumple up like a paper bag—"

"But, doctor—"

"And either come back here to die, or find your nerve has all gone and make a rotten coward of yourself away up there the first time you get in a tight corner."

"Think so?"

"Sure of it; so don't worry me any more. You've had a pretty stiff bout of enteric, and now you've got to have a pretty stiff bout of loafing. If I could get fever out of some of you as easy as I can bullets, I'd be thankful."

"It'll all be over before I get back if you keep me here much longer."

Surgeon Cade surveyed one boot thoughtfully for a moment.

"You think so, do you?—all right. Well, go and amuse yourself—look up any friends you've got in this heaven-forsaken country, and, I say, mind you're ready to go back when I do give you a clean bill of health. Ta-ta. I've wasted enough time over you."

Carfax strolled moodily back to his quarters. He had enlisted in the Yeomanry full of enthusiasm, to fight his country's foes, and, like many another, had found that his experience had not realised his expectations. By slow stages his troop had been taken up country without ever seeing a Boer, except for a few captives coming down to the coast, and when at length there came rumours of commandos concentrating in the neighbourhood of the little town where his company was quartered, he was struck down with enteric. So much for war and the excitement of battle

II.

"WELL, I do get letters anyway. That's more than some of those poor devils do up at the front." He settled



He settled himself down to examine the mail

himself down the next morning after breakfast for a quiet pipe and examination of the mail. "Natal postmark! Rummy! It can't be—yes, it is—Dickie Parsons. How the blazes did he know I was out here? What's he got to say?"

"Dear Jim,—So you've plunged in, have you? I spotted your name among the wreckage. There's only one James

Montmorency Carfax, is there? Enteric! Poor! I'm deuced sorry for you. I had my little whack at beggars at Ladysmith; now I'm back looking after 'biz,' which is going to be a fine thing. Why don't come here and recruit a bit? You won't be fit for anything for months, so pack up whatever you have, if you have anything—and if you haven't it doesn't matter a rap—come and spend Christmas with us. Us means Laura—remember Laura, don't you? She remembers you, any and yours truly,

Dickie.

"Waste a minute!" said Carfax, getting up and knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I won't waste a second, wonder whether I can get a wire through. Dickie Parsons (ripping good chap he always was)—and Laura." I pulled the letter out of his pocket and looked at one passage. "She remembers you." I bet she doesn't remember half as well as—I wonder what became of that Carruthers bouncer—well, I gave him a fair field once—I'll be hanged if I will again."

III

"WE are so glad you were able to come."

"And if you're feeling a bit chippy, as I bet you are, the air of Hlatamunye will soon buck you up a bit."

Carfax found himself shaking hands with Laura Parsons, and wondering how much she remembered of the old pleasant intimacy before "the Carruthers bouncer" cast a shadow over their intercourse. Then came a thirty miles drive through one of the richest districts of the garden colony, at the end of which, for the first time for many months, he found himself dining in comfort in an apparently English country home.

The two men sat alone finishing their cigars after dinner.

"You seem pretty comfortable," said Carfax at length.

"Yes, I've got pretty well all I want. It was a bit dull till Laura came out. It'll be a bit dull when she goes—"

"When she goes?" Carfax looked up quickly.

"Oh! she isn't going at present. She'll stay while you're here, anyway," and Parsons laughed, "but there

are no end of awfully decent chaps out here and jolly few girls, and Laura's a bit out of the common, and has no end of beggars running after her. See?"

"I suppose so," Carfax surveyed the end of his cigar thoughtfully.

"Not that I think she fancies any of 'em much. Not so much as her snakes, anyway."



We are so glad you were able to come



It was done in an instant

"Snakes!"

"Yes, she's awfully keen on snakes. Keeps them in jars all over the place. If you want to get on with her you ask her to show you the beasts."

"It's an odd taste, isn't it?"

"My dear chap, did you ever know a woman who hadn't an odd taste in some matter or other? Now you're going to bed, and to-morrow we'll show you round—snakes and everything."

IV.

"I suppose this is one of them. Venomous-looking little beast," Carfax, strolling round early the next morning, stopped and examined a glass jar standing alone on a table. "I wonder whether it's as dangerous as it looks. What would you say, pussy?" He lifted up a cat which had followed him in from the garden, and watched it sniff the glass confining the captive. "I wonder who'd score if it came to a tussle? I wouldn't give much for your life, puss, then." The snake, roused out of its apathy, began to make inimical overtures through the glass, to which pussy responded by dabbling at the jar. "Unless I'm jolly well mistaken, you're about as dangerous a customer as one could meet in the open. You haven't got a head that shape for nothing. Eh, pussy, what do you say? Ah, would you——!"

It was done in an instant. The cat, which had been crouching back, made a sudden dash at the jar, which overbalanced, and in a second the lithe little reptile was at large, and puss had slipped from the table like a flash. Carfax stood staring for an instant, then a cold sweat broke out over him.

He began to make stealthily for the door, but two wicked eyes and a very active toe lay between him and safety, while a sudden movement on the animal's part made him spring on to a divan like a girl frightened by a mouse. The snake then began a rapid tour of inspection, and the man watched it with fascinated eyes. Should he make a dash for the door? Not yet, he would wait until it was further away, until it wasn't looking, until his courage returned. Tired of its unsatisfactory perambulations, and attracted by a slight movement, the little animal came back.

Carfax dashed a chair at it, but the intended victim was quicker, and slipped aside, while the action made him trip on the unstable couch and lie panting and shaken, his last remnants of self-possession deserting him. A final instinct of preservation prompted him to get beneath a heavy plaid used as a covering when the house, being crowded, this couch became an impromptu bed, and this he tried to hold as a screen to interpose if the reptile should make a dart at his face. But it showed no disposition to do this for the moment. Rather it seemed to delight in tantalising its victim. Afraid to stir, Carfax watched it approach, felt it raise its head against the couch, and then work its way gently on to the covering. Unwilling to move his body for fear of irritating it, he drew a cushion over his head, while a sense of horror and a sickly terror kept him motionless and spell-bound.

"Mr. Parsons, I thought you were coming to look——" The door was quickly opened and he heard a light step and a sudden stop.



"Tried to hold it as a screen"

He longed to cry out and say "Don't come near," but his tongue refused to utter a word.

What followed the man felt rather than saw. The snake raised its head venomously, with its forked tongue playing. He heard a strained voice say "Don't move." There came a quick blow, and the animal lay impotently twisting itself into knots on the floor, while a rather shame-faced Jim Carfax rose and ground its head beneath the heel of his boot.

"Miss Parsons," — he waited a moment, then continued—"they wouldn't let me go back to the front. Do you know why? They said my nerve was gone, that I should make a rotten coward of myself, and disgrace the fellows if we got in any tight corner. They didn't know I should do it without going back, did they?"

The girl was trembling now, and it was a minute before she could speak.

"If it had hurt you I should never have forgiven myself. Dick said I ought to have had it killed."

"It was dangerous, then?"

"Yes, oh, yes, horribly."

"There's some comfort in that, but it doesn't make me less a coward. You've saved a coward's life, Miss Parsons." He gave the animal a vindictive kick to the corner of the room, then looked up and noted the tears in his rescuer's eyes.

"Why, you're as frightened now as I was then!"

"I shall never keep snakes any more! It might—it might—and it would have been my fault—oh, Jim!"

"Laura!" — he took one quick step to her—"aren't you ashamed of me?"

"I know you're not really a coward. Dick says lots of people have got the Victoria Cross for doing ever so much less than you did when that convoy was attacked."

"I thought you didn't care. I thought when that Carruthers came along that I was in the way."

"You might have asked."

He took her in his arms.

"I'll ask now," said Jim Carfax; but he knew from the glad way she yielded to him that he needed no answer.

F. F.



"The snake raised its head venomously"



"I'll ask now, said Jim Carfax"



"Ahumathen had set up the pink silk doll as driver of the wooden horse and cart, and was pulling the equipment up and down the ward with a string, while all the patients, most of whom were forbidden to sit up, were squatted contentedly like monkeys, at the foot of the beds, admiring him."

AHUMATHEN

By ROMA WHITE. Illustrated by SYDNEY P. HALL

Of course, even if the Miss Sahib had fancies that were wholly inexplicable, it was the duty of the ward boys to carry them out. So Ahumathen trundled into the verandah the wooden cases that served for bedside tables, and scrubbed them solemnly in the sunlight, though he shook his head the while over the lavish waste of soap. Inside the temporary hospital on the coal wharf the Miss Sahib was engaged in an equally lavish waste of milk; for what was the use of pouring it down the throats of the brown babies when the only result was to make them instantly and deadly sick?

She was very bold, was this Miss Sahib in the white cap and dress, and when she wanted medicine had actually been known to interrupt the hospital assistant at his prayers. Moreover, she had interfered with vigorous British hands when poor delirious Damodahr had tried to run away, and had led him resolutely back through the gateway without a gate and the doorway without a door, and established him once more under his bed-coverings. She seemed, also, to have some occult power by which she knew when the orderly on night-duty had fallen asleep; and though the delinquent could not understand her torrent of English, he fully comprehended the indignant scorn that her wakeful eyes expressed.

So Ahumathen slowly and patiently scrubbed every speck of dirt off the packing cases, and set them out to smoke themselves dry in the sun. Then he went back into the white, bare ward, where the plague patients dozed restlessly on the tops of the small iron bedsteads, and various suspicious relatives slumbered more peacefully underneath them.

Sister Burton, used to regulation visiting hours and all the other routine of a large London hospital, had been a little scandalised at first, when, in addition to a plague-stricken father, she was expected to receive an affectionate and conversational crowd of sons, brothers, uncles, and nephews, one of whom, at least, expected to be allowed to take up permanent quarters underneath his relative's bed. She had asked the English doctor, in puzzled tones, if the committee allowed it, and the doctor had told her to make the best of the proceeding.

"Poor fellows!" he said, "Yellow Maria terrified them out of their senses. That is why we promised admission to the relatives, and instituted the little light ambulances."

"Who is Yellow Maria?"

The doctor laughed as he stuck his thermometer into a resentful

brown mouth, and broke off to assure the indignant recipient, in Hindustani, that no witchcraft was intended. Then, with a watchful eye on the tip of the small glass tube, he answered the question:

"Yellow Maria was our name for the original conveyance in which a plague case was forcibly removed from home. The natives regarded it much as a Nihilist regards a police summons in the middle of the night. You know the report that got about among them?"

"What was that?"

"That the Great White Queen, as they call her, had ordered a thousand human livers to be delivered to her in punishment for the crazy action of a crazy Mahometan, who had hung one of her statues within elegant wreath of old shoes. Yellow Maria was supposed to be used to convey the victims to execution. Queer, wasn't it?"

It was so queer that Sister Burton gasped, and said nothing. The doctor removed the thermometer from his patient's mouth, and held it up to read its registration.

"A hundred and three! I believe their temperature goes up with

sheer fright! Unless they juggle it up! I knew a conjuror once, when I was a hospital student, who always did! Used to make it register 109 deg. just to pass the time for us."

He gave some directions, and finished his round, pausing, at the last, between the two cribs where a little brother and sister lay.

"Hullo! I forgot! I've got some toys for these babies. Hi, orderly! Reach me that parcel."

Ahumathen brought the parcel, and stood in rapt delight as the doctor unrolled it, and produced a wooden horse and cart, and a doll in a pink silk dress. Sister Burton's eyes followed the donor with approbation as he marched briskly off across the compound.

By and bye she went to her own quarters, shared with a youthful and slow-witted Eurasian "sister," and slept through her off-duty hours as soundly as the old black ayah would let her. The ayah did not understand people going to bed in the middle of the day, and woke her at intervals with a flow of Hindustani and many gesticulations. When she grasped the fact that "Sistare" intended to sleep despite interruption, she asserted her sense of the seemliness of things by carefully removing all the bath-paraphernalia that the English girl had set out for use at an hour which etiquette forbade the old Hindu lady to countenance.

Sister Burton never went back to that queer, doorless ward on the coal-wharf without wondering if any catastrophe had occurred during her absence. To-night, however, everything was quiet and cheerful; and an air of gaiety and abandonment was suffused by Ahumathen, who had set up the pink silk doll as driver of the wooden horse and cart, and was pulling the equipage up and down the ward with a string, while all the patients, most of whom were forbidden to sit up, were squatted contentedly like monkeys at the foot of the beds, admiring him.

He greeted the Miss Sahib with a beaming smile, and followed her round as she administered food and medicine. Those who were better he congratulated with a proud sense of his own share in their revival, while over those who were worse he solemnly wagged his head. Sister Burton glanced at him sometimes under her eyelids, and contrasted his aspect with that of a St. Peter's probationer. Certainly it was odd to be assisted on night-duty by a long-legged brown individual in very short tight white knickerbockers and shirt, with a fomentation wringer draped elegantly round his shoulders.

Meanwhile Ahumathen, who had a wife and five children in Cawnpore, was in the delicious throes of a first romance. "Sistare" or "Sahib," or "Missy Sahib," as he indiscriminately termed her, had risen upon his horizon with bewildering effect. He was prepared to go through fire and water for her, and whenever he looked at her pretty pink cheeks and pleasant brown eyes, refrained with difficulty from plunging down on his hands and knees and kissing her toes. He had done it once or twice, but she had only laughed good-humouredly, nodded and held up her finger as if to remind him that he must not waste his time in futile embraces of her broad-toed utilitarian boots.

Sister Burton liked Ahumathen, and was amused and pleased by his evident devotion. But she had not the most remote comprehension of his character, therefore her amusement was only increased by a few degrees when she suddenly perceived that he was jealous of the hospital assistant.

The hospital-assistant was an Eurasian. He spoke queer clipped English, and spent a great deal of his time over his toilet. Also, he scented his pocket-handkerchiefs, openly removed Sister Burton's pots of flowers to his own verandah, and carried about his clothes in an Army and Navy Stores portmanteau. Among the clothes was a brilliant pair of silk socks, striped with as many colours as a bird of paradise, and of these socks he was as proud as Ahumathen was envious. The orderly possessed no socks at all, let alone striped ones, and he regarded them jealously in the light of passports to the Miss Sahib's consideration. So his sleepy brown eyes glowed and darkened with anger when one day he observed that her glance was bent, with astonished interest, upon the gorgeous apparition of the hospital assistant's legs.

"I say," said the doctor, who noticed most things, "that orderly of yours does not love the scented gentleman over the way."

He nodded towards the dispensary, where the hospital assistant was bottling medicines.

"No more do I," proclaimed Sister Burton. He is a selfish, lazy, conceited man!"

She was emphatic sometimes, and her ideals were still the ideals of the West.

"He keeps his bearer pulling a punkah the whole night, and he steals my flowers," she went on, holding up a glass to the light in search of stray specks of coal-dust.

"Don't you keep anybody awake to pull a punkah, then?" asked the doctor.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I—I couldn't."

"Why couldn't you?"

She laughed, and reddened a little. "I'm not used to it. I couldn't sleep for wondering to what extent his arms were aching. Besides, it makes me seasick."

"I see now," observed the doctor quaintly, "how it is that you have inspired your ward-boy with so much devotion."

"He is deliciously odd, isn't he?" said Sister Burton. "I wish I could say something to him beyond 'Salaam.'"

"He is odd. But they all are. Do you feel as if you understood them?"

"Not a bit."

"No more does anybody—any Western I mean. We can't tell what may be in their minds. For instance, I daresay we should both open our eyes if we knew what your interesting ward-boy, festooned in the fomentation wringer, was thinking now."

Sister Burton agreed; but she did not guess the width to which the opening process would have been carried. For Ahumathen was thinking that it would be pleasant to kill the hospital assistant were it not for the absurd law that could step in and execute his slayer afterwards.

His jealousy was not altogether without foundation, for the hospital assistant was fully persuaded that Sister Burton was duly

impressed with his English, his scents, his portmanteau, and his socks. Moreover, he liked to give commands to the ward-boys with what he flattered himself was the manner and voice of a magnificent British general in a gold-laced coat. To be ordered about in this contemptuous fashion under the very eyes of the Miss Sahib filled Ahumathen with frenzy and despair.

Now the coal-wharf, devoid of all vegetation but that of Sister Burton's pots of ferns and flowers, was not exactly the place where you would expect to encounter jungle snakes. And, consequently, when a certain small wriggling serpent, with sufficient poison stored far back in its wicked little jaws to kill two or three strong men, was conveyed into the Sister's quarters in a box of dresses and caps, it naturally, in its loneliness, crept about the verandah in search of companionship and long grass. The box belonged to a new nurse, sent down from a country hospital to take the place of the Eurasian girl; and the little snake had slept, coiled up in the traveller's best bonnet, for a couple of days. When she opened the box, and left it for a time half unpacked, the creature hooped itself out over the side, fell, with a little slap, on to the matting, and made off, in a series of arcs, for fresh woods and pastures new.

The only thing on the coal-wharf that inspired it with any sense of familiarity or friendship was a beautiful, new, large pot of maiden-hair fern, which the doctor had sent to the hospital that morning, and on which the hospital assistant had already cast a covetous eye. Into the verdant fluff of the fronds went the snake with barely a rustle, and hid all its treachery, its cruelty, and its power among the greenery, as the first serpent hid them in Eden's tree.

Now it so chanced that Ahumathen came along, by-and-bye, with the Miss Sahib's lamp, and set it down on the table in the verandah. Then he stepped forward to admire and inspect the new pot of maiden-hair fern. His sleepy eyes were keener than they appeared to be, and, as they rested on the filmy foliage, the pupils suddenly dilated and then contracted again with the look of a hunter, his lips twitched back a little, and he swung stealthily and joyously round to pick out a sharp-pointed stick from among the firewood.

As he swung round, the hospital assistant appeared at the corner of the verandah, cupidity in his glance; and Ahumathen paused. Then he slid back like a shadow into the room behind the verandah, and waited.

The hospital assistant called out to him in his best British-general tone.

"Hi, orderly!"

Ahumathen salaamed.

"This fern will scorch here in the hot sun! Tell the Sistare I've taken it across to the dispensary."

Ahumathen salaamed again. And the hospital assistant picked up the fern-pot in his greasy hands and carried it off.

Across the compound he went, and the orderly's eyes were glued to his retreating back. When, unhurt, he set the fern-pot down in his own verandah Ahumathen gasped, scratched his head, and wondered what in the world he had better do now.

While he was wondering Sister Burton came out of the ward opposite, and the first object upon which her alert glance fell was her new fern, set up as the principal ornament of the hospital assistant's verandah.

She was, as I have already said, a person of Western resolution. She took a few steps, made an indignant comment, and the next thing that Ahumathen realised was that the Miss Sahib had lifted the heavy pot in her arms and was carrying it back again.

"Doctor, doctor, cannot the poor boy be saved?" cried Sister Burton desperately, the tears starting from her eyes as she sat on the ground in the coal dust and held Ahumathen's head on her lap. "Cannot you do anything for him? He did it to save me!"

"Bring the ammonia, and some brandy, quick!" said the doctor sharply to the hospital assistant, who stood by, gasping and scratching his head.

The hospital assistant plunged off, and the doctor kicked aside a small dead brown snake, and bent once more over Ahumathen.

"How did it happen?" he asked, briefly.

"I can hardly tell. I was carrying the fern-pot and saw nothing. All at once he—poor boy, was by me—in a sort of bound. He crammed down both hands over the pot—quite bare they were—and held them, and screamed something that I didn't understand. It dropped and broke, and the little snake fell out, and he killed it. And then I saw his hand."

The doctor saw his hand too. The swelling had reached the shoulder, and the fingers were red with blood. The hospital assistant came back with the brandy, and they all tried hard to make Ahumathen drunk. But he remained sober, glancing from face to face with terrified eyes.

"We had better carry him inside," said the doctor presently. "He will be more comfortable."

"Is there—any hope?" gasped Sister Burton, trying not to disgrace her profession by bursting into sobs.

"I don't think so. But I will do my best for him."

Half an hour afterwards Ahumathen, restless, fever-stricken and agonised, murmured a request.

"What does he say—what does he want?" asked the Sister. "Anything I can do?"

The doctor lifted his face with a queer look.

"He says he has savings in the blue pot in his quarters. And he wants to buy the hospital assistant's striped socks."

"What for?" Sister Burton's eyes were wide with amazement.

"To die in," replied the doctor. "Let him have them."

The hospital assistant was in the plague-ward, whither Sister Burton pursued him. He was inclined to rebel, but she had her way in the end, and Ahumathen struggled up on one elbow to admire his toes in their new magnificence.

"Allah!" he murmured, "Allah! But they are beautiful indeed."

And he smiled with gratification up into Sister Burton's eyes as he died.

JOIE-DE-LOUP: THE STORY OF A CARAVAN

By MAX PEMBERTON

THE men came for Père Galillée almost as soon as the sun was up, and Joie-de-Loup, quaking upon a bed of straw, heard question and answer and all their angry argument. Others, too, came from neighbouring caravans and stood half-dressed about the father of the acrobats. La Souris was there, and Margot in a shawl of tinsel, and Pantalone in boots and breeches, and Lulu, so clever upon the tight-wire; and all together, in sacks and rags, and even in their gold and spangles, they implored pity for Père Galillée.

"What has he done, Monsieur, that you treat him thus?"

"Is not the land free that any man may use it?"

"Twenty years, I remember, we have pitched a tent on this field and none denied us. What new law drives poor people out?"

"He is here, Père Galillée; and all the world knows he is an honest man. What does the law want with him, Monsieur?"

"To the devil with the justice which takes the bread out of an old man's mouth. I am old and he is young, sergeant. Take me, if you please."

But Detolda, who mimicked the bass at the opera when the cabaret permitted him to mimic anyone at all, cried angrily.

"I go to the President, Monsieur. I appeal to the justice of my countryman!"

There were two sergents-de-ville by Père Galillée's caravan, and they laughed good-humouredly at the angry singer.

"Let the President know that you are coming, and he will send you some soap, friend. You others go away while you can. We do not want caravans at Vincennes. We have enough wild beasts already."

They turned to Père Galillée and asked if he were ready. It had begun to snow, and the open fields of St. Gervais were white and wet already in the morning sun. Joie-de-Loup, shivering with cold, could remember no parallel to this in all the six years he had followed Père Galillée and learned to call him father. True, he was but ten years old, and "ten years old" is little given to deduction. Joie-de-Loup, fearing that the men were about to take Père Galillée to some distant country, but more especially discerning in their silver lace and other insignia the badges of that "law" which the caravan named a terror, lay low in his bed of straw and covered his ears with the crisp blades. It was better not to see, he said; he could remember a very distant day when night and a gentle hand were the end of all things, of joy and tears and trouble. But that was long ago. It was rare now for him to recall it, and the faces of the distant years were forgotten.

The sergents-de-ville took Père Galillée to the Bureau of Police, and old Nanette went with him, limping up on her crutches. "We have starved together and slaved together, and now we will go to prison together," said she. The grave courtesy of the gendarmes, their profound assistance alike she despised. "I am old and I am lame, but I can walk as fast as a sergeant-de-ville, and more uprightly," said she, and with other sharp witticisms provoked the officers. La Souris, however, wept bitterly, and Margot, in her shawl of tinsel, asked vainly what everyone thought of Paris now. It remained for Detolda, the bass, to console them; and this he did with the promise of a triumph at the opera and an interview with the President—all to be speedily accomplished after a visit to the dram-shop.

Joie-de-Loup crept out of his hiding-place when a neighbouring clock was striking eleven; and according to his habit he began to turn somersaults and to walk to and fro upon his hands, practising those exercises which won him bread from the shabby circus. He was very hungry, but someone, he said, would give him breakfast presently. The waste ground beyond the Boulevard Davoust, where the caravans were halted, looked almost picturesque in its mantle of crisp snow and its border of whitened trees. Paris herself, that city which had been the jugglers' Mecca for so many weeks of promise, lay beyond the barrier, a medley of spires and roofs and towering buildings and looming snow-grey sky. Hither, from Boissy, had Père Galillée driven last night to reap the Christmas harvest at the feasting city's gate. "We shall fill our pockets there, my children," said he, "and then for the hills and the sunshine. Let each one do his best that Paris may applaud him. It is cold here—my own Bayonne is far away, but we shall return as the swallow to the South; we shall return and our hearts will be light."

The jugglers believed him, and their hearts were light as he lade them to be. Even Pantalone, mimic most melancholy, was heard to say that they buried you for nothing if you died of starvation in Paris. La Souris furnished up her spangles and talked sagely of rich Americans and other guileless travellers. Detolda sang all day in a strident voice which passion and absinthe reduced at eventide to the echo of a whisper. It remained for Joie-de-Loup to stand apart and ask what this Paris might mean to him, this city of all the fables, this goal of a jongleur's life. More bread, perhaps, and yet more work? A bed to sleep in sometimes, if it were but a bed of rags. And other children to see, and houses to peep into, and shops to stand before—and, it might be, a little kindness if the booth were filled. Ah, these dreams, that a sergeant-de-ville should destroy them so utterly with a harsh word and a sheet of paper! Père Galillée was in prison next morning, and the troupe was scattered as chaff to the wind.

The child was not sure of it at first when he quitted his bed and went from caravan to caravan, a beggar of bread and the tidings. Detolda also had gone away—to the tavern as usual—and La Souris' tears were dried up. Indeed, that bewitching *scrovetta* was determined already to offer her services to the Café de la Gloire in the Rue de Belleville, and began to trim a hat for that very purpose. A few of the clowns and the stable boys loitered about the smaller caravans, but indolently, as those who lacked a master. The half-starved horses, of whom none thought, came readily to Joie-de-Loup's call and rubbed their noses in his cold hand. They seemed to say, "We understand; we, too, are forgotten." Everywhere the débacle was supreme, so that even the great tent remained unpacked and old Galillée's tiger had been denied the sunlight.

Roma White





...The new came for Pere Galillee almost as soon as the sun was up, and Joie-de-Loup, others, too, came from neighbouring caravans, and stood half-dressed about the father of the tight-rope; and all together, in socks and rags, and even in their gold and spangles, they quaking upon a bed of straw, heard, heart question and answer and all their angry argument. | in robes. La Souris was there, and Margot in a shawl of tinsel, and Lulu, so clever upon | the tight-rope; and all together, in socks and rags, and even in their gold and spangles, they quaking upon a bed of straw, heard, heart question and answer and all their angry argument.

ILLUSTRATING MAN PEMBERTON'S STORY. "JOIE-DE-LOUP." DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE

Joie-de-Loup went from group to group asking such questions as a child will and receiving such answers as impudence dictates. La Souris, anxious to finish a hat which would capsize the pupressario of the neighbouring cafe, sent him about his business sharply, and all that the spangled angel condescended to say left him but little water in the cup. "I don't know and I don't care!" exclaimed the bewitching one, peevishly; "he may come to-day and he may come to-morrow, and he may never come at all; and whether he comes or stays it's all the same to me. I'm sick of your Pere Galillee and your 'houph-la' and all the rest of it with two dozen in the front benches, and I'm going to be a lady. Now you run off about your business and don't try my temper—for the good God knows what I won't do when I'm provoked."

Joie-de-Loup ran off, for La Souris had a heavy hand; and finding old Pantaloon with a glass of beer and a roll of bread, he asked where Mother Nanette had gone and what kept the father of the circus. To which the melancholy pantaloon replied that the law was as uncertain as life itself, and that all things and all men must ultimately perish—"wherefore," he asked, "why laugh when the end is sure?" To which he added the clear explanation that time would tell, and that nothing was real, as witness Detolda, who declared himself in his lull to be a troubadour, while in reality he was nothing but a wine-vat. "You say you are hungry, my child," he very well thought that you have eaten, and when forty, fifty years have passed you will not care whether you starved or ate to-day. I know, and I am an old man. The world kicks me, but the stage teaches me where to put the pads on."

He ate the last crust with the words and drained the bottle to the dregs. Joie-de-Loup, watching him with hungry eyes, and appraising no philosophy except that of hot coffee and good bread, went on to the others and began to speak again of Pere Galillee and of old Mother Nanette, who had forgotten his breakfast. The men heard him sympathetically, but their own wallets were empty and they did not know when they would eat again. "Go and turn somersaults for the people of Paris, and you will get sous," they said; "you are clever, Joie-de-Loup, and you may feed us all. Why do you idle about here when we are hungry?"

The more brutal among them drove him out with straps, and he, understanding little of it all except that he was hungry and that old Nanette had forgotten him, went out toward the barrier and entered the great city, there to throw a childish glove to fortune. It was midday by this time, upon the Eve of Christmas, and the barrier was blocked by the carts of those who carried their goods to the greater markets. Such a press of people Joie-de-Loup had never seen before. The heaped-up vegetables, the sacks of flour, the poultry, the eggs upon the carts would feed all the peoples of the earth, he thought. And he who was so small, who needed so little, went

starving in the midst of such a harvest. Joie-de-Loup could not make anything of that. Hard as the life of the show had been, it always gave him bread. But these passers-by, they did not seem to know that he lived.

He pushed his way into the throng and began to cry as he had been taught. "I am Joie-de-Loup, the friend of Columbine," and after that he did the tricks he had been taught, turning somersaults upon his hands or walking upon them, or bending his body in strange contortions. But none heeded him; none threw a sou, while many cursed him, and a burly farmer son him headlong with a kick. Joie-de-Loup began to think that Pere Galillee was right after all when he had said, "It is I who give you bread; without me you are sheep for the shearing, children of the bars, starvelings!"

Had Pere Galillee been here, all would be well, he imagined. The people listened to him and threw sous; but Joie-de-Loup they would not listen to; and they drove him out with blows, while a sergeant-de-ville, who crossed the road with cane uplifted, sent the lad flying at all the speed of his little legs toward the Place de la Republique and the heart of Paris.

He was very hungry; but the chase warmed him, and the sights he saw contributed to a child's wonder and delight. For nearly six years now he had been the servant of Galillee and the circus. Hours of freedom he had not known nor days of liberty. It is true that the Eve of Christmas always found the caravans at the gate of Paris; but hitherto the little acrobat had been left behind at Neuilly or Boissy St. Leger, or in some neighbouring hamlet. His triumphs were reserved for the village fetes in the smaller towns, or the courtyards of the wayside hostleries. "Paris is for the great artists," old Pere Galillee had said; "some day, my child, you shall have Paris at your feet; but not yet—not yet." If La Souris and Margot and the melancholy Pantaloon laughed aside when these lofty sentiments were uttered, Joie-de-Loup understood none of them. For him, the father of the troupe was lord and king, infallible, all-wise. There had been, he knew, years of his life which Pere Galillee had not guided. He wondered sometimes how he found bread in those days; nor could memory help him to understand how he managed to live until he fell in with the caravan. Indeed, his mind played strange tricks with him, so that there were epochs in his life which he remembered very clearly and others which were entirely forgotten. And he always worked backward in his recollections from these great days, when his cleverness won so much applause, to less glorious hours, when he was little more than the scullion of the troupe, the back for every rod, the ear for every oath. From such lesser hours, still working backward, he could recall one unforgettable night, which he thought must surely have been the first in all his life. For in this picture of the past, his brain showed him a dark road and a wood

behind it, and a fire whose edging light shone red amid the trees. He heard again the laughter of women in the wood, the deep voices of men, the baying of a watch-dog. He stood at the roadside, and oddly dressed figures came out of ghostly caravans, while a young girl stooped to kiss his forehead. And then oblivion. The mind carried him on that backward path no further. All else was blurred in the mists of a past greatly remote. If there were nights when he beheld another figure in his sleep, he could neither focus nor name it. And yet its presence haunted him, and he welcomed it, though whence it came he knew not, and memory would not tell. Often in the years of the nomad's life the striving mind would ask of those about him if a woman had brought him to the wood; but they answered that he had come alone, a waif gathered by the roadside. And Pere Galillee would tell no more. He discouraged such talk.

Joie-de-Loup asked these questions again while his fleeting steps carried him yet further into the enveloping city. The noisy waggon, the calfs driven headlong, the soldiers at their drill, the shops dressed for the fete, made for him a wonder-picture surpassing all imagination. Here were countless people and they were richer than Pere Galillee. That was a fact with which his mind could not grapple. If these wealthy folk coming out of the splendid houses could set up shops and drive such carriages, surely they could spare a little loaf for Joie-de-Loup. Very hungry by this time, and craving for food, he stood before a baker's shop and feasted his eyes upon the well-browned bread. With such a loaf as that one at which he pointed a child's finger; with such a loaf and a draught of milk—it might be hot milk, Joie-de-Loup said—he would ask for nothing more until evening came and Mother Nanette returned to prepare his supper. Ah, that was the puzzle of it, that Madame Nanette should have forgotten Joie-de-Loup! Sometimes in his walk, he asked himself if he would ever see any of the circus people again. It began to be plain to him, he knew not by what argument of circumstance, that another link in the chain of his life had snapped that morning. He would not have admitted so much to anyone, for a miracle alone, he thought, could separate him from Pere Galillee. But as he followed the busy boulevard—on, he cared not whither—the old pages were being blotted out one by one, the old habits forgotten so quickly, that at last in a great square, unlike anything the pilgrimage had shown him, Joie-de-Loup ceased to run, and knew that once in his life, at least, he had stood on that very spot before.

It was the Place de la Republique, in the busy hour of the day; and it reflected all the Christmas activity that Paris can show. There were many soldiers marching in and out of the great barracks at the corner of the Rue de la Douane; while groups of impatient pedestrians found shelter beneath the porticos of shops and theatres. Blinding flakes were whirled by the wintry blast,

but Joie-de-Loup stood unconscious of them. For him the picture was entrancing beyond any in his memory. Just to behold the whirling life, to hear the trumpets, to see the cabmen crack their whips—surely anyone might come to Paris for that alone. And the arc-lamps glowing in the looming mists, the hurrying throngs, the shops, the houses! Joie-de-Loup could have seen nothing like it, and yet standing at the cross-roads in a maze of doubt and wonder, he knew that there had been a day far back in the years when that very square typified a city for him, and he had clung to an outstretched hand which led him hither and thither among the carriages and the people. The truth afflicted him. He awoke as from a spell, and darting beneath the horses' heads, now running, now stopping, now saying that surely he would never see Pere Galillee again, he reached the Rue de Turbigo and left that whirlpool of life behind him.

The memory of children is unstable and capricious; it takes and leaves apparently at hazard; safeguarding this scene to reject that; giving import to things of no importance; allowing to be forgotten, throwing back, no oblivion the scenes that the years would gladly recall. Joie-de-Loup knew that he had crossed the Place de la Republique many times in a remote life. He knew that this very Rue de Turbigo, down which he went with timid steps, had played some part in a forgotten day; and yet he could add nothing to the bare recognition. All that he did henceforth was done upon an impulse. The shops, the cafes, the distant view of an open space, and a church which dominated it, hurried him onward as to some sure haven. Knowing little of the wonder which his mind wrought, he began to see at length that impulse carried him, not to any shop or house, but to the church itself, whose arches his brain was rebuilding, the figures in whose windows he thought that he could fill in. No longer irresolute, directed as by an unseen hand, Joie-de-Loup crossed the busy street and entered the church of St. Eustache.

It was the Eve of Christmas and many had gathered for the afternoon service in that edifice which fashion and the Opera Bouffe alike had learned to patronise. Here, cheek by jowl with chorus-girls, were great dames from the West; the Faubourg St. Germain rubbing shoulders with the Boulevard St. Martin, and both the victims of the clacking *cachet*'s tongue without. Women whose sables had cost eight hundred pounds condescended to kneel side by side with the work-girls whose clothes were far from being worth eight hundred sous. When Joie-de-Loup entered the church the high altar was ablaze with lights, and all the pomp and splendour of a gorgeous ritual helped him to awe. Golden-robed priests moved majestically in that splendid sanctuary. Clouds of sweet-smelling incense floated upward to the angels above the choir. He heard entrancing music—those voices which yesterday had won applause from the galleries of the theatre—he beheld the twinkling lamps, the gated chapels, the pictured mysteries, the

kneeling worshippers. And this scene he knew, this, beyond all memory gave back to him. How often had he come to this very place in the years of the forgotten life; how often had he come here before fate drove him out to the woods and the reddening fire and the nomad's caravan. It might even be that he had gone from this very door straight to Mother Nanette and the silver spangles. And yet he did not think so. The figure of the dream intervened between him and the truth; he knew not how.

He had entered the church at a venture, awed by a pompous beadle who waved a wand as though he were about to do a conjuring trick. While obsequious officials showed the great dames to their chairs, none came forward to welcome Joie-de-Loup or to offer him their sanctimonious hospitality. Perchance, had he been less sure of his goal, the portly beadle would have made a capture and Joie-de-Loup been sent to the snows again. But instinct led him now with unyielding hand. Regardless of the whispered reproof, the quick steps behind him, the turning heads, he halted not in nave or aisle; but, passing down the whole length of the church, he entered that chapel by the choir to which the figure beckoned him, and kneeling there he uttered a name which had not passed his lips for six long years.

"Susanne!" he cried, so loudly that many turned to stare at him, "where is Susanne?"

A woman rose at the words and stood for a little while holding to the rail of the chair before her. Beadles, consulting in whispers at the chapel gate, advanced together to lead Joie-de-Loup away; but the woman was before them; and without a cry or a word she thrust her hand into that of the child and hurried from the church. Joie-de-Loup knew not why he went with her, or how it was that she wished to take him from the warmth and the light; but impulse said, "Go," and his feet did not refuse him. In the street, where the snow fell and the carriages were waiting and the great throngs hurried on, the woman stooped to cover the child with her furs and to draw him closer to her.

"René!" she cried at last. "Oh, my God! it is René!"

He did not answer her, but waited as one awakened from a trance of sleep, while her footmen called the carriage and set him upon the soft cushions and wrapped warm rugs about him. "Ten years old" had no brain for this, nor could he reason with it. All that was happening to him, the journey, the soft words, the warmth, the tenderness, all these things were the gift of the angels floating on the clouds of incense in the church he had left. And yet the figure was real. He had seen it so often, had asked for it so many days. And now it was there beside him, he could see the tears in the woman's eyes, could feel her soft hand in his own—her lips pressed to his as though never would they release them. She ceased not to call him "René—my child, my darling!"

Joie-de-Loup, silent for many minutes, turned to her at last and answered—"Mother!" And in that word the missing years were given back to him; and he knew that he lived in the days before the wood.

Old Père Galillée, his hat full of crowns, made a great feast that night, and ministered generously to the children who had mourned him.

"Let us eat and drink," said he, "for a great artist is given back to the world."

Robert Barr

THE PROBATION OF BUCKLES' GHOST

By ROBERT BARR

BUCKLES' first sensation was a feeling of extreme annoyance with the nurse. She had been paid to attend him in his illness, and here she sat by the head of the bed sound asleep, not to be wakened by his groans when he knew he was in his death agony. All his life Buckles had been a man who, like the centurion of Scripture, commanded and met with prompt obedience. The somnolent conduct of the nurse was, therefore, the more exasperating. Meanwhile, the young woman slumbered in great peacefulness, entirely unaware that her patient was dead and his invisible ghost was jabbering ineffectually at her. Buckles knew he was dead even while partly hoping that he was a victim of some grotesque nightmare. The world into which he had been so suddenly ushered was in no respect different from the one he had left. This was not in accordance with the beliefs he had held during life. Here he was, still in his own room, surrounded by his accustomed furniture, and, luxurious as were its fittings, still it did not correspond with his preconceptions of Paradise, or with his gloomy anticipation of the opposite should Providence have condemned him to a fate so unmerited.

Although he speedily found by experiment that he could have no influence upon his surroundings, yet they were all perfectly visible to him, and he came to the conclusion that, after all, death was not an event to be dreaded, for his entire freedom from any suggestion of the bodily ills from which he had so long suffered, gave him a strange elation of spirit that was as welcome as unexpected.

His first annoyance with the nurse passed away when he found he could give no effect to it. By and by the gray light of morning began to compete with the waning candles. The nurse yawned and stretched her tired arms above her head. She was scarcely awake when the door opened gently, and a woman somewhat past middle life entered the room soft-footed.

"How has my husband passed the night?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, beautifully!" replied the nurse. "He has been sleeping peacefully since twelve o'clock."

The lady approached the bed, and the ghost would have held its breath, if ghosts breathed, so eagerly did he await her action on making the grim discovery that was imminent. Mistress Buckles was a woman in whom all outward signs of emotion had for years been suppressed by the dominance of her husband. He was a man

not to be questioned, and this fact had been inculcated on the lady early in their married life. Buckles had had a contempt for feminine opinion, especially that of his own wife, and in later years he had become, as one might say, more unbearable to live with, because the great business prosperity which at first crowned his efforts had not continued. This lack of success had added a querulousness to his nature, without, however, bringing about the compensating subtraction from his masterfulness.

Mrs. Buckles gazed for a moment at her husband's body, then threw open the blinds. The nurse, starting to her feet, gave a little cry of amazement, and said, "I will run at once for the doctor."

"It is useless," replied the lady, with more composure than the ghost thought justified by the circumstances, "my husband has been dead for some hours."

Buckles' ghost wandered about the city to which its body had so long been accustomed. Some inherent dislike to the solemn ceremonies of the funeral kept him away from his former home until events had settled themselves in their new course. He moped around his old place of business when, at last, it was re-opened and the announcement taken down from the door that informed customers of his decease. But there was no pleasure in such lingering, for he saw, without being able to amend or censure, the neglect of duty on the part of those once in his employ, now that the master's eye had been withdrawn. The sadness which he had expected would somehow fall upon all connected with him when the last tragic event had taken place, seemed to him remarkable for its absence.

Even Drummond, his confidential man of business, the manager of the concern that had once been important, and the only person whose advice Buckles had regarded during life, moved about the place with a subdued hilarity which was extremely annoying to the ghost.

Indeed, strange as it seemed to Buckles, the only one about the establishment who exhibited any trace of sorrow for the change that had occurred was poor old McFarlane, who, when the business was more prosperous, had occupied the place now held by Drummond, and as the ghost saw this its memory went back to the time of McFarlane's displacement, accompanied by reduction of power and salary, an event brought about largely through the instrumentality of the more pushing Drummond, who had, indeed, been the greatest beneficiary by the change.

The ghost haunted the counting-room, the spot to which it was naturally most accustomed, and chafed under its helplessness to influence in any way the business there going forward. This tantalising occupation at last began to impress itself uneasily upon Buckles, making him believe that this was probably the perdition to which his former life had condemned him.

One day there came through the store a lady draped in black and heavily veiled, but, instead of pausing before any of the counters, she came direct to the business office and entered it.

"Good morning, Mr. Drummond," she said, putting aside her obscuring veil, and Buckles saw, with a pang, that this was his wife, who, of course, had every right to be there now that he was dead, although she had never set foot in the room during his lifetime.

Drummond replied courteously to her salutation; he was all obsequiousness and suavity, a deferential manner which Buckles had formerly looked upon as his own perquisite, and now he watched with some distrust the bestowal of it upon another. It was really a most perplexing state of affairs. In life he knew that, theoretically speaking, some day he should die, but dissolution had never come within his practical purview.

So he had left no will, had written down no instructions for the carrying on of his affairs, and now here was everything at the disposal of a foolish, brainless woman, who knew, and could know, absolutely nothing of their conduct. If a ghost can sigh, Buckles' ghost sighed heavily as it realised the appalling prospect. His wife sat in his chair, where, indeed, she had every right to sit, and opened up a conversation with Drummond in a manner that showed she had no perception of her own ignorance.

"The business has not been very prosperous for some years past, Mr. Drummond, I understand?"

"No, Madam, I am sorry to say it has not."

"What, in your opinion, has been the cause?"

"Well, Madam, that is scarcely for me to say. You know that the late Mr. Buckles was not a man to be guided by advice, and, without wishing to censure in any way his capabilities, nevertheless, many of his projects seemed to me far from wise—if you will excuse my venturing an opinion."

The ghost tried to shrivel aloud at this contemptible exhibition of treachery from the man whom he had trusted, and whose advice he had too often accepted, but the silence was unbroken, save by the words of the two conversing there. The strenuous Buckles was powerless. Yes, evidently this was perdition, and he was condemned to it.

The wife made no protest against the imputation upon her late husband, but neither did she exhibit any eagerness at hearing him thus slighted. Her demeanour was impassive. The ghost could not understand her in this new light, but it saw that even Drummond was uneasy. The lady spoke again:

"What would you advise me to do with the business, Mr. Drummond?"

"Well," said the manager with some hesitation, "there seem to me two courses of action open to you. I could carry on the business as heretofore, rendering you an account, or, if you cared to let me take full charge of the business—in other words, sell it to me—I could guarantee you an annual payment, unless you prefer to have the money down, and in that case, I think I have friends who will help me in the purchase."

"I shall consider what you have said, but it appears to me the first thing to do is to find out exactly where we stand. Therefore, I propose to put in an accountant, who will reduce to figures the exact state of affairs. Is there any firm of accountants whom you could suggest as most competent for such a work?"

"Yes," replied Drummond eagerly, "Spaulding and Co. are the very people for the purpose."

The lady made a note of the name on Buckles' own blotting-pad, then she looked up and said, with an air of decision:

"If you are to be a bidder for the business, Mr. Drummond, and such I understand to be your intention, I think it will be better that your offer should come from the outside. If I determine to sell, I shall advertise publicly—then all applicants will have an equal chance."

"Do you mean, Madam," cried Drummond, amazed, "that I am dismissed?"

"I should not give it so harsh a name," replied the lady quietly, "but it seems to me better that you should withdraw until I have quite made up my mind what course to pursue."

"But—but, there are many intricate accounts that I should like to explain to Mr. Spaulding when he is going over the books."

"You have had charge of the books, Mr. Drummond, and I am confident that they were correctly kept, so they will need no explanation. Would you kindly send in your account of any moneys owing to you, as soon as possible, and when you pass through the store, please ask Mr. McFarlane to come to me?"

The crestfallen Drummond did as requested, and shortly after McFarlane made his bow to the new proprietor.

"Mr. McFarlane," began the lady, "I understand that things have not been going on as well as could have been wished for some years past in this establishment. What, in your opinion, is the cause?"

"That I am scarcely in a position to say, for my situation here has been a subordinate one for several years."

"If you were made manager of the concern then, you would have nothing new to propose?"

"I did not go so far as to hint that."

"If you were placed in charge, along what lines would your first efforts run?"

"I think the efficiency of the staff might be improved, and I should make it my duty to see that the conduct of affairs was honest."

"Has dishonesty been rampant heretofore?"

"I have only my own suspicions," replied the cautious McFarlane.

"Do you know a firm of accountants called Spaulding and Co.? What is their standing in the commercial world?"

"I know little of them, except that Mr. Spaulding is a particular friend of Mr. Drummond."

"I see. Can you give me the name of a firm whose reliability is beyond question?"

McFarlane named several, and the lady made notes of the suggestions.

"I propose," she continued, "to have a balance-sheet struck, and find out exactly where we stand; then I shall be in a better position to determine what it is best to do."

"A very good resolution," commented McFarlane.

"I shall be obliged to you if you will resume your old position of manager, and, although the task may be temporary, there can be no objection to your injecting as much honesty as you please into the conduct of affairs."

The ghost hovered about amazed at the decisive conversation which had taken place, striving to interfere, but continually baffled by being brought face to face with the fact that the world he was in held no communication with the world he had left. The qualities exhibited by his wife were a complete surprise to him, and his forebodings regarding the future of the business he had built up were gloomy in the extreme. He was indignant when, a few days later, Drummond sent in a bill which indicated that Buckles was heavily indebted to his servant. He endeavoured to cry out against the absurd fraudulency of this claim, but, as before, was powerless. None of his imaginings in life had anticipated a Hades so terrible as this. His wife, however, pigeon-holed the Drummond exaction with great nonchalance, paying no immediate attention to it beyond a half audible remark which made the unfortunate ghost wince—"My husband never knew whom to trust."

When the accountant's statement was submitted there was a conference between Mrs. Buckles and her new-old manager. She handed the documents to him without a word, and waited in silence while he minutely examined them. When, at last, he looked up from their perusal, she said to him:

"What do you suggest?"

"I suggest the immediate arrest of Mr. Drummond." The lady smiled. "Where will the police be likely to find him?" she asked.

"Is he not at his own home?"

"He left for parts unknown three days ago; I fear some hints concerning the outcome of this investigation have fallen in his way. It is difficult to keep a secret when it is known to several men."

"Did you make no effort to stop him?"

"Why should I? He is good riddance, and we are well quit of him. I should have been a richer woman to-day if he had decamped years ago, but now, with a competent manager, Mr. McFarlane, we will soon retrieve the past."

"It is not your intention then to sell the business, as has been rumoured?"

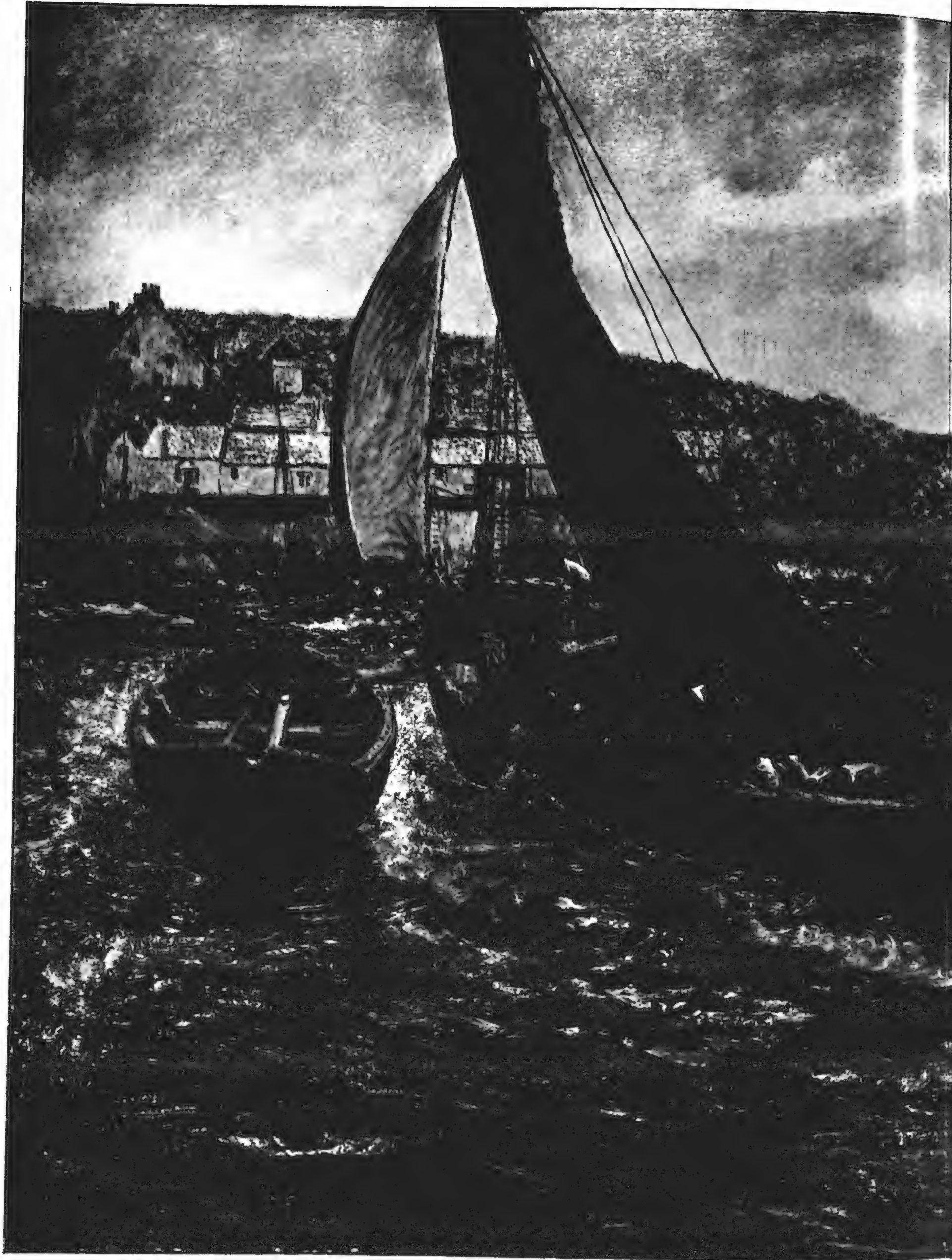
"Such never was my intention."

And so the poor ghost was doomed to wander about, seeing all his predictions falsified. That deserter—Prosperity—returned, and the business, under the firm hand of his wife, assisted by the conscientious, outspoken McFarlane, advanced to its former place in the commercial world, and even surpassed it. Finally, a sense of deep humiliation came to Buckles' ghost, and he said, wearily, "I have been a fool."

When this confession was wrung from him, he felt a light touch on his shoulder, an astounding sensation! for, heretofore, nothing so material had been experienced; he had passed through all obstructing objects as if they had not existed; they did not belong to his world, and if he could not influence them neither could they influence him, so the touch on his shoulder startled him. Turning quickly round, he beheld standing there a radiant being, enshrouded in a glow of white light, dazzling to look upon.

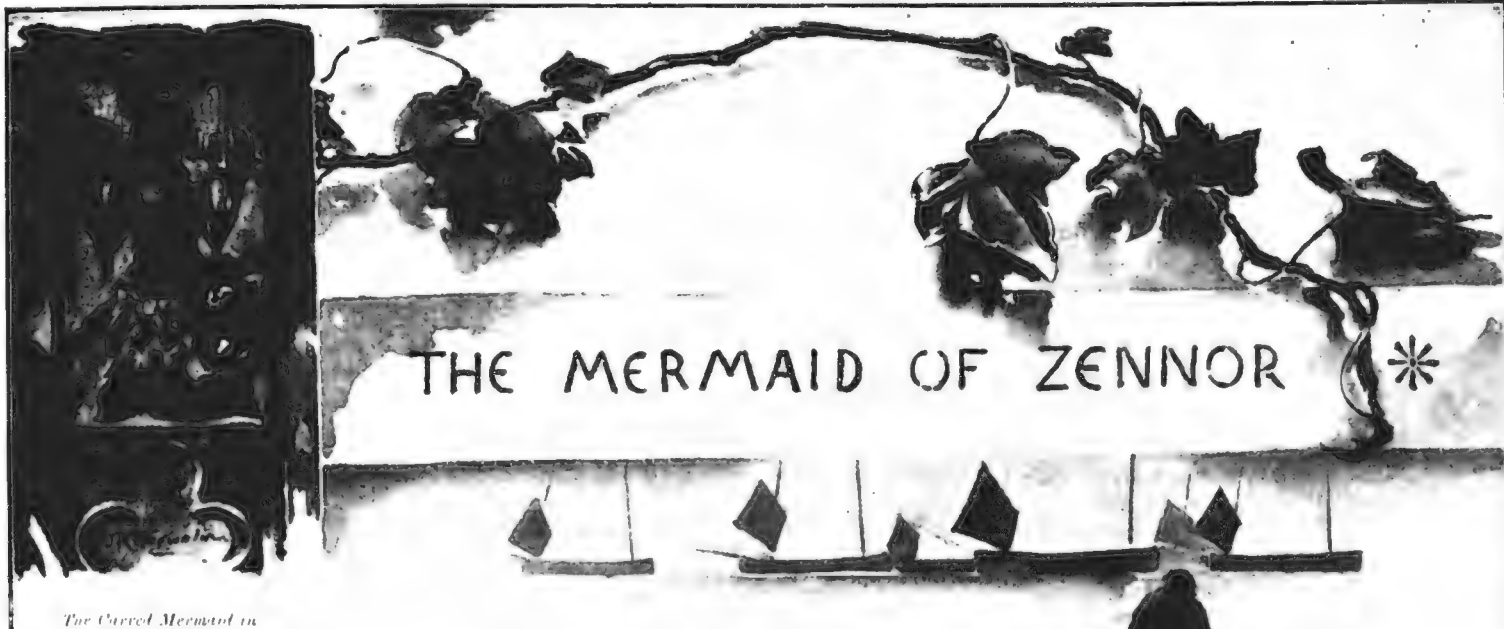
"Come," said the Angel, "your period of probation is ended."

Robert Barr





"THE HOME MOORINGS"



*The Carved Mermaid in
Zennor Church*

Written by CONRAD WEGUELIN

Illustrated by J. R. WEGUELIN

THE Cornish town of Zennor, and the time,
Four hundred years ago, at very least.

Blue skies, a summer sea, and turning gulls ;
A little rock-strewn cove ; dark caves,
That bellowed at high water to the sea ;
Above, grey cliffs ; upon the cliffs, a church
Built of grey stone ; inland, coarse grass,
Jaundiced for want of rain, 'midst jutting rocks :
A few small farms, a cluster of grey roofs ;
Behind all these, a bleak and barren moor,
O'er which the darkening purple shadows rushed,
And left it golden : here the wild goat fed,
And white gulls, shadow-followed, swept along,
Making hawk-haunted rabbits crouch to earth.

The Squire of Zennor had an only son,
A dreamy, blue-eyed lad, with hair
The colour of ripe corn ; his voice
An angel might have envied, when he sang
At evensong within the little church.
Oft would he wander by the sea alone,
Watching the sunlight caught within the wave
That spread its rustling lace-work at his feet.
The fisher, gliding home with silver spoil,
When the red sun was dipping to the west,
Would hear a voice come out across the waves
To meet him, and would rest upon his oars.

All his lone leisure had the Squire's son
Spent by the fleecy margin of the waves .



"The fisher, gliding home with silver spoil"

He loved the sea in all its changing moods :
Now sending forth his fresh young voice to join
The boom of bursting surges and the sigh,
Long-drawn, that followed from the weary beach :
Now stretching his full length upon the sand,
Watching the wavelets run with small white hands
To slap the worn old rocks and dance away.



*"Making him seek the wild and rocky coast,
And ever restless sea, for solitude"*

Nor knew he anything of earthly love;
His mother dead, his father wandering
In bygone ages, 'mong his books, alone.
At his approach, the rosy village belle
Would droop long lashes over laughing eyes,
And make her pretty dimples come and go,
Then, as his cold gaze rested on her face,
Would shake her curls about her tell-tale cheeks,
And sigh to think him not as others were.

Yet had strange yearnings visited his heart,
Making him seek the wild and rocky coast,
And ever restless sea, for solitude.

Dream-painted in the chambers of his brain
Was locked the portrait of a lovely maid,
Who, as he sang within the little church,
Had gazed upon him through the leaded panes:
A girl with sea-grey eyes and red-gold hair
That partly veiled her tiny shell-pink ears;
Parted her lips as one who strains to hear
A glance—it was no more, yet her strange eyes
Had made him sharply draw an inward breath,
And caught the note he sang within his throat,
For none may look into a sea-maid's eyes,
And pass heart-whole upon his way again.
Sea-maid she was; drawn by his flute-like notes
From her dim water-world beneath the sea,
To listen to him in the little cove:
Nor could she rest there, having heard the song,
She needs must see the singer; so it chanced
Upon that eve she clambered up the rocks,
And seated on a blotched and moss-grown tomb,
She watched him, eager-eyed and listening.
"Dream-born she was," he sighed. "I ne'er shall see
Her face again; 'twas nothing but a dream."



"At his approach, the rosy village belle
Would droop long lashes over laughing eyes"



"Seated on a blotched and moss-grown tomb,
She watched him, eager-eyed and listening."

For dim the light had been within the church,
And brief the moment of his vision fair.
Then time in passing blurred the pictured face,
Until it chanced upon a summer's day,
Wearied with singing in the noonday heat,
He sought cool shade along the rugged coast,
Within a dark-mouthed cavern, whilst outside
The hot sun quivered on the burning sand.
Half sleeping, half awake, he heard a voice —
A voice that seemed an echo of his own —
Nor knew he heard it, mingling with his dream
A sweet sad voice that, in its silvery notes,
Like the sea-shell, held melody of waves:
And as the hidden cry of violins
Is heard complaining through the wildest dance,
So did the sadness of the lovely voice
Run through and through the wording of the song
Thus sung the strange, sad voice:—

"Rest, tired eyes,
From the fierce light that falls upon the sea,
About my home a deep blue twilight sleeps,
Over my head the phantom'd vessel sweeps,
O'er rocks and wrinkled sand its shadows creep
Creep the soft shadows over thee and me.
Rest, tired eyes.

"Rest, weary limbs
Cease straining at the heavy creaking oar,
No arms shall hold thee softly as the sea:
Deep shalt thou plunge or lightly shalt thou soar,
Or, swaying with the currents as they move,
Shall dream sweet never-ending dreams of love
Rest, weary limbs.

"Rest, weary heart,
Aching to hear one say, 'I love you so,'
Bend close thine ear to catch my whisper low;
Linked hand in hand, gaze deep into my eyes,
There shalt thou see love's lamp within them glow.
Weep no more tears, dear love, sigh no more sighs
Rest, weary heart."

Unwilling to dissolve a dream so sweet,
He peered through half-shut lids—then, all awake,
He started to his feet

The sun had dipped
To the horizon's rim; its golden rays
Made bright the cavern, save where shadow lay
In nooks and crannies of the fretted rock.

Seated upon an overhanging ledge,
Her fair form mirror'd in the pool beneath,
Sat the fair maid whose wondrous, haunting eyes
Had gazed upon him in the little church.
In one white jewelled hand she held aloft
A silver mirror, whilst the other crept
Among her sun-spun hair, and braided there
Strings of pale pearls and oval amber beads.
"Sing for me, sing!" she cried. "Thy voice
Is sweeter than the sound of chiming bells,
That reach my home beneath the fretful sea,
Far from the turmoil of the upper air.
Come, dwell with me beneath the cool green waves!
There will I rock thee in my arms to sleep,
Whilst the shrill gale goes screaming overhead;
There will we softly sing, our voices twined
In sweetly mingling melodies of love;
There will I show thee riches, shining gems,
Chests of bright gold (not fairer than thy locks),
And ropes of pearls, and mounds of emeralds,
And deep-blue sapphires that shall match thine eyes;
Heart-sick am I of living there alone.
Come, follow, follow me, sweet youth," she cried.
Raising her rounded arms above her head,
One instant poised she on the narrow ledge,
The next, she dived below.

Down sank the sun,
Shooting its last green ray towards the pole.*
Still doubting if he dreamed, he stood alone.
His heart was beating like a wild bird caged
Against its prison walls. Long stood he there,
Gazing within the pool, until the moon
The last ray of the setting sun is said, by sailors, to be green.

Lifted her dead white face from out the sea,
And followed by a train of shining stars
Rose high into the heavens: then he turned,
And homeward went with all unwilling feet.

August was pacing July's dusty steps;
The wayside flowers drooped their tired heads
Beneath the hedgerows, whilst the scorching sun
Burnt fiercely in the heavens all day long.
Upon the shadeless hill-side, the hard ground
Opened parched lips that seemed to pray for rain.

Hard by the church, a little streamlet ran,
Which, falling from the cliff from crag to crag,
Dropped to the sea in mists of rainbow'd spray.
A flight of foot-worn steps led up the cliff,
For many came across the bay by boat
On Sunday morns. A rusty ring was there—
For mooring boats—fast welded to a rock
That jutted seaward, shielding a deep pool,
On which the little open craft might lie
In safety, whilst its owner breathed his prayers.

Still was the night, and sweet the moonlight lay
Upon the water and the little church:
Pale beams that slanted through the coloured glass
Splashed gold and crimson on the cold, grey stone.

The Squire's son was seated in the rave;
With heart uplifted sang he there alone,
For on the morrow would the little town
Praise God for sending to its rocky gates
The silver herring, safely harvested,
Like molten metal from the sun-warmed sea.
His blue eyes seemed to view another world,

"A little latticed window at his side
Shook, and soft fingers drummed upon the panes"



"Seated upon an overhanging ledge,
Her fair form mirror'd in the pool beneath"

As all the sweet notes of his wondrous voice
Went murmuring among the great oak beam-
And blackened rafters of the slanting roof.
Vain had his search been, far along the coast,
For many days, in gloomy, black-mouthed caves ;
And all the longing of his love-sick heart
Crept in his voice. To see her once again !
To hear that strange, sad song and die, were sweet !
A little latticed window at his side
Shook, and soft fingers drummed upon the panes ;
Then all was still

Swiftly he paced the aisle,
And stood bareheaded in the outer porch,
Close at his feet a little shining track
Of water led him to the little stream,
Then onward, down the steep and narrow path
That led towards the sea.

The tide had ebbed :
Bright strands of seaweed clung about the rocks ;
The water stirred about the granite steps
With a pale, moving, sickly-greenish light
(Its own - not borrowed from the rising moon ;
There, by the lowest step, the sea-maid sat.
"Ah, come to me," she cried ; "beloved, come !
For seven long years I may not rise again
Into thy world, to sit 'neath star-sown skies,
With moonbeams tangled in my misty hair,
And hear the music of thy matchless voice
Wind-wafted on the bosom of the deep.
How shall I wait ? My weary eyes grow dim
As dreary dawns that break through weeping skies ;
My heart is empty as the vaulted night
When no stars shine, and sand-mixed surges race
The scudding, sailless vessel to her doom
Among the jagged rocks and white-capped waves.
For thee I wait. Beloved, come to me !"
Then calling once again, "Beloved, come !"
And beckoning him to follow her, she slid
Into the pool.

Spell-bound, amazed, he watched

Her upward-streaming tresses coil and swirl
About her lovely face.

He leaned low down ;

She smiled and beckoned him with eager hands,
And ever smiling, faded into night.

Then crying out, "Sweet maid, I come to thee,
For death with thee were sweeter than to live !"
He leapt into the pool : the waters met.
And from dark depths the silver bubbles rose.

EPILOGUE

He ne'er again was seen by mortal eyes ;
But one there was who watched upon the cliff
For signs of herring on the moonlit waves,
Who saw the sea-maid 'tice the youth away.
Lest you who live in disbelieving times
Should doubt his word ; you, for yourself, may see
A quaint oak carving, placed within the church
The fair sea-maid, her comb and glass in hand,
Whose heart was captured by the sweet-voiced youth
A silent witness that he spake the truth.



"There, by the lowest step, the sea-maid sat"



THE INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON: A MOTOR-CAR TRAGEDY

DRAWN BY W. RALSTON



① Giles has to be up at 4 a.m. to catch the excursion train at the nearest station. Having no one to call him he is so afraid of over-sleeping that he brings the only clock into his bedroom and consults it so frequently that he hardly sleeps at all.



② Unfortunately the clock stops so there is nothing for it but to start off at once & wait at the station.



③ Arrived here he finds great difficulty in keeping awake.



④ The train is crowded & what with concertinas, mouth-organs & singing there is no sleep to be had here.



⑤ On arriving therefore, at the seaside terminus he decides to have forty winks in a quiet corner of the waiting-room.



⑥ At 3 p.m. he is awakened by a station policeman; & then finds that his umbrella & parcel of provisions have been appropriated.

⑦ He is obliged to go to a restaurant for refreshment & dropping off to sleep once more is awakened by the waitress as the shades of evening are falling.



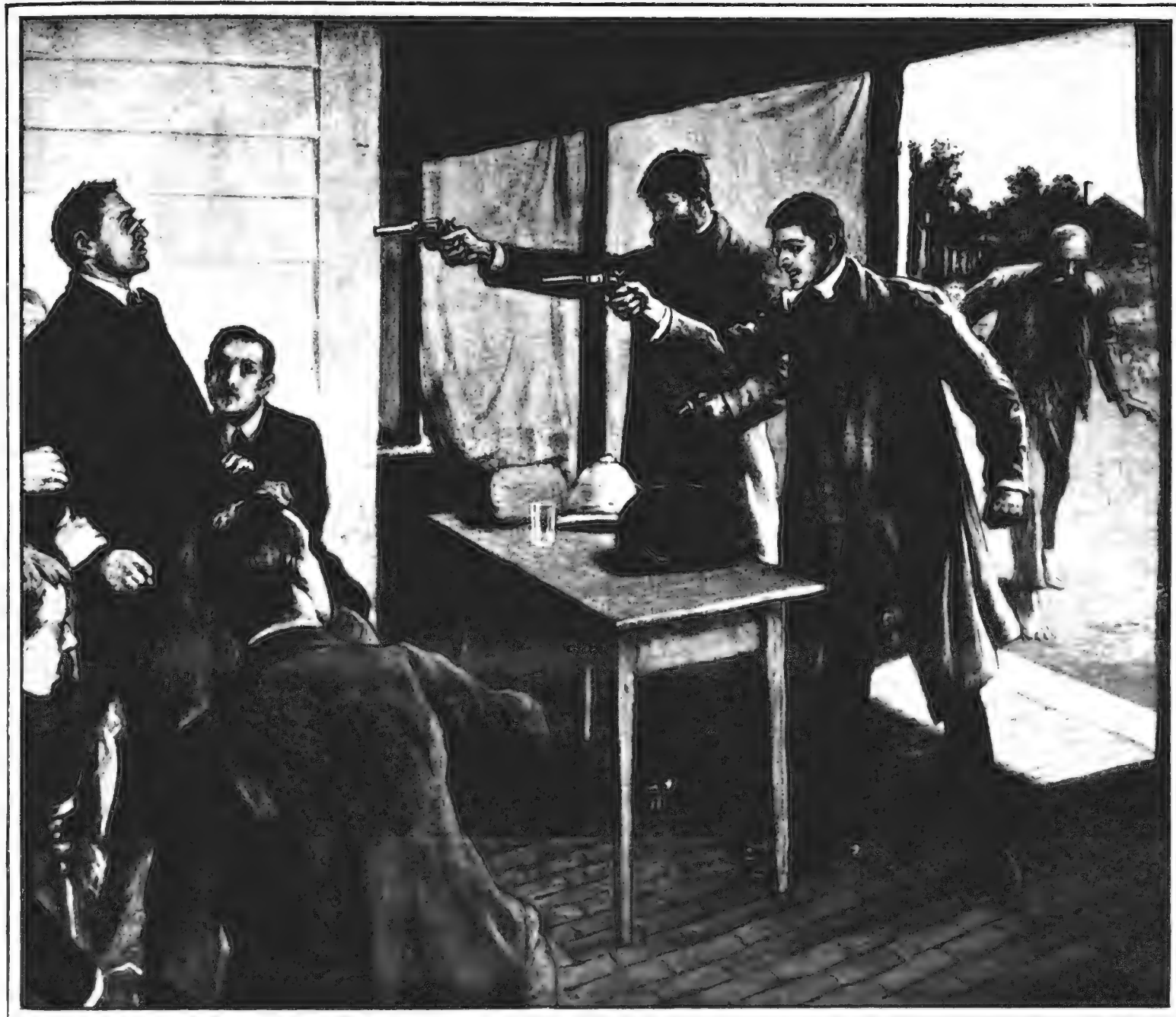
⑧ He has just time to rush off & catch the train back.

⑨ And being hurried into an empty compartment is left wide awake at last with his holiday over & no one to whom to impart his grievances.

H. M. BROCK

A HAPPY DAY AT THE SEASIDE

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK



"The scene of the instant after that defies ordinary description. It was made the more hideous by the frightful imprecations of Carmichael, and the short, sharp threat of Stimpson to shoot him dead unless he instantly got down. Carmichael bade him do so with a gallant oath, at which the men immediately behind him joined with his two companions in pulling him back into his chair."

THE PURIFICATION OF MULFERA

By E. W. HORNUNG. Illustrated by H. M. PAGET

MULFERA STATION, N.S.W., was not only an uttermost end of the earth, but an exceedingly loose end, and that again in more senses than one. There were no ladies on Mulfera, and this wrought inevitable deterioration in the young men who made a bachelors' barracks of the homestead. Not that they ever turned it into the Perfect Pandemonium you might suppose; but it was unnecessary either to wear a collar or to repress an oath at table; and this sort of disregard does not usually stop at the elementary decencies. It is true that on Mulfera the bark of the bachelor was something worse than his bite, and his tongue no fair criterion to the rest of him. Nevertheless, the place became a byword, even in the back-blocks; and when at last the good Bishop Methuen had the hardihood to include it in an episcopal itinerary, there were admirers so that dear divine who roundly condemned his folly, and enemies who no longer denied his heroism.

The Lord Bishop of the Back Blocks had at that time been a twelvemonth or more in charge of what he himself described playfully as his "oceanic see;" but his long neglect of Mulfera was due less to its remoteness than to the notorious fact that they wanted no scholastic and alliterative bishops there. An obvious way of repulse happened to be open to the blaspheming squatter, though there is no other instance of its employment. On these up-country visitations the bishop was dependent for his mobility upon the horseflesh of his hospitable hosts; thus it became the custom to send to fetch him from one station to another; and as a rule the owner or the manager came himself, with four horses and the big trap. The manager of Mulfera said his horses had something else to do, and his neighbours backed him up with some discreet discouragement on their own account. It was felt that a slur would be left upon the whole district if his lordship actually met with the only sort of reception which was predicted for him on Mulfera. Bishop Methuen, however,

was one of the last men on earth to shirk a plague-spot; and on this one, warning was eventually received that the bishop and his chaplain would arrive on horseback the following Sunday morning, to conduct divine service if quite convenient at eleven o'clock.

The language of the manager was something inconceivable upon receipt of this cool advice. He was a man named Carmichael, and quite a different type from the neighbours who held up horny hands when the bishop decided on his raid. Carmichael was not "a native of this colony," or of the next, but he was that distressing spectacle, the public-school man who is no credit to his public school. Worse than this, he was a man of brains; worst of all, he had promised very differently as a boy. A younger man who had been at school with him, having come out for his health, travelled some hundreds of miles to see Carmichael, whose conversation struck him absolutely dumb. "He was captain of our house," the visitor explained to Carmichael's subordinates, "and you daren't say dash in dormitory—not even dash!"

In appearance this redoubtable person was chiefly remarkable for the intellectual cast of his still occasionally clean-shaven countenance, and for his double eye-glasses, or rather the way he wore them. They were very strong and very common, without any rims, and Carmichael bought them by the box. He would not wear them with a cord, and in the heat they were continually slipping off his nose; when they did not slip right off they hung at such an angle that Carmichael had to throw his whole head and body backward in order to see anything through them except the ground. And when they fell, someone else had to find them while Carmichael cursed, for his naked eye was as blind as a bat's.

"Let's go mustering on Sunday," suggested the overseer—"every blessed man! Let him find the whole place deserted, homestead and hut!"

"Or let's get blind for the occasion," was the bookkeeper's idea—"every mother's son!"

"That would do," agreed the overseer, "if we got just blind enough. And we might get the blacks from Poonee Creek to come and join the dance."

The overseer was a dapper Victorian with a golden moustache twisted rakishly up and down at either end respectively, like an overturned letter S. He lived up to the name of Smart. The bookkeeper was a servile echo with a character and a face of putty. He had once perpetrated an opprobrious ode to the overseer, and had answered to the name of Chaucer ever since.

Carmichael leaned back to look from one of these worthies to the other, and his spectacled eyes flamed with mordant scorn.

"I suppose you think you're funny, you fellows," said he, and without the oath which was a sign of his goodwill, except when he lost his temper with the sheep. "If so, I wish you'd get outside to entertain each other. Since the fellow's coming we shall have to let him come, and the thing is how to choke him off ever coming again without open insult, which I won't allow. A service of some sort we shall have to have, this once."

"I'm on to guy it," declared the indiscreet Chaucer.

"If you do I'll rehearse the men," the overseer promised.

"You idiots!" thundered Carmichael, whose temper was as short as his sight. "Can't you see I weaken on the prospect as much as the two of you stuck together? But the beggar's certain to be a public-school and 'Varsity man, and I won't have him treated as though he'd been dragged up in one of these God-forsaken colonies!"

Now—most properly—you cannot talk like this in the bush unless you are also capable of confirming the insult with your fists. But Carmichael could; and he was much too blind to fight without his glasses. He was, in fact, the same strenuous character

who had set his dogmatic face against the most harmless expletives in dormitory at school, and set it successfully, because Carmichael was a mighty man, whose influence was not to be withstood. His standard alone was changed. Or he was playing on the other side. Yet he had brought a prayer-book with him to the back-blocks. And he was seen studying it on the eve of the episcopal descent.

"He may have his say," observed Carmichael, darkly, "and then I'll have mine."

"Going to heckle him?" inquired Smart, in a nasal voice full of hope and of encouragement.

"Not at the function, you fool," replied Carmichael, sweetly. "But when it's all over I should like to take him on about the Athanasian Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles." Only both substantives were qualified by the epithet of the country, for Carmichael had put himself in excellent temper for the day of battle.

That day dawned blood-red and beautiful, but in a little it was a blinding blue from pole to pole, and by breakfast time the thermometer in the verandah reached three figures. It was a hot-wind day, and even Carmichael's subordinates pitied Bishop Methuen and his chaplain, who were riding from the south in the teeth of that Promethean blast. But Carmichael himself drew his own line with unswerving rigidity; and though the deep verandah was prepared as a place of worship, and covered in with canvas which was kept saturated with water, he would not permit an escort to sally even to the boundary fence to meet the uninvited prelate.

Not long after breakfast the two horsemen jogged into view, ambling over the sandhills whose red-hot edge met a shimmering sky some little distance beyond the station pines. Both wore pith helmets and fluttering buff dust-coats, but both had hot black legs, the pair in gaiters being remarkable for their length. The homestead trio, their red necks chafed by the unaccustomed collar, gathered grimly at the open end of the verandah, where they exchanged impressions while the religious raiders bore down upon them.

"They can ride a bit, too, I'm bothered if they can't," exclaimed the overseer, in considerable astonishment.

"And do you suppose, my good fool," inquired Carmichael, with the usual unregenerate embroidery—"do you in your innocence suppose that's an accomplishment confined to these precious provinces?"

"They're as brown as my sugar," said the keeper of books and stores.

"The bishop looks as though he'd been out here all his life!"

Carmichael did not quarrel with this observation of his overseer, but colourless eyebrows were raised above the cheap glasses as he stepped into the yard to shake hands with the visitors. The bearded bishop returned his greeting in a grave silence. The dapper little chaplain, on the other hand, seemed the victim of a nervous volubility, and unduly anxious to atone for his chief's taciturnity, which he essayed to explain to Carmichael on the first opportunity.

"His lordship feels the heat so much more than I do, who have had so many years of it; and to tell you the truth, he is still a little hurt at not being met, for the first time since he has been out here."

"Then why did he come?" demanded Carmichael, bluntly. "I never asked him, did I?"

"No, no, but—ah, well! We won't go into it," said the little chaplain. "I am glad to see your preparations, Mr. Carmichael; that I consider very magnanimous in you, under all the circumstances; and so will his lordship when he has had a rest. You won't mind his retiring until it's time for the little service, Mr. Carmichael?"

"Not I," returned Carmichael, promptly; and as for his tone, the worst padlock on Mulvera, in its worst season, was not more dry.

Shortly before eleven the bell was rung which roused the men on week-day mornings, and they began trooping over from their hut, while the trio foregathered on the verandah as before. The open end was the one looking east, but the sun was too near the zenith to enter many inches, and with equal thoroughness and tact Carmichael had placed the table, the water-bag, and the tumbler, at the open end. They were all that he could do in the way of pulpit, desk, and lectern.

The men tramped in and filled the chairs, forms, tin trunks, and packing-cases which had been pressed into the service of this makeshift sanctuary. The trio sat in front. The bell ceased, the ringer entering and taking his place. There was some delay, if not some hitch. Then came the chaplain with an anxious face.

"His lordship wishes to know if all hands are here," he whispered across the desk.

Carmichael looked behind him for several seconds. "Every man Jack," he replied. "And damn his lordship's cheek!" he added for his equals' benefit, as the chaplain disappeared.

"Rum cove, that chaplain," whispered Chaucer, in the guarded manner of one whose frequent portion is the snub brutal.

"How so?" inquired Carmichael, with a duly withering glance.

Chaucer told in whispers of a word which he had overheard through the weatherboard wall of the room in which the bishop had sought repose. It was, in fact, the monosyllable of which Carmichael had just made use. He, however, was the first to heap discredit on the book-keeper's story, which he laughed to scorn with as much of his usual arrogance as could be assumed below the breath.

"If you heard it at all," said Carmichael, "which I don't for a moment believe, you heard it in the strictly bal-heel sense. You can't be expected to know what that is, Chaucer, but as a matter of fact it means lost and done for, like our noble selves. And it was probably applied to us, if there's the least truth in what you say."

"Truth!" he began, but was not suffered to add another word.

"Shut up," snarled Carmichael. "Can't you hear them coming?"

And the tramp of the shooting-boots, which Bishop Methuen was still new chum enough to wear, followed by the chaplain's lighter step, drew noisily nearer upon the unseen part of the verandah that encircled the whole house.

"Stand up, you cripples!" cried Carmichael over his shoulder, in a stage whisper. And they all came to their feet as the two

ecclesiastics appeared behind the table at the open end of the tabernacle.

Carmichael felt inclined to disperse the congregation on the spot. There was the bishop still in his gaiters and his yellow dust-coat; even the chaplain had not taken the trouble to don his surplice. So anything was good enough for Mulvera! Carmichael had lunged forward with a jutting jaw when an authoritative voice rang out across the table.

"Sit down!"

The bishop had not opened his hairy mouth. It was the smart young chaplain who spoke. And all obeyed except Carmichael.

"I beg your lordship's pardon," he was beginning, with sarcastic emphasis, when the manager of Mulvera was cut as short as he was himself in the habit of cutting his inferiors.

"If you will kindly sit down," cried the chaplain, "like everybody else, I shall at once explain the apparent irregularity upon which you were doubtless about to comment."

Carmichael glowered through his glasses for a few seconds, and then resumed his seat with a shrug and a murmur, happily inaudible to all but his two immediate neighbours.

"On his way here this morning," the chaplain went on, "his lordship met with a misadventure from which he has not yet recovered sufficiently to address you as he fully hoped and intended to do to-day." At this all eyes sped to the bishop, who stood certainly in a drooping attitude at the chaplain's side, his episcopal hands behind his back. "Something happened," the glib spokesman continued, with a stern light in his blue eyes, "that you do not often hear of in these days. His lordship was accosted, beset, and, like the poor man in the Scriptures, despitely entreated, not many miles beyond your own boundary, by a pair of armed ruffians!"

"Stuck up!" cried one or two, and I "Bushrangers!" one or two more.

"I thank you for both words," said the chaplain, bowing. "He was stuck up by the bushranger whom we all thought obsolete in the land. Really, Mr. Carmichael—"

But the manager of Mulvera rose to his full height, and, leaning back to get the speaker into focus, stuck his arms akimbo in a way that he had in his most aggressive moments.

"And what were you doing?" he demanded of the chaplain, who whipped a single glass into his eye to meet the double ones before replying.

"It was I who stuck him up," answered the *soi-disant* chaplain, with a calm grin. "My name is Stingaree!"

And in the instant's hush which followed he plucked a revolver from his breast, while the hands of the sham bishop shot out from behind his back, with one in each.

The scene of the instant after that defies ordinary description. It was made the more hideous by the frightful imprecations of Carmichael, and the short, sharp threat of Stingaree to shoot him dead unless he instantly sat down. Carmichael bade him do so with a gallant oath, at which the men immediately behind him joined with his two companions in pulling him back into his chair and there holding him by main force. Thereafter the manager appeared to realise the futility of resistance, and was unhand on his undertaking to sit quiet, which he did with the exception of one speech to those behind.

"If any of you happen to be armed," he shouted over his shoulder, "shoot him down like a dog. But if you're all as fairly had as I am, let's hear what the beggar's got to say."

"Thank you, Mr. Carmichael," said the bushranger, still from the far side of the table, as a comparative silence fell at last. "You are a man after my own heart, sir, and I would as lief have you on my side as the simple ruffian on my right. Not a bad bishop to look at," continued Stingaree, with a jerk of the head towards his mate with the two revolvers. "But if I had let him open his mouth! Now, if I'd had you, Mr. Carmichael—but I have my doubts about your vocabulary too!"

The point appealed to all present, and there was a laugh, in which, however, Carmichael did not join.

"I suppose you didn't come here simply to give us a funny entertainment," said he. "I happen to be the boss, or have been hitherto, and if you will condescend to tell me what you want I shall consider whether it is worth while to supply you or to be shot by you. I shall be sorry to meet my death at the hands of a thieving blackguard, but one can't pick and choose in that matter. Before it comes to choosing, however, is it any good asking what you've done with the real bishop and the real chaplain? If you've murdered them, as I—"

Stingaree had listened thus far with more than patience, in fact with something akin to approval, to the captive who was still his master with the tongue. With all his villainy, the bushranger was man enough to appreciate another man when he met him; but Carmichael's last words flicked him on a bare nerve.

"Don't you dare to talk to me about murder," he rapped out. "I've never committed one yet, but you're going the right way to make me begin! As for Bishop Methuen, I have more respect for him than for any man in Australia; but their two horses were worth a mob of ours, and that's all I troubled him for. I didn't even hit him up as I would any other man. We just relieved the two of them of their boots and clothes, which was quite as good as tying up, with your roads as red hot as they are—though my mate here doesn't agree with me."

The man with the beard very emphatically shook a matted head, now relieved of the stolen helmet, and observed that the quicker they were the better it would be. He was as taciturn a bushranger as he had been a bishop, but Stingaree was perfectly right. Even these few words would have destroyed all chance of illusion in the case of his mate.

"Their very clothes, which become us so well," continued the prince of personators, who happened to be without hair upon his face at this period, and who looked every inch his part; "their very boots, we have only borrowed! I will tell you presently where we dropped the rest of their kit. We left them a suit of pyjamas apiece, and not another stitch, and we blindfolded and drove 'em into the scrub as a last precaution. But before we go I shall also tell you where a search-party is likely to pick up their

tracks. Meanwhile you will all stay exactly where you are, with the exception of the storekeeper, who will kindly accompany me to the store. I shall naturally require to see the inside of the store, but otherwise our wants are very simple."

The outlaw ceased. There was no word in answer; a curi hush had fallen on the captive congregation.

"If there is a storekeeper," suggested Stingaree, "he'd best stand up."

But the accomplished Chaucer sat stark and staring.

"Up with you," whispered Carmichael, in terrible tones, "we're done!"

And, even as the book-keeper rose tremulously to his feet, a strange and stealthy figure, the cynosure of all eyes but the bushrangers' for a long minute, reached the open end of the verandah, and with a final spring, a tall man in silk pyjamas, his grey beard flying over either shoulder, hurled himself upon both bushrangers at once. With outspread fingers he clutched the scruff of each neck at the selfsame second, crash came the two heads together, and over went the table with the three men over it.

Shots were fired in the struggle on the ground, but happily without effect. Carmichael got his heel with a venomous stamp upon the neck of Stingaree, and, in fewer seconds than it would take to write their names, the rascals were defeated and disarmed. Stingaree had his neck half broken, and his face was darkening before Carmichael could be induced to lift his foot.

"The cockroach!" bawled the manager, drunk with battle. "I'd hoof his soul out for two pins!"

A moment later he was groping for his glasses, which had slipped and fallen from his perspiring nose, and making use of such expressions withal as to compel a panting protest from the tall man in the silken stripes.

"My name is Methuen," said he. "I know it's a special moment, but—do you mind?"

Carmichael found his glasses at that instant, adjusted them, stood up, and leant back to view the bishop; and his next words were the apology of the gentleman he should have been.

"My dear fellow," cried the other, "I quite understand! What are they doing with the ruffians? Have you any handcuffs? Is it far to the nearest police barracks?"

But the next act of this moving melodrama was not the least characteristic of the chief performers; for when Stingaree and partner had been not only handcuffed but lashed hand and foot, and incarcerated in separate log-huts, with a guard apiece; and when a mounted messenger had been despatched to the barracks at Clare Corner, and the remnant raised a cheer for Bishop Methuen; it was then that that fine fellow showed them the still finer stuff of which he was also made. He invited all present to step back for a few minutes into the place of worship which had been so charmingly prepared, so scandalously misused, and where he hoped to see them all yet again in the evening, if it would not bore them to give him a further and more formal hearing then.

"I won't keep them five minutes now," he whispered to Carmichael, as the men went ahead to pick up the chairs and take their places, while the bishop hobbled after, still in his pyjamas, and with terribly inflamed and swollen feet. "And then," he added, "I must ask you to send a buggy at once for my poor chaplain. He did his gallant best, poor fellow, but I had to leave him fallen by the way. I am an old miler, you know; it came easier to me; but the cinder-path and running-shoes are a different story from hot sand and naked feet! And now, if you please, I will strike one little blow while our hearts are still warm."

But how shrewdly he struck it, how straight from the shoulder, how simply, how honestly, there is perhaps no need to tell even those who have no previous knowledge of back-block Bishop Methuen and his manly ways.

What afterwards happened to Stingaree is another matter, to be dealt with duly in another place. This is the story of the Purification of Mulvera Station, N.S.W., and in it the bushranger is only a secondary character.

The bishop and his chaplain (a good man, of no present account) stayed the night, and as much of the next day as a pre-existing engagement would permit. Then a fine thing happened. Every man on the place, from homestead, men's hut, rabbit's tent, and boundary-rider's camp—every single man who could be mustered for the nonce and a horse run up for him—accompanied Bishop Methuen in close calvacade to the Mulvera boundary, where the final cheering took place, led by Carmichael, who, of course, was fount and origin of the display. And Carmichael rode by himself on the way back; he had been much with the bishop during his lordship's stay; and he was too morose for profanity during the remainder of that day.

But it was no better when the manager's mood lifted, and the life on Mulvera slipped back into the old blinding and jostling groove.

Then one night, a night of the very week thus sensationally begun, the ingenious Chaucer began one of the old, old stories, on the moonlit verandah, and Carmichael stopped him while that particular old story was still quite young in the telling. There was an awkward pause until Carmichael laughed.

"I don't care twopence what you fellows think of me," said he, "and never did. I saw a lot of the bishop," he went on, less aggressively, after a pause.

"So we saw," assented Smart.

"You bet!" added Chaucer.

For they were two to one.

"He ran the mile for Oxford," continued Carmichael. "Two years he ran it and won both times. You may not appreciate quite what that means."

And, with a patience foreign to his character as they knew it, Carmichael tried to explain.

"But," he added, "that was nothing to his performance last Sunday, in getting here from beyond the boundary, in the time he did it in—bare-foot! It would have been good enough in shoes. But don't you forget his feet. I can see them—and feel them—still."

"Oh, he's a grand chap," the overseer allowed.

"We never said he wasn't," his ally chimed in.

Carmichael took no notice of a tone which the youth with the putty face had never employed towards him before.

"He was also in his school eleven," continued Carmichael, still in a reflective fashion.

"Was it a public school?" inquired Smart.

"Yes."

"The public school?" added Chaucer.

"Not mine, if that's what you mean," returned Carmichael, with just a touch of his earlier manner. "But—he knew my old headmaster—he was quite a pal of the dear Old Man! . . . We had such lots in common," added the manager, more to himself than to the other two.

The overseer's comment is of no consequence. What the book-keeper was emboldened to add matters even less. Suffice it that between them they brought the old Carmichael to his feet, his glasses flaming in the moonshine, his body thrown jurgistically backward, his jaw jutting like a crag—the old Carmichael in deed—but not in word.

"I told you just now I didn't care twopence what either of you thought of me," he roared, "though there wasn't the least necessity to tell you, because you knew! So I needn't repeat myself; but just listen a moment, and try not to be greater fools than God made you. You saw a real man last Sunday, and so did I. I had almost forgotten what they were like—that quality. Well, we had a lot of talk, and he told me what they are doing on some of the other stations. They are holding services, something like what he held here, every Sunday night for themselves. Now, it isn't in human nature to fly from one extreme to the other; but we are going to have a try to keep up our Sunday end with the other stations; at least I am, and you two are going to back me up."

He paused. Not a syllable from the pair.

"Do you hear me?" thundered Carmichael, as he had thundered in the dormitory at school, now after twenty years in the same good cause once more. "Whether you like it or not, you fellows are going to back me up!"

And Carmichael was a mighty man, whose influence was not to be withstood.

J. W. Horning.

A PUPIL OF M'SIEU PEPIN

By J. LE BRETON

M'SIEU and Madame Perier had been wedded for fifteen years when Madame died—of too much ease; and those years had been comfortable in the home, for Madame never contradicted M'sieu, but thought as he did, precisely, and was a staunch believer in his perfection.

She had not been altogether idle, for every day she had cooked for him some little *plat*, and her cooking was so exquisite that he said one measured life by the dinner-hour. All the rest of her time she sat and pondered with her plump hands folded in her lap, seeming to be wise when she was but the reflection of his wisdom; and so she grew fat, until at last she died suddenly.

M'sieu Perier was inconsolable. Always he had known that he possessed a treasure of a wife, but now when the dinner-hour came round and there was such a dinner on the table as could not tempt a fine palate, he realised more keenly than ever that such a woman could not be replaced, and he mourned for her most truly. Still, he was a religious man in his way, and he knew that it was wrong to be sad because a dear one has gone where the long restfulness is not broken even by the artistic labour of preparing little *plats*. He judged that the good Saints had determined that he should be an anchorite for the rest of his days, and fast and pray; and so, resigned and obedient, he obtained the best cook his income would allow, and ate only about half as much as he used to do. It may be said at once that the cooking was never like the cooking of Madame, although most people pronounced it to be excellent.

In his old, quiet house, which lay almost midway between Haute-Choisy and Choisy village, he bore his affliction with admirable fortitude for over a year, seeing but few people, and complaining to none; and at the end of this period he summoned his late wife's nephew, Gilles Lorillard, to him.

Gilles was young, about twenty-eight, and life had only one trouble for him—he had not an income sufficient for marriage. He loved Délie Legarde. Délie was known to be obdurate in refusing M. Vermonte, the rich ironmaster's son, and this plainly was not without reason. Her elder sister, Emilie, was earning 1,000 francs every year as their father's book-keeper, and could Délie have done this she would have been able to marry Gilles; but M'sieu Legarde did not need two book-keepers, and Emilie had occupied the position for eleven or twelve years, and seemed likely to continue in it, for she was thirty-five years of age now. And such positions, with so magnificent a salary were not to be found every day in Haute Choisy, where every merchant's or tradesman's books were cared for by some relative. Gilles said privately that Emilie ought to marry or emigrate, and give place to Délie; but she made no sign of altering her mode of life at all, and she was very kind to her little sister, only that she would never give her a franc. M'sieu Legarde also considered that Délie, who was but seventeen, did not require money, since he paid for her clothes, although she kept his house for

him and attended to all the cooking. Emilie often said that there never was such a good cook as Délie; but no one ever dined at their house, and no one knew this for certain.

Many times Délie told Gilles that she could earn a thousand francs a year as a cook, perhaps more, for was she not a pupil of M'sieu Pepin, the great *chef* from Paris, who was Père Antoine's brother; but Gilles explained that women cooks have to live in the house of the employer, and besides only one person in Choisy ever paid as much as two hundred and fifty francs a year, and that was his uncle, M'sieu Perier, who could afford to be extravagant, since he had a yearly income of eight thousand francs.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Gilles had to visit his uncle, a most unfortunate arrangement, for then he always met Délie, and at no other time during the week. Still, Délie walked from Haute-Choisy with him, and Emilie accompanied them; but Emilie soon tired, and it was understood that M'sieu Legarde should not know of this, or that she was not with Délie all the while.

The three miles of the way were very long—so long that the journey took one hour and a half longer to accomplish than they had reckoned, although, with much foresight, they had permitted themselves an hour. Délie waited beneath a tree in the lane while Gilles walked quickly through the scented old gardens, shady, and seeming full of peaceful wonder at his haste and youth.

M'sieu Perier was a little annoyed at this lateness of arrival. He had opened a choice bottle of Burgundy, and its fragrance would have been spoiled by the waiting; and so he had been forced to drink it all himself, a thing he had not intended.

"And if I am troubled with it, look you, it is all your fault, Gilles," he complained; "already I feel that it has heated my blood!"

"My uncle, I met a friend by the way," said Gilles, with many apologies.

"One would think that I am your best friend. Some day, when I have gone to meet that dearest of women, the lamented one, you will find that you are the richer for my going. That is why I withhold money from you now. It will be the more then, and in your heart you will thank me for it."

"Ah! my uncle, if I had but another thousand francs a year, now, I should be the most joyful man in Choisy," sighed Gilles.

"It is possible that you may think so; but money does not make happiness. Look at me, Gilles. I am the most miserable man that lives and breathes, and I am daily withering to the grave."

And Gilles, though he looked carefully, saw no signs of early death, but a plump, ruddy countenance with perhaps a tinge of discontent in its suave creases.

"Ah! my poor uncle," he said, "I appreciate your grief. To lose a wife—it is the most devastating stroke that fate could deal," and he thought of losing Délie, and looked so heartily sad that his uncle was pleased with him.

"You have the sympathy with you, Gilles," he said, "and most young men are indifferent in these matters. Ah! I ought never to have married, and then I should never have suffered such a loss."

"But see the many years of happiness that you would have missed, my uncle."

"Perhaps not. Happiness we never feel at the time excessively; it is like an exquisite dinner after one has eaten it—there is contentment certainly, but one takes it as a matter of course; but when we are deprived, then—ah! it is bitter, it kills us. See, then, had we never permitted ourselves to love this fine dinner, plain fare would have satisfied us, and that can always be procured."

"But, uncle, I assure you that if I did not hope to marry Délie, I could not live."

"Ah! Gilles, in time you will see that life is very endurable for the young. No, no, you must not marry. I shall save you from my fate. It is well for you that you are poor and happy."

"Happy, my uncle! But no! My heart is sore with longing."

"Ah! You think so; but you are well and strong, you enjoy your *fotage* and white bread, while I—Gilles, this is why I wished to see you to-day. I have lost four pounds in weight, yes, actually four pounds, since your sainted aunt died, and I cannot live much longer when I waste like this. Four pounds, nephew," and M'sieu Perier groaned heavily.

"But you sleep well, and you look well, my uncle."

"Ah! that is what is so deceptive; but I know what I know. I am lonely, very lonely."

"Then marry again. It will be no disrespect to my late aunt, but will rather testify to your ease and enjoyment of your married life with her."

"No, no! Any other would make me miss her the more. At every turn I should say to myself, 'This is not like Julie, this is not how she spoke, this is not how she looked—this is not how she cooked!'"

"But surely we can find someone for you who can make life pleasanter."

"Gilles, there is not anyone who could compare with her; and it is, therefore, right that I should think of death. Now, *mon enfant*, I have a presentiment that I shall die within a year from to-day."

"That is because of your state of mind, dear uncle, not because of ill health."

"Ah! if I could but think so; but my loss of appetite, and my thinness tell another story," and M'sieu Perier looked down toward his feet, but saw only the glimmer of the watch-chain that reposed on the wide curve of his waistcoat. "Death comes to all of us, and life has now so little savour that I am not unwilling to go. Now, I want you, Gilles, to come every Sunday afternoon and see me. That will be fifty-two farewell visits for you, and you will

have when I am gone a legacy of twenty-five thousand francs, so that if you come it will pay you nearly five hundred francs a visit."

Gilles said at once that it did not need the promise of a legacy to urge him to visit his good uncle; but in his mind he was much disturbed, for it was not such a trifle after all that M'sieu Perier demanded of him. In a moment fifty-two delicious Sunday afternoons had been wrested out of his life. Very mournfully he told the news to Délie as they walked back to Haute-Choisy, and she too was greatly troubled.

"What a pity he does not marry again," said Gilles.

"Ah! if he would only marry our Emilie," sighed Délie.

"Emilie—why then?" Gilles began to think, and his thoughts were so absorbing that as he walked along he kissed Délie almost mechanically.

On the next Sunday afternoon, Délie and her sister again accompanied Gilles part of the way to his uncle's house, and Gilles bore a little basket tenderly with him, and Délie was very anxious for its safety. He took it into the house to his uncle, and laid it carefully down on the table.

"It is for you, my dear uncle," he said, smiling. "It is to be warmed in a quick oven, just ten minutes, and no more."

"Is it to eat?" inquired M'sieu Perier pensively.

"Yes, certainly—and it is very good. It will make you well again."

"Ah! no. That can never be. If I eat this it will be to please you, Gilles. It looks nice," he added, lifting the white cloth that was tucked lightly over and around a white dish.

"You will try it, dear uncle."

"I do not think so, Gilles. Why should I be so ungracious as to eat it? Only to think—ah! poor cook, it is well you did not taste aught of my Julie's cooking, or you would have died of despair."

"Still, taste it, my uncle."

"To please you, then, for I have no appetite, although I ate but little dinner, and that almost three hours ago," and M'sieu Perier called to the cook to make the oven very hot, and said that he would himself superintend her when she put the dish in. He was so busy, and even a little worried in a comfortable way that Gilles picked up the empty basket, made his adieu, and rejoined Délie, who was waiting outside the garden. Emilie was resting, as usual, a long way down the road.

"He is interested in it, without doubt, for it has such an attractive air," he told her. She laughed at him, showing her little, even teeth; and, as no one was in sight, he put one arm round her waist, and insisted on walking with her thus. It was natural that Délie should be shocked, and she struggled and struggled to free herself, until he stopped and kissed her three or four times on each round, smooth cheek, and threatened to do it again if she were not more gentle; and so after that she only struggled occasionally in order to see if he were a man of his word. Now, Gilles, as everyone in Choisy knew, always meant what he said; and Délie's face was very red when they came up with Emilie, but Emilie never noticed this, for her mild thoughts were far away—straying in her soft, uncoloured past, perhaps, where all was peace.

"It is well to be young like you, Délie," she said, "and have the wish to tramp dusty roads in all the heat of summer. Yet I never used to tire myself as you do."

"You were cut out to marry, and to sit in a great chair, opposite another great chair, in which M'sieu your husband will dream. Then he will rouse himself, and say to you, 'Emilie, my love, if all is well, we will have just such another dinner to-morrow as we had to-day.' And you will answer, 'Indeed, yes, *mon ami*.' Then he will nod again, and you will look at him for a while until your eyelids grow heavy, and you will think of the excellent dinner you have had, and fall asleep too," and Délie mimicked the old voices and acted the sleepy ways until Gilles exhausted himself with laughter, and even Emilie smiled.

"Ah! no," she said, "and beside, what would our dear father do without his book-keeper?"

"Oh! I will keep the books; and every Sunday I will come over to see you, and I will say, 'How is it with you, Emilie, and my dear brother-in-law?' And you will answer, quite gravely, 'We are well, and we eat well, and sleep well, thanks be to the holy Saints.' And you will listen silently while I tell you of the news; and then, when I have gone, all is still again, save for the deep breathing of M'sieu your husband, you will sigh, and be thankful for the silence, and you will think and think of nothing at all, and wait patiently until night comes with time for more rest and ease."

"You will have a fever, Délie, if you allow your fancy to trouble you like this," said Emilie, shaking her head.

"Well then, confess; would you not like just such a life of ease?"

"If the good Saints select me for it, they will make their intention known; but I do not repine at my present burden. Work is sent for our good, Délie, and Emilie assumed a worn and harassed expression, so that Gilles, who knew how drowsily the time must pass for her, as she tried to spread her small and simple task of book-keeping over the long day, turned away so that she should not see his silent laughter.

When the next Sunday came it was found to be grey and odorous with gentle, persistent summer rain, and Gilles met Délie at the door of her father's home, for men were never permitted to enter the dwelling-rooms of the house, but only the office, and this was closed on Sundays. M'sieu Legarde was asleep, upstairs. Emilie was in the sitting-room with an open book near to her. She was recalling the conversation of the previous Sunday, and wishing that such fancies had never strayed into her life as those which had painted for her that picture of wedded calm. Below, Gilles, hidden by the half-closed door from the curiosity of the few passers-by, stealthily took many a kiss from red, sweet lips, and sunned himself in the half-awakened glow of clear, girlish eyes. Presently, he went away, carrying a small basket, which he shielded most carefully from the rain. It did not take long to walk to M'sieu Perier's house this Sunday, and he was in good time when he greeted his uncle, whose eyes, he noticed, soon found the basket he carried.

"What is it you have there, Gilles?" he asked languidly.

"It is a dainty *plat* which I promised to bring you, but knowing

that you no longer care for these trifles I was going to ask your permission to eat of it myself."

M'sieu Perier sat up straight in his chair, and spoke briskly, never taking his glance from the basket, watching it intently as if he feared that its contents would grow wings and fly away.

"Ah! do not do that, Gilles. Let these things be forbidden fruit to you. Is not my fate a sufficient warning?"

"But my sainted aunt was such an artist that you can never get anything more cooked in her incomparable manner, and I can always get more like this."

M'sieu stood up, stiff and erect, and came over to Gilles. He looked him steadily in the face, and spoke impressively, with the air of a tragic actor.

"Gilles, did you prepare that *plat* yourself?" he asked.

"Not I," answered Gilles, carelessly.

"Who made it?"

"Ah! that is a secret. But was it good, my uncle—really good?"

"Gilles, I should show no injustice to the sainted one in Heaven, did I say that next to her—and she had no equal, mind you—this cooking is the best that I have tasted."

"Ah! then, is it so good? Well, well, it is a pity that I shall get no more."

"What, no more! How is that? I will most gladly pay—and liberally. I will employ the excellent cook!" M'sieu Perier almost gasped with disappointment, and the moisture came into his eyes.

"She already has good employment, and she will cook only for the family."

"It is some lady, without doubt!"

"That is right, my uncle, it is a very sweet lady."

"Her husband is a fortunate man!"

"She is not married, uncle."

"She is a friend of yours, Gilles?"

"Yes, uncle, and she has the kindest of hearts. She has heard of your misfortune, and she said to me, 'Surely your uncle is wise and brave and noble to bear his grief so well. Truly, no one could do enough for so good a man.'"

"Did she say . . . that?"

"But yes and much more. I showed her your portrait, and she said, 'I know of M'sieu Perier, although I have never seen him; but this—this must be his son—and yet the pleasant face bears the stamp of sorrow.'"

"Ah! she is a young girl, and impressionable," said M'sieu Perier trying to appear unconcerned.

"No, she is of thirty-five years, and quiet and restful, as was my sainted aunt—and her name must be for ever a secret—'If I send him this,' she said to me, 'promise me that he shall never know of the matter, lest he think it unmanly of me.'"

"Is—that—so?" said M'sieu Perier gravely.

"It is indeed, and therefore you will readily understand that I cannot give you the lady's name."

"Still, I respect her, and—I—I respect her prodigious talent. Indeed, I should really say that she is—without disrespect to the sainted one now gone from me—quite—yes, quite as beautiful a cook. Nothing that your aunt ever made was more delicious than what you brought me last Sunday. Already I feel my appetite revived by the sight of your lady's little gift. She might yet save my life, and I have many years which I might profitably employ for the good of—of—human beings."

"It is unfortunate, my uncle, that she is so excessively modest."

"But you might tell me her name, in confidence, Gilles—I could then see her, and—what is her name—one of her names, Gilles?"

"I dare not tell you, uncle, indeed no. Beside, you might think of marriage again, and if you should lose a second treasure you would shower curses upon me, and with reason!"

"No, no, Gilles, I would not, and beside, she might live for at least fifteen years. Think of fifteen years of peace and joy!"

"No, it cannot be, my uncle. Only last week you said to me, 'Do not marry, Gilles,' and you showed me how terrible was the risk."

"Pschutt! I was low in spirits at the time. If you could find such a treasure of a wife, I would say to you, 'Get married, Gilles.' Indeed, if you will introduce me to this delightful lady I will give—yes, I will give you five thousand francs when you marry."

"Is it possible, my uncle?"

"I promise you, and you can take my word."

"Truly, you tempt me! It may be, though, that in her maidenly fear the lady may pretend she knows nothing of this cooking and the presents, and you must not betray me to her. I must tell you that she is good to her sister, and praises her, perhaps, a little extravagantly, seeking nothing of the credit for herself."

"How charming! It is this modesty that I admire in an artist—and such an artist as this lady of whom you speak. Gilles, if I know her, I shall be able to live!"

"Then I must tell you, my uncle! It is Mlle. Émilie Legarde, of Haute-Choisy."

"Vraiment! And I know her good father, and my father knew him. I must introduce myself to him again, and then I will meet the dear lady, and who knows—"

Without loss of time M'sieu Perier wrote to M'sieu Legarde, stating that he wished to make the acquaintance of his daughter Émilie, with a view to marriage; and M'sieu Legarde invited M'sieu Perier, and also his nephew Gilles, to dine at the *maison* Legarde on the following Sunday. M'sieu Perier being somewhat timid, had begged that he might have the honour of introducing his nephew on the occasion of his first visit.

And so, in due state and with much pomp, the introduction took place, and the dinner was served. This was a great occasion, and Délie had arranged so elaborate a feast that she had been obliged to let Émilie assist in the simpler portion of the work. M'sieu Perier pronounced the cooking to be the work of a resplendent genius; and M'sieu Legarde, bowing, said that he always considered that his daughter cooked well, but now the opinion of a *connoisseur* like M'sieu confirmed the fact for ever.

"And I speak of what I know," said M'sieu Perier solemnly.

Gilles with his foot managed to find Délie's foot under the table, and to press against it humorously.

"Everyone knows that M'sieu Perier, as a gentleman of means, and one who has known the cooking of the best *chefs* of Paris, is the good judge," remarked M'sieu Legarde; and the two elderly men bowed and drank to each other. M'sieu Perier ate and ate until his compliments were proved to the last spoonful.

Towards evening M'sieu Legarde pretended to read a newspaper, and soon he fell asleep. Gilles and Délie managed to get away to the garden, and under the great walnut tree they sat and laughed and talked, and were extraordinarily happy in spite of the uncertainty of life. So far they had prospered, but they had been forced to leave much to chance; and chance is cruelly capricious with those who mostly rely upon her aid.

M'sieu Perier sat at one side of the room and Émilie at the other. It was rather awkward until M'sieu Legarde woke up and begged the guest to pardon his absence for one moment. It appeared that he had forgotten whether he had written a certain important letter or no. He was excused with much affability, and he went away; and M'sieu Perier and Émilie still sat at opposite sides of the room.

The widower rose abruptly and came and sat upon a chair next to the lady. In some alarm she moved her chair back. Then he understood the delicacy of the position, and moved his chair a little further away from her. After this, he cleared his voice three times.

"Ma'mselle," he said at last, "you are an entrancing cook."

"Ah! no, M'sieu, my sister laughs at my cooking. She has done so this day."

"She is—," began M'sieu Perier hotly, and then, reining in his speech, "she is very young! Ma'mselle, you are an artist, a wonder. I say so, and I know."

"Oh! M'sieu, you are too kind."

"No, indeed no"—M'sieu Perier moved his chair ever so little forward, and Émilie was not frightened this time—"praise is your due. A good artist does the better work for praise—judicious praise—praise from a tried and deeply experienced critic."

"*Mais*, M'sieu, I—"

"Yes, I say so. An artist cares nothing for the opinion of the common herd, who have no liking for anything that does not stink with garlic or shout with a multitude of pungent herbs; but I, for years, have tested my palate with the finest, the choicest, the—Ma'mselle has heard of the departure of my sainted wife?"

"But yes, M'sieu. It is very sad."

"Ah, yes or rather—it was. Once I feared that I should pine and die. I despaired! I could not eat. I was rapidly drying to a mere skeleton. I was about to seek the grave—when, behold, an angel of succour appeared in my path—an artist, a gem—delicious!"

M'sieu Perier smacked his lips, and the effect was not good, for he appeared to wander in his thoughts; but the remembrance of some tasty dish at the recent dinner had thrust itself upon him and obliged him to utter the descriptive epithet.

"It is very sad to lose one's wife," said Émilie gently.

"Ah! yes—when it seems that she is the only artist in the world—that is the only one who could comfort an old man like—a middle-aged man like myself; but comfort comes when we least expect it, Ma'mselle," and M'sieu Perier looked heavily pious.

"It is so sad to lose what we prize most," Émilie observed.

"Dear lady, that is most true," M'sieu Perier said, and there was silence while he cast about in his mind for a new mode of introducing the important subject. "It was so good of you, so angelic, so—so religious of you to think of a dying man," he cried in a burst of emotion.

"Of a dying man?" she repeated questioning.

"I was dying, but thanks to you I am recovered. Yes, I am strong and hearty, nothing the matter with me, Ma'mselle. I am stronger than many a young man I assure you, and," he added with great feeling in his voice, "I am able to appreciate the work of an artist to the fullest extent as much as ever."

Émilie was confused. She did not quite follow M'sieu Perier's speech. She was slow in thought, and he was so fluent that although she admired, she could not quite understand him. He became more eloquent as he saw that she paid every attention to his words. At least she looked wise, and silence always gives a life-like colour to the pose.

"But for your gifts, your sweet gifts, your gifts savoury, which gave me renewed life, which made me believe after all there is compensation on earth, that brought the light to my home, and with it hope—radiant hope, springing like a bud from the soil, but for your gifts, I say, I should now have been in Heaven—at least, I beg the saints to pardon me for speaking with such certainty—but I hope that I should have been in Heaven. I don't hope so now, for my peace is here, here beside me. Oh! Ma'mselle, those persuasive gifts have assured me that you, and you only, can make me happy!"

"Gifts, M'sieu?" she asked. She thought that perhaps he was alluding to the gifts with which Nature had endowed her, but she was not quite sure whether the wooer's flowery speech was to be taken literally or not.

"Your pardon, Ma'mselle," he said archly. "I should not have mentioned them. Forget, then, that I have spoken of them, but do not forget my gratitude—gratitude that years shall never stale. They tell me that Ma'mselle has a tender heart, that she feels for the suffering, that she is an angel of pity," he added effusively taking her hand and kissing it. She simpered a little. It was a new experience, and it was pleasant to be so highly valued and ardently desired. She waited, and hoped very sincerely that her time had come. She knew, of course, that M'sieu Perier had come to the house for a wife, but she was fearful lest her father should somehow prevent her marriage.

"I cannot live without you, and, Ma'mselle, I lay at your feet my heart, my love, and an excellent mansion with every convenience, which is desolate for the mere want of a lady to smile in it."

"It is as my father wishes," she answered, drooping her head; and again he kissed her hand.

"Then, if M'sieu your father consents, you will make me happy? Believe me, Ma'mselle, if the sainted one were living she would bear testimony to the fact that I am always a devoted husband."

Émilie did not quite like to be reminded of the sainted one in this way, but still—it was past, what did it matter? The two sat hand in hand conversing shyly, until M'sieu Legarde returned; and then the marriage was arranged.

Délie and Gilles came in, and they were told that Émilie was to marry M'sieu Perier, and they were pleased. When, at last, Gilles and his uncle were walking homeward, the latter said cheerfully:

"The departed saint will, I am sure, consider that I have made an excellent choice. Do you not think so, Gilles?"

"Most certainly," said Gilles.

"Because, you see, she knew what good cooking was, if any one did. Poor soul! I daresay she sometimes thinks of those wonderful *pâtés* she used to make. Well, well! That's gone, but I think she will be flattered when she knows that I considered only such an artist as Ma'mselle Émilie worthy to be her successor. Do you not think so, my Gilles?"

"Undoubtedly she will be pleased, uncle. She loved you well, and naturally she would wish to see you contented."

"Precisely what I said to myself. That dear saint, I said, must have been unhappy in seeing my misery, and now she will be joyful in knowing of my joy; and it is my duty to make her joyful, eh, Gilles?"

"Yes, my uncle, and without doubt you have done so."

"She—you don't think that she would be angry and haunt me, and—and—cause indigestion, do you, Gilles?"

"Oh, no! Certainly not. My good aunt was too fond of ease to take such trouble."

"Ah, yes, yes—you are right. You are a most agreeable companion, Gilles. How much did I say I would give you if this marriage was arranged? A couple of thousand francs, I believe."

"Five thousand, my uncle. It was kind of you."

"Surely no, Gilles! It is a fortune! We will say three thousand, and that will make for you a fortune by good management."

"My uncle," said Gilles seriously, "my dear aunt, who is no more, would be angry if she knew that you broke your promise to me."

"No, no. She never was angry. She did not trouble over much."

"And Ma'mselle Émilie, she would say to herself, 'He promised, and he did not give. Can I trust myself to him?'"

"Well, then, shall we make it three thousand five hundred francs. Leave me a little, Gilles, for the sake of mercy. I am not rich, and this will greatly impoverish me."

"As you like. I will leave the affair altogether. I will explain all to Ma'mselle Émilie. And now, uncle, I wish you good-day," and Gilles turned from the way very abruptly as if he were ill-pleased.

"Stay a moment, hothead," cried M'sieu Perier after him. "I did not say that I would not give you what you demand. Only, look you, if you will make it less I will give you more at my death."

"This marriage, if Ma'mselle consents, knowing all, to marry you, and if M'sieu, her father, still considers you to be an honourable man—will prolong your life for many years, so that I shall be old when you are continuing to enjoy the delightful cookery of Madame, your good wife."

"It will ruin me, Gilles; but my honour before all. The money you shall have!"

"Will you write this promise on a piece of paper, my uncle?"

"What? Can you not trust me?"

"Indeed, yes; but I am so bad in the memory that I cannot trust myself. I might forget to ask you for it."

"Bah! This is foolishness."

"You are mistaken, dear uncle. Write it, then, so that I may tell Ma'mselle Émilie what an honourable man you are, and what a valuable husband you will make."

"Well, well, if you wish to ruin me, lend me your pencil;" and very readily Gilles lent M'sieu Perier his pencil, and he wrote the promise to pay five thousand francs, one month after his marriage with Ma'mselle Émilie Legarde.

In a month's time the marriage was celebrated; and Délie was made book-keeper at the *maison* Legarde, with a salary of eight hundred francs yearly. She was so young, M'sieu Legarde said, that she did not require the extra two hundred francs which Émilie had been used to receive. And as Gilles was able to show his uncle's promise for five thousand francs, he was received as a suitor for Délie's hand.

Then Gilles wrote to his uncle, thanking him for the gift of money he had received. Also he mentioned that he had found it to be Délie who had cooked so well, and not her sister; but Délie had promised to cook a *plat* for her dear brother-in-law every day, and to teach Émilie, as M'sieu Pepin the great *chef* had taught herself.

M'sieu Perier, who had just returned from his honeymoon in Paris, when he had read this letter, sat for hours with it before him, looking ill and worn; but in the evening Délie arrived, and prepared for him a *pâté*, and he was not comfortless. She told him that Émilie had a natural taste for cookery, and already was learning well. M'sieu Perier ate the *pâté*; and then he said that after all we must bear our burdens discreetly, and with a wise grace. He begged Délie to come very often, and he was most tender with her, and not unkind to Émilie, who revelled in her ease now that it had come to her.

Before long the new Madame Perier learned to cook quite well.

"If she is not precisely an artist, at least she has artistic merits, and that bids us hope," M'sieu Perier would say; and such is the power of hope that when he appeared at the wedding of Gilles and Délie, a year later, all Choisy said he looked quite youthful, and almost as pleased as the bridegroom himself that the little Délie was marrying into the family.

John L. Breton

THE KEYNOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

'Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.'—Tennyson.
The World WOULD NOT TOLERATE long any great power or influence THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED for THE GENERAL GOOD.

THE ANTISEPTICS OF EMPIRE.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

"AN ISLAND," he pointed out,
"REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE
THE COMMAND OF THE SEA.
ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of
THE COMMAND of the SEA was that
THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly
UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that Held it.
BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN
BY the COMMAND of the SEA
WAS SO GREAT,
IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW.
THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG
ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE
THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED
FOR THE GENERAL GOOD.
THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist
ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT
FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY.
THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we might
fairly claim.
SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean
TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all over
the globe.
SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE TRADE
AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL NATIONS
EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that belonged
to the CONTINENTAL POWERS.
BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion
THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD,
OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a
NATION."

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED
SERVICE INSTITUTE.—'Spectator.'



WHICH MAY BE PREVENTED.

Read Pamphlet given with each bottle
of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IN LIFE'S PLAY

THE PLAYER of the other side
IS HIDDEN from us.

WE KNOW that His play is
ALWAYS FAIR, JUST and PATIENT,
BUT we also know to our COST that He
NEVER OVERLOOKS A MISTAKE.—Huxley.

WAR!!

Oh, world!
Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay as if death had but this one gate?—Byron.

THE COST OF WAR.

"GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR
AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT OF LAND upon
the Globe;
I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in
an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud;
I WILL BUILD A SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILL-
SIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth;
I WILL BUILD AN ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN and
endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with able
professors;
I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP
consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE;
I WILL support in every PULPIT an able TEACHER of
righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should
answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference;
AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of PRAISE
SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to
heaven."—RICHARD.
WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE?
THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL.
WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES
MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR?

"I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND
TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE. SHE
KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE
HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO
LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER.
Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the woman and the child; but
Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is
obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but
most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the
sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the
musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the
pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENT-
ABLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and
BODY—which exists in England!"—KINGSLEY.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

'HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.'—Bickerstaff.

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(Signed) Rev. _____." (September 20th, 1900.)

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THE RACE FOR THE COTTAGE

By MARGARET ARMOUR

For three years the friends of John and Mary Woodward had envied them exceedingly; not because, as collaborating novelists, they had rounded their Cape of Storms and found anchorage in public favour; not even because they were a genial couple, and won goodwill by bestowing it—many of the friends were, themselves, both successful and popular. What none of them possessed, and therefore envied, was the orchard and ivy-grown cottage where, beneath blossoming boughs in spring, and ripening fruits in autumn, the Woodward hatched their inspirations and spread their simple board.

With every desire to be humble, the fortunate pair could not but enjoy this envy, and appreciate the singular luck of renting, for a nominal sum, a corner of Eden within twenty miles of London. As time wore on, however, certain details began to temper their satisfaction.

The kitchen range, for instance, had an ingeniously collapsible bottom, which had a frisky way towards dinner time of projecting the fire on to the floor. When overhauled by the local plumber, it may have made good resolutions, but these, alas! ended in smoke. Then, the expensive and artistic wallpapers with which they had thought to conceal some ominous mural blotches, peeled off feebly during the autumn rains. The chinks in the door panels which had admitted the sun so pleasantly in summer, were equally complaisant to the March winds. The fruit, which had been a poem while in growth, became rather a problem when gathered, and it made a hole in the proceeds of one of their editions to rail what they could not use to their friends. While, after a long winter of apple tarts, they marvelled at the transgression of Eve.

But these were only, as it were, slowworms in their Paradise; the serpent was yet to come. When he did come, he took the form which is usual in Edens within a mile of a railway station in a district that London has begun to discover. Here and there his hiss was heard in remarks on the growing popularity of the neighbourhood, and finally he reared his head in placards announcing "Valuable building land for sale."

Then came the mason's whistle and the demoralisation of the cook; the sawing of sheet iron at cock-crow; "desirable residences" and undesirable residents; the maniac yells of tennis players, and the exasperating click of croquet balls; asthmatic harmoniums, vixenish pianos, querulous fiddles, yapping dogs, wailing infancy, vociferous childhood, giggling, hedgerow-haunting adolescence, the ceaseless crunch of tradesmen's vans, and, in the fulness of time, a leader of society, who organised picnics in a motor-car.

From having all the twenty-four hours for their dreaming, the Woodward had now barely five, that is to say, the interval between the last chord of the last piano, and the guffaw of the post-office girl which cheered the night policeman at dawn.

And the cruel thing was that their friends continued to envy them. Eden still smiled within their hedges, the bees buzzed

among the blossom, and the June winds were sweetened by roses. Tired folk from town, lolling on hammocks amid merry talk, did not observe the noises which had worn themselves a tortured hearing in the Woodward's suffering brains, and so long had the wretched pair sniffed the incense of congratulations that they were loth to turn it from their nostrils by repudiating their Paradise. So they smiled with hollow eyes, and grew thin on fallacious raptures.

They concealed their misery from one another, or, rather, they displayed it detached from its cause. Hardly a day passed but the currents of affection were interrupted by some chafing word; so much so that Mary began to wonder—in verse—if love was really immortal, and John to tell himself sadly that to win a woman's heart is not necessarily to keep it.

Matters were brought to a climax by the oratory of a Wesleyan preacher. His address, delivered to an enthusiastic open-air meeting on the tennis-lawn next door when the poor novelists were knotting together the troublesome loose ends of a plot, sent John swearing from the house.

"I'll be damned if I stand it a day longer for anybody's sake, even yours!"

"For mine!" Mary gasped, when he was gone. "And I've only been enduring it for his!"

An understanding ought to have followed, but as it was the first time John had sworn in his wife's presence, he had, of course, to suffer for his previous virtue, and when he returned, Mary's manner was reserved.

It continued so throughout their afternoon journey to the "At Home" of a friend in town. At last, indeed, Mary's hand stole out in search of his, but just as the hansom drew up at their destination, and too late for John to see it; so they passed with heavy hearts into the smiling presence of their hostess.

Once, when they drifted within ear-shot of one another, Mary's partner happened to be saying, "I've heard so much about that delightful orchard of yours. No wonder your books are restful—"

Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade—

don't you know? What wouldn't I give for your luck?"

"Not a single night's sleep, the fool!" was John's growl.

Another time it was John's companion who was sighing, "Oh, it must be so utterly sweet! I suppose you rise with the lark and all that. It sounds like the golden age!"

"The age of sheet-iron!" groaned Mary.

They were intimate with Mrs. Clayley Paterson, their hostess, and were invited to remain behind the other guests.

"I need your help," she explained, when alone with them. "We want to rent some little place in the country, to give the children more frequent change of air. We cannot hope for anything so unique as yours. Indeed, to be honest, my dears, it wouldn't suit me. I couldn't stand the quiet. I can't do without society. What's the good of spending half the year with your dressmaker if there's no one to see your gowns the other half? Besides, between ourselves, just as I enjoy the sound of my own voice, I love hearing other people's. Why, I don't even mind their pianos. Oh, I don't care a bit if you are shocked! I'm not a poet, you see. I don't fill the silence with my own music. But though your particular grounds are so secluded, I've noticed that the neighbourhood is growing, and I want you to be on the look-out for some convenient,

new, little villa, at a lively corner, if possible. Here's where Jim wanted to bury me"—and she snatched up *Country Life* from a table. "There! a sweet little cottage, isn't it? And splendid value for the money. But right in the heart of Sussex, and six miles from a railway station! I'd rather be in my grave."

Mary's eyes were glued to the illustrated advertisement. Her face brightened as she read, "Newly Decorated—every convenience—lovely scenery—six miles from station," and noted the immemorial elms among which the blissful retreat lay embosomed.

John took the paper and read also, while his chin obviously came to a decision.

The two were better friends that night, although very silent and preoccupied.

John had made up his mind that though Mary might shrink from the disloyalty implied to a happy past by proposing the change herself, she would thank him to the end of her days if he could manage to get her that cottage. So he had resolved to run down next morning to verify the photograph's pretensions; but, in case the project should fail, he thought it better to keep his own counsel.

What with the inevitable cocks and the excitement of his secret venture, he passed even a worse night than usual, falling asleep, indeed, only when time to get up, so that it was quite in order that there should be a note from Mary on the breakfast table explaining that she had gone to town without waking him.

Nothing could have suited his plans better. He reached Brookvale, the site of the new Eden, in the afternoon, having had to walk the six advertised miles. The trap at the station hotel had been hired an hour before by a lady bound for the same goal as himself. Had he met his rival on the road, he might have tried bribery or assault, but he took a field path and missed her, so that the *Police News* lost a sensation.

Otherwise his journey was satisfactory. Everything was better than he had hoped. The modern conveniences were genuine, and the old-world charm was real. The nearest house was the Rectory, and that was half a mile distant. During his minute inspection of the premises not a single wheel broke the stillness. A rose-lover had owned the garden, and John followed the caretaker down the lawn murmuring quatrains from Omar Khayyám.

With the dream-silence yet in his brain, he retraced the long six miles, and arrived at London Bridge with its memory comforting his fancy.

Then suddenly he was invaded by fears. There was that odious rival of the carriage. He made a rush for a hansom and drove straight for the advertiser's address. On the way he rehearsed many speeches. He appealed, he threatened, he bribed; he even approached the controller of his destiny with words of studied indifference. When he arrived his mind was a blank.

He was received by a delightful old lady who was sipping a cup of tea. When he told her his business her face fell, and she flatly refused to discuss it, till she had learned his limitations in sugar and cream.

Then she sighed, "Oh dear, I've had a time! Look there!" and she pointed to her desk, on which a pile of letters and telegrams stood a foot high. "And all through one poor little advertisement! I'm more than a week in arrears, and, even so, it's telling on my eyesight. And the worst is, they're all in such



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a hurry. When they began to call, I wanted to run away. But, thank goodness, I've made up my mind. I've almost promised it to a dear little woman who begged for it, to save her husband's life. It seems he is dying of sheer noise. Did you ever hear anything so dreadful? Of course my duty is plain—though, perhaps, I should have asked her for references; but she really brought the tears to my eyes."

John had been going pale. At this he broke in desperately, "Nobody can need that cottage as I do. What's a husband compared with a wife?—at any rate with a wife like mine? She's the finest, sweetest woman on earth, and she's dying for want of a night's sleep. I haven't slept a wink for years, but I don't beg your pity for myself. A man must take his chance; he's bound to stand back for a woman."

John knew he was behaving meanly, but he urged this, and cognate points, for all—and more than all—they were worth.

"Dear me! It's a very strange thing. Is everybody dying of noise, then? Here am I, as muddled as ever. I wish I had cottages for you all."

"One could get to know the lady you speak of, perhaps, and invite her husband down."

But this was rather too artful a stroke. Even in her bewilderment the old lady smiled.

"Or she could invite down your wife."

But John shook his head with a groan.

"I'm afraid she'd be dead before then."

He did not get his way entirely, but he won a promise that the cases would be carefully and prayerfully balanced, and that a telegram would announce the dipping scale in the morning.

He found Mary in bed with headache. Pianos were making night hideous, and the motor-car was returning from late calls. While undressing, he remembered that the morrow would be the thirty-fifth anniversary of his birthday, and he sighed again, more tenderly, for Mary was one who remembered birthdays, and he understood, now, her visit to town.

But next morning she was nowhere visible, neither was there any gift on his plate. She had breakfasted and gone for a walk. The callousness of it hurt him deeply, but he was soon plunged in even worse woe. A telegram was handed in. The woman with the imbecile husband had beat him in the race for the cottage.

It was as well he had the room to himself. Mary did not like to see her chairs suffer.

He flung himself on to the sofa when she came in, and averted his haggard face.

Oddly enough, she was flushed and smiling. She crossed to him with a catch in her breath, and, like a child making confession of a doubtful deed, she stood before him with anxious eyes and clasped hands.

"Dear, if you don't like it you won't scold—your birthday present, I mean. I've been to the post-office to fetch it. I didn't dare have it addressed to the house, in case it might come to nothing. Oh, John, I'm almost afraid to tell you! We've always done everything together. It's the promise of that cottage in *Country Life*—the rent to be paid by me. Dearest, say I haven't done wrong. I had such terrible work to get it. That's where I was all yesterday. I went down on my knees to the old woman who owns it, and told her you were dying of insomnia. I cried till my eyes were quite red. And it would have

been true before long. Listen, 'Have informed lawyer cottage yours. Hope husband better.' Then, catching sight of the telegram in John's hand, and startled by his curious expression, she broke off abruptly, crying, 'Is anything the matter?'"

"Only that the next time we go house-hunting it would be jollier to travel by the same train, and rather less rough on landladies if we went down on our knees together."

On Mary's suggestion, whose lead in such matters John was henceforth content to follow, they invited Mrs. Cayley Paterson for a week end. They had their lease to get rid of.

She was charmed with the din and defilement.

"Now, if you could get me a place like this, I shouldn't mind a month or two in the country. I had no idea you were so lively. And if it got too quiet of a night one could always start a musical box!"

Which it is recorded she subsequently did.

As for the soft-hearted landlady, she was never more relieved in her life than to learn that both moribund spouses were sleeping themselves back to health in her cottage. She was as relieved, indeed, as if, with one last tit-bit on her plate, she had suddenly found her poodle and her tabby possessed of only one mouth between them.

Margaret Armour

LUCERNE

AND ITS

LOVELY LAKE.

SUMMER SEASON,
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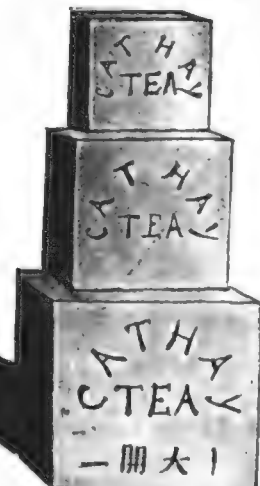


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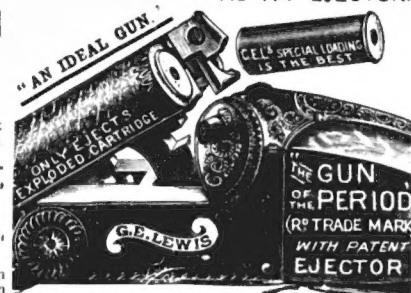
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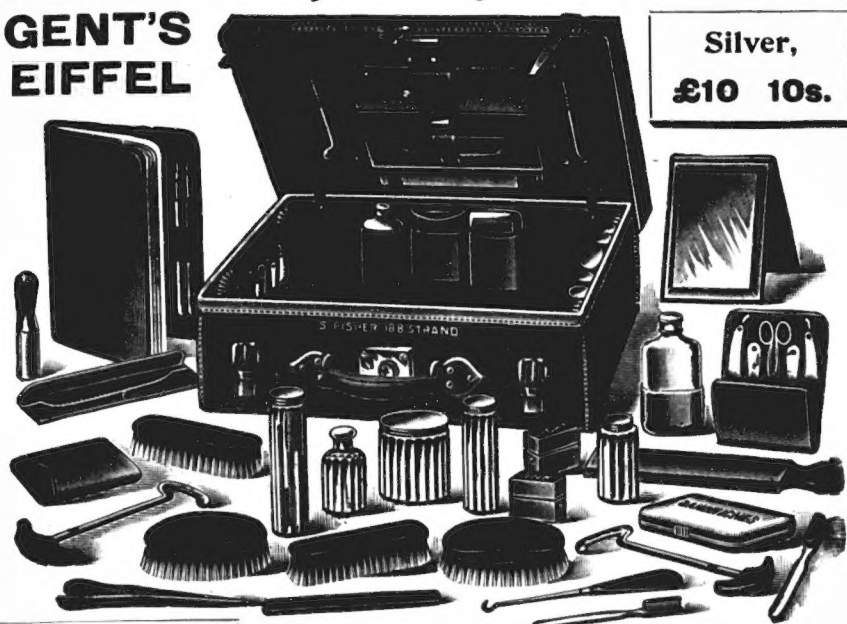
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